

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 896, Vol. 34.

December 28, 1872.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

## PRINCE BISMARCK.

PRINCE BISMARCK has resigned the Presidency of the Prussian Cabinet, and the speculation caused by the course he has taken has been excessive. That something very serious must be meant by it was immediately assumed, for everything that Prince BISMARCK does, or that can befall him, is of European importance. The first thing is to see exactly what has happened. The Prussian Cabinet consists of three Conservatives—General VON ROON, Minister of War, ITZENPLITZ, Minister of Commerce, and VON SELCHOW, Minister of Agriculture; of three Liberals—LEONHARD, Minister of Justice, CAMPHAUSEN, Minister of Finance, and FALK, Minister of Education; of Count EULENBURG, the Home Minister, who was till lately a Conservative, but who carried through the County Bill in opposition to the Junkers; and, lastly, of Prince BISMARCK, Minister for Foreign Affairs. It was known that there had been great differences of opinion as to the carrying of the County Bill, and at one time it was positively stated that the three Conservative Ministers had resigned, or, to speak more accurately, that General VON ROON's two Conservative colleagues had resigned, while he himself had received a long leave of absence. The conclusion was natural that Prince BISMARCK, as President of the Cabinet, was going to fill up the vacant places with Liberals, so as to have a strong homogeneous Liberal Ministry. It turns out that not only are the three Conservatives to keep their seats, but that Prince BISMARCK is to cease to be President of the Cabinet, and that the place is to be occupied by General VON ROON. It is further stated, with a general agreement of rumour which commands some degree of belief, that Prince BISMARCK pressed the KING to make a more sweeping change in the Upper House than was made, but that the KING refused. The conclusion is therefore irresistible that the Prince received some sort of check, and that his resignation of the Presidency of the Cabinet, and the re-establishment of the Conservative Ministers in office, are indications that this was the case. On the other hand, it is to be noted that Prince BISMARCK still remains Minister for Foreign Affairs, and that by a special decree of the KING he is allowed to have two votes in the Cabinet, one as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and one as Chancellor of the Empire. This seems a most anomalous arrangement, as the Prince's position as Chancellor appears to have nothing directly to do with his position as a member of the Prussian Ministry; but its practical effect is that he and the three Liberal Ministers have five votes out of nine in the Cabinet, so that, although he may have resigned the initiative, he can prevent any measure being taken up of which he does not approve. In the next place, the KING, in accepting the Prince's resignation as President, announced that the Presidency would devolve on General VON ROON as the senior member of the Cabinet, thus marking clearly that General VON ROON was not to be taken as the head of a Conservative Ministry, but merely as an official holding a particular office by seniority. Lastly, it remains to be added that the Conservative Ministers of Commerce and Agriculture have not been appointed to seats in the Council of the German Empire, so that in the field where Prince BISMARCK reigns supreme he cannot be troubled with their opposition.

All this points to something radically different from what we mean in England by a Ministerial crisis. It is not that the Liberal Ministry of Prince BISMARCK is out, and that the Conservative Ministry of General VON ROON is in. It is merely that Prince BISMARCK ceases to be President of the Cabinet, and that General VON ROON sits as President by seniority, while the Cabinet is so arranged that if a difference of opinion comes to voting, Prince BISMARCK, as the chief Liberal Minister,

and not General VON ROON, as the chief Conservative Minister, is sure of a majority. Such a state of things could not last a day in a country where Parliamentary government after the modern English type was established. But Parliamentary government of this type does not exist in Prussia. It is not the Parliament, but the Sovereign, that appoints the Ministers in Prussia. Technically this is so in England, but practically the Sovereign has now no choice except perhaps between two or three possible Premiers of the same party. But in Prussia the King really chooses the men, and, what is more important, they are, when in office, responsible to him primarily, and not to their chief. The King transacts business directly with the Minister in charge of each department. If it is a military matter, the King and the Minister for War settle it together. If it is a matter relating to agriculture, the King and the Minister of Agriculture settle it. This was exactly the form of Ministerial government which GEORGE III. laboured so hard, and not without success, to set up, which trembled in the hands of GEORGE IV., and finally collapsed in those of WILLIAM IV. It is one that makes a Sovereign feel that he is doing real work and is possessed of real power, and it is not wonderful that the King of PRUSSIA, who has been accustomed to it all his life, should cling to it. It may even be doubted whether the time for establishing the English system, which makes the Cabinet dependent on the Premier and the Premier dependent on the House of Commons, has arrived as yet in Prussia, or is likely to arrive soon. It is very much out of harmony with the traditions of the House of HOHENZOLLERN, which has always attempted to deserve and maintain its eminence by the sheer honest hard work it has done in the daily management of affairs. It is entirely opposed to the tastes and wishes of the Prussian nobility, who are proud to serve their KING, but who would scorn to be the servants of Parliamentary electors. It may be doubted whether any large number of sensible German Liberals would wish to see established in Prussia now what they own works well in England. In fact, if the system of complete Ministerial responsibility to Parliament were established at once in Prussia by Prince BISMARCK, it would be dependent on him and his prestige for its existence, and directly he was removed it would be almost sure to wither away. It is not, therefore, very difficult to understand why he may not have cared to press the KING to make a sweeping change in the Cabinet because the KING, who had overruled to a great degree the resistance of his Conservative Ministers to the swamping of the Upper House, refused to go quite as far as Prince BISMARCK wished. To have insisted would have been virtually to have forced the KING to do what was distasteful to him, and Prince BISMARCK knows perfectly well the value of the general impression he has created that he and the KING work cordially together. To have insisted on turning out the Conservative Ministers, and getting Liberal substitutes, would also have been to have changed the whole Prussian system of government on a very small occasion, and for a very small object. But if things were to go on as before, Prince BISMARCK thought, we may guess, that he might as well spare himself the trouble of being President, the duties of which office principally consist in holding interminable discussions with colleagues practically independent, to a large degree, of their chief. He might accept thus much of the repose he greatly needs, and as the voting power was to be so arranged as to give him the control of the Cabinet, he might relax his vigilance without fearing that he would find himself pledged to measures of which he did not approve.

The course taken by Prussia in the sphere of its internal politics is of great importance to the rest of Germany. Each State is still independent to a large degree; and the small States naturally copy the action of the chief State. Already

movements have been set on foot in more than one small State to carry out the principles of the Prussian County Bill, and the authority of the local nobles has been attacked just as the authority of the Junkers was attacked in Prussia. It is not, therefore, a matter of no moment to Germans that Prince BISMARCK should resign the Presidency of the Prussian Ministry, and that the confirmation of Conservative Ministers in office should reveal that the KING does not wish to go so fast or so far as the Prince would wish. The impetus recently given to Liberalism in the smaller States will probably be somewhat arrested by the intelligence that the Prussian Government may for a time be less pervaded by the spirit of Prince BISMARCK than it has lately been. On the other hand, the influence of the rest of Germany on Prussia must be continually increasing, and Prince BISMARCK can make the German Parliament go as fast as he pleases. It is a strongly Liberal body, and as the only check on it is the Council, and as the Council is virtually at the command of Prussia, and Prussia is represented in it by Prince BISMARCK, he holds the key of the situation. He is perpetually devising means of making the union of Germany more complete, and of creating a central power which the several States shall feel and recognize in daily life. A project for the creation of a Supreme Federal Court has been drawn up, and steps have been taken towards the accomplishment of the great task of providing one uniform civil code for the whole of Germany. With such an engine as a German Parliament working out the union of Germany at his disposal, Prince BISMARCK can always be doing something towards paving the way for such reforms as he may think necessary in Prussia. And in this field he is sure of the hearty co-operation of his master. The KING of PRUSSIA may hesitate to dismiss from his service Conservative Ministers with whose discharge of their duties he is satisfied, and with whom he has been long and pleasantly working, but the Emperor of GERMANY is not at all likely to hesitate in sanctioning the measures which his CHANCELLOR describes as necessary for the consolidation of the Empire. Even in Prussia the KING has done as much as possible to let it be understood that, if he and his FOREIGN MINISTER do not quite agree on one point, there is no divergence of general policy between them. The result, therefore, of what has taken place may be said to be that the Conservative party in Prussia and the KING have had such a difference with Prince BISMARCK as has induced him to accept a position where his immediate influence on Prussian politics will be diminished; that the cause of this lies partly in the personal Conservative tendencies of the KING, partly in the general character of Prussian government as at present established; that the change will probably have some consequence adverse to Liberalism in the minor States; but that Prince BISMARCK still retains the confidence of the KING, and can prevent the Prussian Ministry from diverging very far from the line he thinks right; and that he has and is using an influence in the German Parliament which must inevitably react on Prussian politics, and sooner or later colour them according to his tastes.

#### THE CALCUTTA ADDRESS TO MR. FAWCETT.

A PUBLIC meeting of natives at Calcutta lately passed some resolutions of gratitude to Mr. FAWCETT which are well deserved; yet it is not desirable to attach too much importance to expressions of an opinion which might, independently of the merits of the case, have been taken for granted. As far as the speeches and resolutions were complimentary to Mr. FAWCETT, it is unnecessary to make any deduction from their value. It is in the highest degree creditable to an intelligent and independent member of Parliament to have acquired special and accurate knowledge of Indian affairs. Both in England and in India the Government will be rendered more cautious and more vigilant by well-informed criticism, and it is incidentally expedient that native communities should be satisfied that their wishes and grievances are fairly represented in the House of Commons. When the promoters of the Calcutta meeting profess their concurrence in Mr. FAWCETT's statements and inferences, they only display a tendency which is not peculiar to Hindoos. Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. GRANT DUFF are in the habit of describing the opposite sides of the shield in terms which are not only dissimilar, but contradictory. Mr. GRANT DUFF, with the advantage of minute official knowledge, expatiates at his ease on the beneficial effects of English administration, on the contentment and prosperity of the people, and on the elasticity of the revenue. Mr. FAWCETT's studies have led him to the most gloomy conclusions, although it is fair to

admit that he is not in the habit of regarding as irremediable the evils which he depicts. The finances are, in his judgment, systematically mismanaged, and the policy of the India Office in many respects faulty. It is impossible that native politicians should hesitate between the two conflicting descriptions of their own condition. No man likes to be told that he is happy and fortunate; and, if the affront is aggravated by a suggestion that his felicity is the result of the wisdom and virtue of others, he is still more disposed indignantly to reject officious congratulations. It has sometimes been said that any person can, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, be persuaded that he is ill treated in any matter which may be selected for the experiment. Mr. FAWCETT, though his object is to influence the opinion of the House of Commons, addresses at the same time a willing audience when he informs any class of the natives of India that their interests have been injuriously affected or neglected. Mr. GRANT DUFF is supposed to be merely an able apologist for himself and his office, while Mr. FAWCETT is the generous champion of an injured community.

Political eulogies, like personal compliments, are for the most part double-edged. When BOSWELL asked why PORE had spoken well of a certain bishop, JOHNSON replied that he did not know, but that it was certainly for the purpose of giving pain to somebody. Mr. FAWCETT deserves to be well spoken of on his own account, but the acknowledgment of his services is obliquely directed against his colleagues of the House of Commons. The speakers repeatedly hinted that an active interest in the affairs of India was the more meritorious because it was unusual; and if any of them had been present when, late in the summer, the Indian Budget was languidly considered by a score of members, it must be confessed that their dissatisfaction would have been allowable, if not well founded. It is impossible to justify the perversity with which successive Governments postpone the Indian Budget to every other business; or rather it may be said that it would be well to disguise by a decent affectation of zeal the real inutility of the form of Parliamentary discussion. It is in almost all cases impossible that the House of Commons should interfere with financial arrangements which have been carefully considered both in India and by the Home Government, even if they have not already been brought into active operation. It is proper that the Secretary of State for India should, like the head of every other Department, be really or nominally responsible to Parliament; and the formal production of the Indian Estimates of revenue and expenditure is a practice which may perhaps now and then be practically useful; but a ceremony which is worth solemnizing at all ought to be conducted with decent gravity, and an Indian debate ought not habitually to be thrust off to the end of the Session. The present Under-Secretary for INDIA has never disguised the dissatisfaction with which he regards the unnecessary postponement of his annual address; and there was some inconsistency in his anticipatory objection to Mr. FAWCETT's speech which gave an unwonted reality to the discussion. Nevertheless, although the Ministerial arrangements might easily be improved, the dulness of Indian debates and the indifference of the House of Commons proceed, like most other effects, from sufficient causes. A disinclination to meddle with important matters which are not thoroughly understood is one of the most desirable attributes which a legislator can possess. Mr. FAWCETT is entitled to speak on a subject to which he has devoted much time and thought; but very few members are even competent to judge of the accuracy of his statements.

When it was long since proposed to transfer the government of India from the Company to the Crown, the strongest objection to the measure was founded on the apprehension that Indian questions would be hereafter determined by party and Parliamentary influences. It was felt that under the old system, although there might be abuses and shortcomings, Indian interests alone were taken into consideration by the Directors and by their servants; nor was it easy to estimate the mischief which might possibly be caused by the introduction of the element of party. The experience of every day illustrates the difficulty of obtaining a dispassionate consideration for any question of domestic policy or administration. Some sect or class almost always adopts one or the other side, as it may bear on its own interests and feelings; and Governments are compelled to humour supporters, or to disarm opponents, without reference to the public good. Happily Indian affairs have, through their remoteness, for the most part escaped from the disturbing operation of Parliamentary faction. Two or three instances in the course of fourteen years might be cited in which the policy of an Indian



Minister has been swayed by domestic motives; but, as a general rule, it is understood that Indian affairs are to remain outside of Parliamentary contests. Although the Viceroy is always appointed from the ranks of the party which may be in office when a vacancy occurs, he may count on a loyal support from their successors in power. Lord MAYO corresponded with the Duke of ARGYLL as securely and as confidently as with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and if a Conservative Government were to take office to-morrow, it would give every assistance to Lord NORTHBROOK. It was by a passing accident that the expediency of an Income-tax in India was lately discussed before the incompetent tribunal of a borough constituency. The cotton manufacturers, when they have endeavoured to influence Indian administration, have generally confined themselves to suggestions for the exceptional encouragement of their staple commodity. When some of their representatives have from time to time betrayed a desire to make the interests of India subordinate to the prosperity of Lancashire, their proposals have not commanded the favour of Parliament. All that the House of Commons can, as a general rule, do for India is to remain in the background as a possible Court of Appeal.

It is natural that native Indian politicians should under-rate the bad effects which would be produced by the more active interference of Parliament. Perhaps some of them may hope that if Indian policy were once subjected to popular discussion, a pretext might be furnished for the establishment of representative government in India. It might be contended that, if Mr. FAWCETT does good service by expressing the wants and wishes of portions of the native community, the same kind of information might with advantage be more directly obtained from the original sources. A generation or two ago it would not have been difficult for theorists to obtain a hearing for projects of the universal extension of constitutional government. Later experience has shown that even in European communities Parliamentary institutions are not uniformly successful, and it would be difficult to find a simpleton weak enough to believe in the expediency of governing India on purely English principles. The Indian Government is guided in all its policy by a regard for the general interest, which is directed by minute and accurate knowledge both of material wants and of the state of opinion; but it has been lately explained that official reports are more instructive and more trustworthy than any representations which are likely to be made by native bodies. Mr. FAWCETT himself is too judicious a politician to desire that the powers of the ruling authorities in India should be subjected to an illusory popular control. His object in addressing the House of Commons or its Committees is to enforce his own opinions on the Home Government; but his admirers in India seem to attribute more importance to the form of discussion than to its possible results. It is difficult for Englishmen unacquainted with India to estimate the weight which attaches to the opinions of any particular class of the native community. It is always possible that patriotic critics of financial measures may be bent on shifting burdens from themselves to their poorer countrymen, but it would be unjust to assume that in all cases public expressions of opinion ought to be treated with disregard. Mr. FAWCETT will probably not be unduly elated by the compliments which may be addressed to him at Calcutta or elsewhere. Mr. GRANT DUFF will not be supported in his optimistic views by any similar expression of sympathy; yet his statements on Indian matters always deserve attention.

#### SPEECHES ON EDUCATION.

IT is the misfortune of men in the present day that, if they have any sort of eminence, and say anything anywhere, they must be reported, and what they say must be read and criticized. Three men of the rank of Cabinet Ministers have in the last few days been presiding at the distribution of educational prizes, and, having to speak, naturally spoke of education. None of them had anything to say on education from which any one acquainted with the history and difficulties of education could learn anything. They all emitted platitudes of different types, or took up a point of real interest only to dismiss it before they had done more than dandle it for a moment. There is no blame to them for this. It is but their ill luck that they have to speak on such matters to audiences for which they have little respect, and go on talking of whatever comes uppermost in their minds. What they say is good enough, no doubt, for the occasion. No one expects Mr. BRUCE to be witty or wise when he goes to a Grammar School at Cowbridge. Mr. GLADSTONE is always most unsatisfactory when he speaks on a non-

political subject. He is then the prey of his own verbosity, and of the long-indulged turn of his intellect to go playing round the edge of great subjects without getting further into the middle of them than is necessary to set his fancy at play. When he is speaking to an audience which he really wishes to move on a political subject, then the mere fact that his mind is concentrated on a definite subject of a practical kind gives coherence to his thoughts, while his endless command of words and his keen sympathy with his hearers make his oratory powerful at the time, and his speeches when printed readable. He is very often indiscreet, he is dreadfully long, he is often the victim of his own verbal ingenuity when he is speaking on political topics, but he is not dull, or commonplace, or uninteresting. But when he gets on a non-political subject like education, he speaks at best like a bishop, and not even like a bishop of a high type. He no doubt does what he has come to do; he gives a local audience the pleasure of seeing a Prime Minister; he shows them how long sentences can be strung together without pause and without hesitation; he keeps himself strictly to the level of what it is considered decorous and safe that they should think. But he does not light up the subject with the rays of real thought, or throw out suggestions that can become fertile in other minds. To criticize such speeches, therefore, as those which he has been making at Liverpool, and Mr. BRUCE made at Cowbridge, is not very satisfactory work. With the Duke of Somerset the case is somewhat different. At any rate he is amusing. He rides a hobby, and a hobby that has been very often ridden; but his performance is entertaining. He exaggerates, but his exaggeration puts before us what really deserves to be noticed. He has the felicity of manner, if not of matter, which makes what he says worth noticing. When, as at Newton-Abbot, he gravely asks what the violin has done for the civilization of mankind, even those who know what the question really means, and what is the answer it ought to receive, may permit themselves to be diverted with the form the Duke chooses to give it.

If Mr. BRUCE meant anything by his speech—and he was not bound in speaking at Cowbridge Grammar School to mean much—he meant that the boys at Cowbridge Grammar School ought to learn the classics, and little else, because many of the most eminent of English political leaders have been good classical scholars. This is a very common style of argument, but it is exceedingly unsatisfactory even to those who, like ourselves, most wish that classical studies should be upheld. That the boys at Cowbridge ought to be kept to their classics may be very true, but it is scarcely any proof of this to say that Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. GLADSTONE were first-class men. Leading statesmen are men who have received such education in their youth as came naturally to them in the class in which they were born. It was not natural that Mr. DISRAELI or Mr. BRIGHT should, under the circumstances of their youth, be sent to a public school, and they were not sent. It was natural that Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir ROBERT PEEL should as boys be sent to Eton or Harrow, and they went. The boys who are sent to such schools are the boys whose path into public life is made easy to them, and the clever ones of course spend their time in learning what is taught at the school, and shine in it. If all the boys at our public schools learnt nothing but Chinese, some of the clever ones would from their circumstances of wealth and rank be early introduced into public life, and would show in Parliament the cleverness they had shown in learning Chinese. Mr. BRUCE spoke of Mr. LOWE, who was a distinguished University man, as having in his later days kicked down the ladder by which he had mounted, and argued against the utility of the education he received. This is begging the question. Mr. LOWE, being a very clever man, has shown himself in later life cleverer than most men who learnt Latin when boys; but this does not prove that he might not have spent his youth in learning something better. If all the boys at Winchester in his day had occupied the whole of their time in perfecting their knowledge of the idiotic slang for ignorance of which their successors now tumbled each other, Mr. LOWE would still have been forty years later much cleverer than most of his Winchester contemporaries. In the next place, if Latin and Greek have some special power of producing good Cabinet Ministers, it does not follow that they are specially useful to the mass of boys at Cowbridge. A deep and extensive knowledge of the classics may be the best training for minds that can take it in, especially if these high scholars have a life of wealth and leisure before them. But this does not show that to be able to bungle through fifty lines of VIRGIL at sixteen years of age, when his education closes, is the best result that a son of a Cowbridge tradesman could have reaped from the studies of

his youth. Nothing hurts a good cause so much as bad arguments, and there is quite enough to be said on its own merits for the study of classical literature to make it very unwise to try to get up a factitious enthusiasm for this study by using arguments that will not bear examination.

The Duke of SOMERSET was addressing a body of young persons who profess to devote themselves to the study of the Arts and Sciences; and it was of course very proper that he should encourage them by enlarging on the benefits that science has conferred on mankind; nor do the objections to making science a part of the routine education of boys apply to the voluntary study of science by young men. They may not in real life do more than dirty their fingers with chemicals, chip off a few flints, and press a few flowers in blotting-paper; but everything they do in these directions is a gain to them, for it is a voluntary application of the mind to studies the delights of which, if they have any natural aptitude, will grow on them and do much to make life happy. To collect anything, it does not matter what, is the best relief to the wearisomeness of a country life for those who are not rich enough or grand enough to have birds and rabbits to kill. But the Duke of SOMERSET is a man with a mind of a peculiar kind of activity, and to talk at Newton-Abbot as Mr. BRUCE talked at Cowbridge would have been no pleasure to him. He set himself, as he had to speak of science, to think what anything had done for the world like what science had done. He had, he said, just been reading a statement of the PRIME MINISTER that the invention of the violin might balance as a proof of intellect the invention of the steam-engine. This led the Duke to some audacious thoughts. He not only set himself to think whether, seeing that "men had gone on" scraping on these squeaking strings for three hundred years, any good had come of it, but whether politicians were of much use in comparison with scientific men. The scientific young people of Newton-Abbot might, he thought, be early taught to set a true value, not only on Mr. GLADSTONE's violin, but on Mr. GLADSTONE himself. Probably the arts do not flourish as much at Newton-Abbot as the sciences, or it must have hurt the feelings of some to hear performers on the most exquisite of musical instruments spoken of as men scraping a squeaking string. Really what the Duke tried to do was, while flattering his hearers by exaggerating the advantages of a pursuit to which they were inclined, to raise an ignorant laugh at other pursuits which they did not care for. We do not see much use in raising questions that cannot be answered; but as a mere matter of debating, it might be very reasonably contended that music had done more than increased facilities of locomotion to promote the real happiness of mankind. All these speakers on education attack some one who cannot answer, and who would not be popular with his audience if he could. The Duke went out of his way to laugh at musical people and politicians. Mr. GLADSTONE went a very long distance out of his way to warn his young hearers against the writings of unorthodox philosophers. There is no real use, except to give the speakers something to say, in these attacks, which concern no one. If any one at Newton-Abbot plays the violin, he will play on whether he is called a man scraping a squeaking string or not. If any one has the patience and love of truth necessary to make him give real study to German philosophy, he will not be deterred by rhetorical warnings addressed to schoolboys. Those who know nothing of music or of German unorthodox writings will have an easy laugh at the thought how nicely a Duke and a PREMIER have put down those who do know something of them, and this will be the practical result of these educational discussions.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE LAW OF MORTMAIN.

IT is not known whether the Government proposes to extend in the ensuing Session the restrictions imposed by the law of mortmain. If no innovation of the kind is meditated, Mr. GOSCHEN cannot be wholly acquitted of indiscretion in having threatened corporate bodies with the alienation of their property. The Ministers have surely made enemies enough without provoking the just hostility of any class or section of the community which they have no immediate purpose of molesting. The revelation of their ulterior designs is especially indiscreet if it is true that the Liberal party propose at the next general election to contest the University of Oxford. It would probably be found on inquiry that Mr. GOSCHEN succeeded, by the utterance of two or three sentences, in converting no small number of graduates both in Oxford and Cambridge into opponents of his Government; nor will

the Universities have been reassured by Mr. GLADSTONE's significant reference at Liverpool to the amount of academic endowments. On the other hand, it was both right and prudent to give notice of any measure which may possibly be in preparation. A Queen's Speech ought never to be a surprise, although it is judicious to withhold the details of Ministerial projects from public criticism. It is better that in any important controversy all parties should have the opportunity of considering and discussing general principles before they pledge themselves to adopt any definite course. According to Mr. GOSCHEN, the object of commuting corporate estates into capital sums of money or annuities is to liberate land held in mortmain from the perpetuity of tenure which at present excludes it as a general rule from liability to sale and purchase. It is probably also assumed that land would become more productive in the hands of private persons, who might be supposed to have a stronger interest in promoting improvements. Mr. GOSCHEN has already since his accession to his present office proved the sincerity of his opinion by selling large portions of the Greenwich Hospital estates in Northumberland which formerly belonged to the Earls of DERWENTWATER. The capitalists of the North who, according to the reasonable custom of their class, desire to become landowners, are probably well satisfied with Mr. GOSCHEN's exercise of a discretion which perhaps ought scarcely to be vested in a single Minister; but if they manage the land which they have bought better than the Admiralty and its agents, the proper remedy for maladministration would have been a change of persons or of system, and not an alienation of public property. If the biography of a late agent may be trusted, the Greenwich estate was in the last generation made a model for the imitation of neighbouring landowners. The interests of landlord and tenant were carefully protected, and it may be assumed that there was no excessive preservation of game. By the sale of a part of the estates, Mr. GOSCHEN has probably increased the immediate income of Greenwich Hospital; but he has purchased the benefit by parting with the future increment of value. The advantage of the transaction is sufficiently uncertain to justify a doubt whether the sale of Greenwich Hospital property ought to furnish a precedent for the expropriation of Guy's Hospital or of Trinity College.

There is no difference of opinion as to the inexpediency of allowing too large a portion of the soil to be permanently held by corporate bodies; but it is not always remembered that the old statutes of Mortmain which were passed by EDWARD I. and his successors were in part rendered necessary by a cause which has long been obsolete. Lands which were liable in the hands of private owners only to contribute to the public service became subject, when they were the property of the Church, to the exorbitant exactions of the Court of Rome. The tenths and the fifths and the first fruits which were in this way sent out of the kingdom often amounted to annual payments which in the currency of the present day would be counted by millions. From time to time the Popes, not content with a large share of the ecclesiastical revenues of England, attempted to prohibit the clergy from granting aids to the Crown. On these grounds, and also to prevent the undue limitation of private possessions, Kings and Parliaments repeatedly interfered with the increase of Church property. It is not alleged that the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge pay tribute to any foreign Power; and the extent of the estates belonging to lay and ecclesiastical corporations is insignificant in comparison with the entire surface of the country. As English cultivation both of private and of corporate lands is almost wholly conducted by tenant farmers, there is no reason to suppose that property belonging to the Church, to Colleges, or to Hospitals, is less productive than any similar estate belonging to private persons. It may be confidently asserted that a skilled observer would not be able to distinguish the property of Guy's Hospital in Herefordshire or Yorkshire from the estates of the neighbouring landowners, except perhaps by a deficient supply of hares and pheasants. On minuter investigation it would probably not appear that the Hospital tenants were especially dissatisfied with their position; but it may be conjectured that in some parts of the country landowners cast a covetous eye on some convenient farm belonging to a collegiate NABOTH. Other things remaining the same, the only effect of expropriation would be in a few years to add a few dozen great landowners to the existing number of squires and peers. Mr. LOWE lately said that a similar result would follow from the abolition of the law of primogeniture; and on the whole it seems unnecessary to encourage accumulation of land by arbitrary measures. In fifty years, if private property lasts



so long, there will probably be in place of Greenwich Hospital a new Earl of DERWENTWATER or of some other denomination, representing the gains of his predecessors in Newcastle factories or Northumberland coal-pits. Mr. GOSCHEN is not to be held responsible for the extravagance of a zealous supporter who followed up his suggestion by threatening the parochial clergy with the compulsory sale of the glebes which they almost universally hold as petty freehold occupiers. For these little plots of ground the neighbouring squire would almost always be a ready purchaser. The rich man who took his neighbour's ewe lamb would scarcely have had the impudence to promote an Act of Parliament to authorise his injustice, if such an institution as a House of Commons had existed in those simple times.

Some of Mr. GOSCHEN's colleagues, and perhaps Mr. GOSCHEN himself, object not only to the possession of land by corporate bodies, but to all endowments of every kind. Each generation, according to a modern theory, is the best judge of its own wants, though it may be doubted whether every generation is willing at its own expense to provide for all public wants. The comparatively modest proposal of converting corporate land into personalty becomes more suspicious when it proceeds from advocates of total spoliation. Mr. LOWE not long since denounced the preposterous doctrine that it was not the business of Universities to teach, but only to examine; and it may be admitted that no large endowments would be necessary for the function of gauging the results of miscellaneous and unauthorised cramming. The imperfection which must attend any possible destination of endowments is one of the half-truths which are especially calculated to fascinate Mr. GLADSTONE's imagination. A mind which proceeds, like the commercial enterprise of the present day, not by steps, but by leaps and bounds, requires vigilant care to regulate and control its impulses when it becomes the chief motive power of legislation. The Minister who in one year proposes to relieve Colleges from the burden of owning land is quite capable, after an interval of two or three Sessions, of proving that Parliament, in changing the nature of their property, virtually determined the principle of entire confiscation. The bodies which may be hereafter exposed to the greater danger will be well advised in resisting the first encroachment; and private landowners may be assured that they are still more directly concerned in maintaining the inviolability of every kind of property. The pious founder has, as Lord SALISBURY said, of late often gone to the wall, but his foundation has hitherto survived, though it may be diverted to novel purposes. If the pious founder's estates are once sold for the benefit of the State, founders of families who are not necessarily pious will be exposed to imminent danger of disappointment. It is true that corporate property is, as a rule, saddled with a trust; but, subject to the discharge of duties which may, if necessary, be enforced, the right of ownership is complete. The founder's intentions may from time to time be reasonably modified; and it is in the discretion of the Legislature to prohibit or restrain future endowments; but it may be doubted whether too large a share of all the land and personalty in the country is at present appropriated to special public purposes.

It seems not unreasonable that a small part of the land of the country should be withheld from private acquisition and inheritance. The rent-roll of a College of average wealth may perhaps amount to 6,000*l.* or 7,000*l.* a year, which is partly expended on the maintenance of an establishment for education, and partly divided into moderate incomes which are for the most part the reward of intellectual attainments. A dozen Fellows of a College who have at least not been idlers or blockheads are perhaps as useful as a single small landowner. To take the trouble of becoming a scholar or a mathematician is as meritorious as to take the trouble of being born; and it is not for the interest of the hereditary proprietor to dispute a title which is in some respects more plausible than his own. It would be extremely inconvenient that property in general should be distributed, like offices in China and modern England, by competitive examination; but the reservation of a small fraction of land from the usual course of devolution is not obviously repugnant to expediency or justice. It will soon be found intolerable to be governed by Ministers who will let nothing alone. The wisest statesmen have been content to redress grievances without suggesting or inventing them. The enthusiasm of humanity is apt to degenerate into the enthusiasm of fidget and fuss. If the Government had resolved on promoting a general revolution, it would be intelligible that it should begin by unsettling all institutions, large or small; but it may be inferred, both from the character of its moderate members and from the speeches

of the more advanced section, that its chief object in seeking motion is, as in the case of a swimmer, to keep afloat. Universal uneasiness and anxiety will not be found a buoyant element.

#### FRANCE.

THE Christmas holidays are probably doing M. THIERS more service than a Parliamentary victory could have done. If the Right consisted only of pronounced Legitimists, the opportunity for reflection which this interval affords might have no effect. Discretion is not a virtue in a forlorn hope, and men whose business it is to set the Count of CHAMBORD on the throne may be excused if they think one time as good as another for carrying out their object. But the recent successes of the party have necessarily modified its composition. It has been strengthened by the adhesion of a large body of Conservatives in whose eyes the controversy between Monarchy and Republicanism is but a secondary question, and it must defer in some measure to the views of its new allies. These views are likely to tend more and more in the direction of moderation. Unknown dangers rarely become less formidable by being thought about, and the consequences of quarrelling with M. THIERS are emphatically of this class. If he goes, who is there to succeed him? If he stays, who can predict what measures he may take in order to submit the breach between him and the Assembly to the judgment of the country? Representations from their constituents will not be wanting to confirm these internal doubts. It may be true that the majority of the present Deputies have no chance of being re-elected, but it does not follow that all the members of the majority are convinced of this fact. On the contrary, it is probable that a large proportion of them hope that, when the day of election comes, their general fidelity to the Government will be accepted as a set-off against their occasional flirtations with the monarchical Opposition. When they learn, as during the Christmas recess they assuredly will learn, that in the present quarrel he that is not with M. THIERS will be held to be against him, they will be all the more impressed with the importance of finding a *modus vivendi*. If this can be secured, they may be saved the annoyance of an open breach with the party to which they are in name attached, and get at the same time the benefit of a reconciliation with M. THIERS. They will take care, therefore, to give the Committee of Thirty to understand that, unless their conclusions are such as M. THIERS can accept, they will not be able to support them in the Chamber. As the PRESIDENT can have no more real wish to get rid of the Assembly than the Assembly has to get rid of the PRESIDENT, he may be trusted to build as many bridges as may be wanted to make the retreat of his adversaries easy. If any particular compromise hurts their pride or alarms their fears, he will be ready with a substitute. M. THIERS is eminently a man of equivalents. If he cannot get what he wants in one shape he is willing to take it in another. This characteristic gives him a great advantage in dealing with the Right. If there were only one proposal to be rejected, the rank and file of the party might submit to the guidance of the leaders; but when it comes to the rejection of a whole series, the influence of the leaders is exhausted by degrees, and they are in the end constrained either to accept something which they know to be identical in all but appearance with that which they originally refused, or to stand convicted in the eyes of their followers of unreasonable and useless obstinacy.

It is to this conclusion probably that M. THIERS's tactics have all been directed. He has felt that time is on his side, and that every fresh reference to a Committee is valuable as an instrument of delay. The longer the Thirty deliberate the less disposed they will be to come to a decision different from that to which M. THIERS wishes to lead them, and the less inclined their adherents will be to accept such a decision, even if they do come to it. The chances are, therefore, that M. THIERS will extort from the Committee such measures of organization as he thinks essential, at the sacrifice of others which he does not think essential. To ascertain what measures come under the former head we must look to his speech before the Committee. Unfortunately only an abridged report of it has been published, and on the point of greatest importance this report differs from the very full account of the speech which appeared in the *Times*. In the latter M. THIERS is made to say that it will be easy to come to an agreement as to the constitution of a Second Chamber if the principle of making the country the source of the two Chambers has once been admitted. In the French report there is no mention of making the country the source of

both Chambers. The only principle spoken of is the principle of having two Chambers, and not one. If the English version is correct, M. THIERS has by anticipation condemned M. BARTHE's proposal of a Section of Control to be composed of two hundred members chosen by lot from the Assembly, and serving for three months. The Second Chamber would thus be nothing more than a Committee of the First, invested with a suspensive veto on its votes. If, on the other hand, the country is to be the source of the Second Chamber, the scheme of election by the Councils-General is probably still working in M. THIERS's brain. If M. BARTHE had suggested that the members of the Second Chamber should cease upon their election to be members of the First, his plan might have suited M. THIERS equally with an election by the country, inasmuch as the construction of a Second Chamber out of the First would vacate nearly a third of the seats in the Assembly, and so be tantamount to a renewal by thirds. But it is hard to see how M. BARTHE's proposal, as it stands, could answer the PRESIDENT's purpose; for a mere Committee of two hundred members, in which the parties existing in the Assembly would be reproduced in the same proportions, could scarcely be trusted to exercise the power of dissolution. If M. THIERS can secure new elections for two hundred seats, or if he can arrange for the election of the Second Chamber by the Councils-General, he would perhaps see less force in this objection. In the former case he would have a working majority in the existing Assembly; in the latter he would have a Second Chamber representing public opinion more accurately than the First, and consequently one which could be trusted to be on the PRESIDENT's side whenever he was at issue with the Assembly. Even if the Second Chamber had only a suspensive veto on legislation, this might suffice to defeat any motion which was especially distasteful to M. THIERS. And if he should at any time be forced to proclaim the Assembly dissolved, the technical illegality of the act would be greatly lessened by the participation in it of a representative Chamber.

These several alternatives offer a large field for the exercise of M. THIERS's characteristic powers. They admit of being combined and re-combined in various ways, and so enable him to keep one and the same end steadily in view, while constantly changing the form in which it is presented to his opponents. It is by no means easy for a party calling itself Conservative to refuse to have any hand in the constitution of a Second Chamber. Those members of the party who boast that they care more for things than for words will be led to ask themselves why they repudiate one of the favourite institutions of Conservatism rather than accept M. THIERS's aid in setting it up. If the Committee of Thirty ask the Assembly to sustain them against the PRESIDENT on no better ground than this, they are pretty certain to be defeated. There is some danger, however, lest M. THIERS, in his desire to manage the Right, should lose that support from the Left which is useful as regards his position in the country, though it may have but little influence on his position in the Assembly. The business in which M. THIERS asks for the co-operation of the Right is that of consolidating the Republic; and there is some propriety in the objection that a Republic consolidated by their hands is likely in some of its most essential features to bear a close resemblance to a Monarchy. In the opening chapters of *Waterloo* MM. ECKMANN-CHATRIAN have painted the outburst of reparation and expiation, alike in ecclesiastical and in secular politics, which accompanied the Restoration of 1814. There is a great deal too much of the same spirit in France to-day, and the Government can hardly be acquitted of a disposition to yield to it on some occasions, when it is their plain duty to resist it. It is right, of course, that pilgrims should be protected from injury as they pass through the streets, and that a Mayor who has failed in this part of his duty should make room for a more competent official. But it is not right that he should be sacrificed to the clamour of the Right after the Government has acquitted him of all blame. There is something suspicious again in the contemporaneous removal of a school inspector and of a Paris jurymen, against neither of whom has any offence been alleged except that their religious opinions are not those of the Catholic, or perhaps of any other, Church. In the former case religious teaching may be so far subject to the Inspector's control as to make it desirable that the post should only be held by Catholics, while in the latter case the Government may not be responsible for the omission of the name from the panel. But religious reaction is so evidently ready to join hands with political reaction that M. THIERS cannot well be too careful not to give his Republican critics any excuse for saying that they can no

longer rely on his impartiality. It is hard to say whether the growth of such an impression would do most harm by alienating the Left from the Government or by stimulating the Right. Each would be provoked to fresh extravagances.

#### MR. FROUDE AT NEW YORK.

MR. FROUDE's gallant enterprise for the conversion of the people of the United States would perhaps have been more highly appreciated in England if he had given fuller security for the orthodoxy of his political faith. Prudent litigants distrust an advocate who is too ready to make admissions which will inevitably be recorded as conclusive evidence against his client. Mr. FROUDE's apologies for the English government of Ireland are received either with obstinate incredulity or with cold acquiescence; but when he acknowledges a supposed wrong or denotes a still unredressed grievance, his audience fancy that an unwilling and trustworthy confession has been extorted from a thoroughgoing partisan. The impulsive and occasionally misapplied generosity of his intellectual character is perhaps but imperfectly appreciated by foreign students of his works. Mr. FROUDE may probably not have reflected on the extremely sweeping nature of a concession which he voluntarily made to his adversaries and to the enemies of his country at the close of his eloquent reply to a brawling Irish assailant. "I have," said Mr. FROUDE, "something extremely practical to propose for Ireland. I want to see the peasants taken from under the power of their landlords, and made answerable to no authority but the law. It would not be difficult to define for what offence a tenant ought to be deprived of his holding. He ought not to be dependent on the caprice of any individual man." It had generally been thought that the Irish Land Act involved a sufficiently bold interference with the rights of property. A landlord, unlike the holder of any other kind of investment, is already far removed from the condition in which he could do what he would with his own. Mr. FROUDE now proposes that he should in no case exercise any individual caprice, or, in other words, determine even in the smallest degree the disposal of his property. If Mr. FROUDE sees no difficulty in defining the offences which would justify ejectment, his legislative capacity may be envied; and yet, as he evidently holds that the occupiers are to be treated as owners, it seems inconsistent to assume that they are liable to any penal forfeiture of their property. At present, in Ireland and Great Britain, tenants of land, like all other persons, are subject to no authority but the law; and it has generally been thought that one of the principal objects of law was the enforcement of contracts. According to Mr. FROUDE's theory, if indeed he has deliberately formed a theory, liberty of contract in regard to land ought to be absolutely abolished; and a stipulation freely made, with the assent of both parties, that the landowner shall exercise his discretion or caprice by resuming possession of the land ought to be declared invalid. By the Irish Land Act, tenants under 50*l.* value are entitled to compensation for disturbance; and they are prohibited from depriving themselves by contract of the benefit of the provision. Mr. FROUDE would absolutely forbid ejectment at the will of the landlord, and he would extend perpetuity of tenure to all holdings, of whatever value. The leaseholds of Ireland are at once, and without compensation to the expropriated owners, to be converted into freeholds. At some future time the quit rents which may still be payable to the superior landlord may be abolished without any more daring violation of law, of precedent, and of justice. Some historical philanthropist will revive Mr. FROUDE's proposition that no Irish occupier ought in any case to be liable to the effects of individual caprice. The owner of the quit rent might at any time capriciously demand payment of the debt; and if he enforced his claim, the tenant might possibly be ejected.

Mr. FROUDE's Irish critics and adversaries in the United States will not fail to take advantage of his excessive and unauthorised candour; and they may plausibly contend that the triumphant refutation of comparatively irrelevant statements has nothing to do with the main point of the controversy. Mr. BURKE, an Irish priest who has been delivering a series of orations in answer to Mr. FROUDE, has only adhered to the traditions of his class, and humoured the prejudices of the rabble which he addresses, in combining with his denunciations of English tyranny elaborate justifications of the cruelties of ALVA, of the atrocities of the Inquisition, and especially of the crowning massacre of St. Bartholomew. If Mr. BURKE asserted that there are in the United States 22,000,000 of citizens of Irish



birth or parentage, whereas the exact number two years ago was 4,000,000, an Irish priest and patriot displays unusual moderation in multiplying any figures which may suit his purpose by so small a factor as five. According to Mr. BURKE, CHARLES V. and PHILIP II. hanged and burned Protestants, not because they were heretics, but because they were rebels; and the joy which was expressed by the Pope on hearing of the St. Bartholomew massacre was solely caused by the safety of CHARLES IX., who had not been exposed to any extraordinary danger. If it were thought in England justifiable to put rebels to death by thousands, the Fenians would not have had the opportunity of complaining of their brief imprisonment. Mr. BURKE's competence to lecture on history is amusingly illustrated by his ignorance of the fact that in former times the English year began, not on the 1st of January, but on the 25th of March.

Although Mr. FROUDE's self-imposed mission has been generally blamed or ridiculed by American journals, he has probably succeeded to a considerable extent in the object which he proposed to himself. Serious and educated men have either been inclined to correct former prepossessions, or they have been confirmed in the scepticism which Irish versions of political history have a tendency to provoke. It is something also to have set the Father BURKES in motion, with the advantage of showing that the vindication of the St. Bartholomew massacre rests on the same authority with the doctrine that all the misfortunes of Ireland are due to English oppression. That the vast mass of the people of the United States still regard the Irish as injured martyrs is as undeniable a fact as that they have been taught to detest poor GEORGE III. as an aggressive tyrant. Mr. FROUDE must from the first have intended to appeal to a small minority, and there is no reason to believe that his expectations have been disappointed; yet his efforts might be rendered useless if he has after all produced an impression that the proprietary rights which affect nearly all the soil of Ireland are morally untenable. His opponents will gladly interrupt the flow of mendacious bluster to accept Mr. FROUDE's admission of comprehensive injustice. A land law which, notwithstanding the Act of 1869, still keeps the wrong set of owners in possession, is more relevant to the immediate issue than the transactions of Spain or of Rome in the sixteenth century; and the Imperial Parliament, or, in other words, the English nation, must be responsible for protecting the usurpations of the Irish landlords.

It would be interesting to ascertain whether Mr. FROUDE would be ready to apply his Irish policy to England. In this country, as in Ireland, the right of property is, through the operation of well-known economical causes, generally severed from actual occupancy. The owner may at the expiration of the tenant's term capriciously evict him, as the capitalist may capriciously transfer his investments, or as the merchant may capriciously dismiss his clerk. If the landlord happens to occupy a house in London, he will find himself in turn liable to the caprice of his lessor; and at the end of his tenancy he will not receive for his good-will either preference to a new comer or pecuniary compensation. If Mr. FROUDE's Irish theories are to prevail, the tenant of the farm and the tenant of the London house would be equally entitled to set the landlord at defiance. Mr. FROUDE has often expressed with evident sincerity his own strong attachment to the Irish peasantry, with some of whom he has formed a personal acquaintance. It is probably true that their manners and character are more attractive than those of their equals in other countries, and it is certain that they are remarkably exempt from some of the more vulgar forms of crime and immorality. It might be pleasant to reward them for their virtues in the form which they would prefer, if only they could be converted into freeholders without taking freeholds which already belong to some one else. English farmers, with all their merits, scarcely inspire romantic sympathy; but if the principle of distributing property according to the doctrines of theorists is once admitted, the scientific agriculturist will advance a claim as plausible as that of the uncultivated cottager. One of the Duke of LEINSTER's tenants coolly suggested in a letter to the *Times* that when Irish proprietors, harassed beyond their patience with demands and exactions, are at last driven to sell their land, they shall be compelled to divide their estates into lots to suit the convenience of their tenants, who are to enjoy a pre-emptive, or, in other words, an exclusive, right of purchase. In the North of England there are tenant farmers who severally pay rentals of many thousands a year. If their tenure were made perpetual, they would at once become landowners on a large scale; and if at any time they or their descendants chose to abandon the farming business, they would be expropriated in

turn. There is much to be said for thoroughgoing Communism, and unfortunately in the present day there are agitators and speculators enough to repeat again and again every argument that can be used in its favour. That no right of ownership in land or any other commodity should be recognized is an intelligible and consistent doctrine. The semi-socialism which attempts to combine the advantages of property with the convenience of arbitrary distribution is both untenable and mischievous. The right to possess land or goods, if it is to be worth anything, must be dealt with as an ultimate fact, and not be excused or defended by pretended reasons of expediency in each particular case. If CYRUS in the story had decreed that all the clothes and playthings belonged equally to all the boys in the school, his master, though he would perhaps have rejected the doctrine, would not have reproved him for capricious conceit. When CYRUS adjudged the coat to the boy whom it would fit, at the expense of the boy to whom it belonged, he anticipated in principle Mr. FROUDE's proposal that Irish tenants should not be compelled to render up possession at the end of their terms. The owner of the coat, who capriciously insisted on reclaiming his property, was in former times supported both by opinion and by lawful authority.

#### THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS COMMISSION.

THE Government will find it necessary early in the coming year to determine what is to be done with the Endowed Schools Commission. Its days are already dwindling to their shortest span. If no kind physician interferes, the 31st of December, 1873, will receive its last sigh and close its eyes in death. That some steps will be taken to avert this catastrophe may be regarded as certain. The reorganization of secondary education is a matter to which no Ministry can afford to put its hand only to draw it back again. In 1869 the purpose of the Act was defined to be the introduction of "various changes in the government, management, and studies of endowed schools and in the application of educational endowments, with the object of promoting their greater efficiency and of . . . putting a liberal education within the reach of children of all classes." Upon the most sanguine estimate of the work which the Commission has done it cannot be said that this purpose is yet fulfilled. As soon as the Commissioners entered upon their duties they judged it necessary to select a few definite districts to which, with occasional exceptions, the reconstitution of endowments might be confined. By the end of 1873 the Commission will only have been in existence a little more than four years, and reorganization must have gone on with a very high hand indeed if in this short period anything like the whole of the educational endowments of the country could have been dealt with. It had been carefully provided, however, that reorganization should not go on with a high hand. The publication of a draft scheme for the management of an endowment is often a matter of great complexity and long preparation. For three months after publication the Commissioners have to wait for objections, or for suggestions in the shape of an alternative scheme. These have all to be fully considered before the scheme of the Commissioners can be finally submitted to the Education Department. When it has been approved by the Education Department, it has to be put aside for two months to give opportunity for an appeal to the QUEEN in Council. Then it must lie before Parliament for forty days, and if an address praying the QUEEN to withhold her consent from the scheme is presented by either House, all this long labour goes for nothing and the Commissioners have to begin over again. It is not wonderful that a work "by which each endowment must have its separate scheme; in which every scheme must pass before and satisfy at least four different tribunals, and many schemes must do more; and in which every species of interest is to be saved, or compensated, or duly regarded; not only pecuniary interests of living persons—which can usually be ascertained with more or less accuracy—but those of indefinite classes and unborn generations, as to which there is no solid basis for judgment, and consequently an infinite variety of opinion," should as yet have embraced but a small part of the area with which it was intended to deal, or that in February last, out of something like three thousand endowments, only twenty-four should have been definitively reconstituted.

The simplest way of dealing with the subject would of course be to renew the expiring Act. The Commissioners would then go on in the groove they have marked

out for themselves. There would be no interruption of their labours; in respect of publication of schemes to-morrow would be as to-day, and perhaps yet more abundant. It is not, however, desirable that a Bill to continue the Commission should be introduced and passed as a matter of course. When the Legislature entrusts certain powers to a Commission, and ordains that they shall not be exercised after a certain date "unless continued by Parliament," its object is to give room for consideration and inquiry whether, up to the date in question, the appointment of such a Commission has proved to be the best means of attaining the ends in view. It may happen that an undertaking of this magnitude can be best begun by an independent Commission, and best carried on by the Government. In this very case, for example, there may be reasons why the Education Department should have the charge of secondary as well as of elementary education which did not exist when the Act of 1870 was only dreamed of. It may happen that, though such an undertaking can be best carried on as well as begun by an independent Commission, events have shown the need of some modification or extension of the principles originally laid down for the Commissioners' guidance. It may happen again that, though these principles ought to be maintained intact, they need to be re-impressed upon the public. The consequences of them may not have been fully seen when they were first stated, and now that they are seen, many old objections have been revived, and have in a measure to be considered and answered afresh. It may happen again that there are obscurities in the Act itself, or errors in the interpretation which the Commissioners have put upon the Act, which need to be cleared up or corrected. The last two at all events of these reasons for consideration apply to the Endowed Schools Act. The Commissioners themselves have admitted that the country was hardly prepared for the Act. "Some of the express provisions of the Act come upon the parties affected by them with the force of a startling novelty; and a great deal of explanation and discussion must take place, and much time be allowed, before proposals can be calmly considered." It seems to us that the introduction of a continuing Act would be appropriately prefaced by a more public explanation and discussion than it is in the power of the Commissioners to provide for. The reorganization of educational endowments cannot be successfully carried out except with a very large measure of public sympathy and support. It must always be remembered that the new schemes have to be worked as well as drafted; that, though success depends in the first instance upon the wisdom of the Commissioners, it depends in the end at least as much upon local co-operation. It does not appear that this local co-operation is even now altogether wanting. On the contrary, the Commissioners report that in most places they have "found some individuals who understand the subject, and explain it to their neighbours"; while in some they have "received much encouragement from intelligent country Committees." Still, with all these aids, they have to "disseminate even the most elementary principles of the Act." It would be well to know whether this process of dissemination has ever been impeded by an over-rigid adherence to points in which the principles of the Act are not really involved. It is the natural tendency of all interpreters to elevate their own glosses to an equality with the original text, and, where the text is found to excite unexpected opposition, it is as well to examine whether this tendency may not unconsciously have been yielded to. The existence of obscurities in the Act itself is sufficiently shown by the difference of opinion between the Commissioners and the law officers of the Crown as to the meaning of the section which directs the Commissioners to provide that the religious opinions of any person shall not affect his qualification for being one of the governing body of an endowment. The law officers have held this to mean that the parson of a parish may not be appointed an *ex officio* Governor; which, to minds not learned in casuistry, seems to make the Act say that the religious opinions of at least one class of persons shall affect their qualification for being members of the governing body of an endowment. Among the points left undetermined by the Act may be instanced the application of endowments originally given for primary education. The trustees of these endowments plead that it is unfair that a parish should be rated for the provision of elementary schools when the bounty of a former parishioner has made such a provision unnecessary. The Commissioners reply that these endowments were designed to promote education, not to relieve the ratepayers; so that to devote them to the supply of schools which would in any case be provided out of the rates is really to pervert them from their original purpose. It is a point which certainly deserves consideration, and the Act ought not

to be continued without its being settled one way or the other.

It appears to us that the discussions and explanations which are still wanted to make the principles of the Act generally understood and appreciated, as well as that review of the Act itself which is wanted to supply some needful corrections and additions, might be best attained by the agency of a joint Committee of Lords and Commons. Before such a Committee the friends and enemies of the Act would obtain a full and fair hearing. It would be shown on the one side what the Commission has done, and on the other side what, in the opinion of those affected by its action, it ought to have done; what instructions have been given to the Assistant Commissioners, and what experience pointing to the modification of these instructions the Assistant Commissioners have gained in the course of carrying them out; in what cases the Commissioners have deferred to or ignored local representations, and what in each case have been their reasons. It would not be necessary for the Committee to relieve the Government of the responsibility of deciding whether to reappoint the Commission or to hand over the reorganization of secondary education to the department which is already charged with the organization of elementary education. The Report and the evidence upon which it would be founded would afford ample materials for determining this and every other question connected with the Act. In the event of the Commission being continued, there would be far less chance than there is now of its proceedings being misunderstood or of its schemes being disallowed. In the event of its duties being assumed by the Government, they would be assumed with the fullest possible knowledge of the difficulties to be encountered in the discharge of them.

#### THE HERTFORD ESTATES.

MR. STANNUS, the late agent of the HERTFORD estates in the North of Ireland, has brought an action for libel against the *Northern Whig*, a Belfast newspaper, for accusing him of managing the property in a "tyrannical, high-handed, and autocratic" manner; and, without of course presuming to anticipate the result of the trial, we may direct attention to the plaintiff's evidence as presenting a very interesting and striking picture of the administration of a great Irish estate according to old-fashioned principles and traditions. Mr. STANNUS had been agent for twenty years, and he succeeded his father, the Dean of Ross, who had held the same office for thirty-six years. The property covers some 66,000 acres, and is divided into 4,000 holdings, of which 3,000 are from year to year. When Mr. STANNUS came into office the rental of the estate was 53,000*l.*, and he left it at 58,000*l.* Considering the increased value of all kinds of agricultural produce, and the general progress of the country, it will be admitted that 5,000*l.* is far from being an immoderate advance in the revenue of a large property in the course of twenty years; and in this case it was chiefly due to the falling in of old leases and to re-valuations on a change of tenants. Mr. STANNUS gives us the impression that he was an alert, zealous, and perhaps rather fussy agent, with a quick eye for suspicious greyhounds and sly diggings of turf, and a strong sense of his duty to the estate, as including, not only the fixing of fair rents and the straightening of boundaries, but also, to a certain extent, the fatherly management of the tenants themselves. He says he felt bound to consider the interests of the tenants as well as the interests of his employer; and when he interfered with the private affairs of the former, it was no doubt from the most benevolent motives. It is obvious that greyhounds are dangerous company for a tenant on an estate where coursing is forbidden, and are very apt to lead him astray. When a farmer left his money to the priest instead of to his sister, Mr. STANNUS thought it necessary to interpose for the protection of the latter, and to give her the farm, instead of allowing the tenant-right to be sold for the benefit of the priest. If a young fellow ill used a girl, Mr. STANNUS took care that she got proper compensation from the lad's mother. He also considered it part of his duty to prevent tenants, as far as he could, from making bad bargains for themselves; and, on the other hand, he sometimes took the trouble to indicate good investments for their savings—such as a new railway which, apart from dividends, would open up the property, and bring markets nearer. Mr. STANNUS denies that he used any threats for the purpose of compelling tenants to subscribe



to the railway against their will; but it may be presumed that tenants would understand the advantage of standing well with an agent, and it is not inconceivable that his arguments on such a subject might overpower their personal inclinations. One of the tenants said that his "heart trembled within him" when Mr. STANNUS spoke to him, and that he felt it would never do to live in Rome and fight with the Pope. Playing at Providence is a tempting game which sometimes carries people further than they mean to go when they begin it, and Mr. STANNUS would perhaps have made life easier for himself and others if he had left his flock a little more to their own devices. There has always been a certain proportion of Protestants and Roman Catholics on the estate—the former composing about three-fourths, and the latter a fourth, of the tenantry—and in letting farms the agent tells us that he felt bound to see that this proportion was maintained. It is evident, in short, that Mr. STANNUS did not regard his duty as being limited to merely getting the best tenants and the highest rents, but that he undertook the more serious responsibility of directing the social and political welfare of the little world over which he ruled in the name of the Marquis.

As far as we can see, the administration of the HERTFORD estates was very much in the nature of what is called paternal government. It may not have been harsh or cruel, but it was in a sense despotic, and the benevolent intentions of a good despot are not always appreciated by his ungrateful subjects. Rents were moderate, and if the personal freedom of the tenants was occasionally interfered with, it was quite as much for what was supposed to be their own benefit as in the interest of the landlord. The whole system of management seems to have been based on a sort of tacit understanding that rents should be kept down for submissive and obedient tenants, while, on the other hand, those who were disposed to be restive, and to kick up their heels, were made to feel that they were not entitled to a similar indulgence. In 1852, for example, there was an election at Lisburn, and the Marquis of HERTFORD intimated through his agent that he wished Mr. INGLIS, the Lord Advocate of Lord DERBY's Government, to be returned. But Lisburn asserted its freedom in a very significant manner. Dean STANNUS was badly beaten by the mob, and Mr. SMITH, an "independent" Conservative, was elected. The news reached the Marquis in the midst of "the amusements and duties" of a visit to the EMPEROR at Compiègne, and irritated him exceedingly. He had supported Mr. INGLIS only to oblige Lord DERBY, and he had no personal objection to Mr. SMITH, but he resented the way in which Lisburn had set aside his authority. "As the borough," he wrote, "has availed itself of its incontestable right of having its own candidate, and making itself what is called independent, I shall make myself so likewise. 'Kindness for kindness' was the motto of a great man. I suppose the contrary may be resorted to when necessary." And so he called for a list of "all the gardens, houses, and lands, I can increase the rent of," which Dean STANNUS, taking much the same view of the affair, had already indeed offered to send to him. Lord HERTFORD resolved that henceforth his relations with Lisburn should be only those of a landlord who asks no favours and bestows none, and that he would interfere no more with election matters. In a second letter he expresses an aristocratic horror of deputations, which "derange without being of any use," and with amusing alarm refuses to receive one from the offending borough. It fell to Mr. STANNUS to carry out the Marquis's wishes in regard to rents at Lisburn, and this was one of the points on which he was attacked by the *Northern Whig*. It would seem, however, that he carried out his instructions very mildly. Rents were not very much increased; still they were increased, and no secret was made of the reason why this was done. The counsel for the defence did not attempt to dispute the right of a landlord to raise his rents if he thought they would bear it, but he argued that "this act, innocent in itself, became illegal and immoral if the motive from which it was done was wrong." It is true that to raise rents with a view to punish people for voting in a particular manner may from one point of view be regarded as a form of intimidation; but, on the other hand, when rents have been expressly fixed at a low figure as a means of purchasing political influence, to raise them may be not unjustly described as a discontinuance of corruption. It is odd, at first sight, to find a Liberal journalist denouncing a Conservative landlord for not continuing to bribe his tenants to give him their votes; but the explanation is that the bribery has ceased to be effectual. It must be obvious to any one

who has paid any attention to the social condition of Ireland that the Land Act only carried on a revolution which had already commenced, and which was working itself out in various directions. Under the old system the tenant looked up to the landlord, and expected succour and protection at his hands. There was a sort of friendly or family relation between them; the landlord was content with a very low rent, and the tenant was anxious to please the landlord, and to meet his views as far as possible. This at least was the theory of the system; but theory is sometimes apt to be prettier than practice, and we do not say that Irish tenants acted wrongly in claiming their independence and taking their stand on their strict legal rights. It is necessary to point out, however, that, if there has been a change in the relations between landlord and tenant, it has been effected at the tenant's express desire, and he should of course have been prepared for the natural consequences. That tenants, as a rule, are not prepared for this is obvious enough. They want to eat their cake and have it too; to be paid for their votes, and to vote as they please; and to get all the advantages of their legal rights under the Land Act without forfeiting any of the bounty and indulgence which were supposed to be due to their helplessness in other days.

In the course of the action against the *Northern Whig*, Chief Justice WHITESIDE appears to have demurred to the idea that the private management of an estate was a proper subject for public discussion or judicial inquiry. It is evident, however, that this is becoming the favourite topic of Irish journalists. In a recent number of the *Whig*, for example, we find an article on the case of a Mrs. ROBINSON who holds a farm belonging to the Fishmongers' Company. "You call yourself a 'Liberal Company,'" says the eloquent and indignant writer, "and yet you are not ashamed to take advantage of your 'legal rights, and to appeal to a court of law.'" It seems that this misguided Company also proposed not long since to raise the rents of a number of tenants. Rent has evidently become another branch of the spreading upas-tree. One of the witnesses who were examined in this case to show that the tenants on the HERTFORD estates were dissatisfied with the late agent, admitted that at the moment he was unable to mention any estate in Ireland on which the tenants were perfectly satisfied. It may be doubted whether the relations between landlords and tenants will be greatly sweetened by the acrimonious discussion of their private affairs by excited journalists. The tenants are now provided with ample legal protection against the tyranny of landlords or agents, and, whether it is libellous or not, it is at any rate scarcely fair to excite public feeling against a proprietor of agricultural land for simply exercising his legal rights in imitation of his own tenants and of all other classes of landlords. Even the *Whig*, we suppose, would scarcely think it necessary to publish strong articles against the landlord of a shop or dwelling-house in Belfast who happened to differ from his tenant as to what was a fair and reasonable rent. Yet the tenant of a house or shop is really helpless, while the tenant of a farm has his remedy against arbitrary treatment in a court of law.

#### THE YEAR.

IT is seldom the task of annalists to record the history of a year so uneventful as that which is now drawing to a close. There has been nothing in it of a marked and decisive character, no interests have been greatly affected, no important changes have been accomplished or commenced. It has been like the skies of the last two months, a dingy year; and yet, as with the bad weather which has at least contributed in a singular degree to lower the London death-rate, there has been nothing very deplorable in its dinginess, and there have been none of the extremes of evil or good to record. The most important of political events has been the Geneva Arbitration, and many persons will be at a loss to pronounce whether we have most to rejoice over in having escaped a war with kinsmen or to mourn over in the humiliation at which our escape was purchased, and the discredit which the system of referring national differences to arbitration has undergone. Trade has been very prosperous; but a deficient harvest, and a continuous strife, sometimes ludicrous, sometimes terrible, between employers and employed have checked our satisfaction. France has escaped violent commotion, and has shown that it can borrow on the most gigantic scale and can support, or at least vote, new taxes of the most burdensome kind; but it has been bewildered by paltry contests for power, and deafened by the wranglings of an Assembly that can neither provide nor endure good government. The conquerors of France have been occupied in the work—necessary perhaps and useful, but certainly not glorious—of humbling rebellious ecclesiastics and reminding a stiff-necked aristocracy that it is living in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Spain

has been occupied in obliging its young King to show with what gallantry and address he can balance himself on the edge of a precipice; and Italy has been almost prostrated by a succession of strange physical calamities, and has had some of her most fertile places made desolate by the fires of Vesuvius and by the waters of the Po. Austria and Russia have been quiet in the extreme, although a year may seem perhaps more than usually satisfactory to Austrians who have seen in it something like an approximation to a budget honestly balanced, and to Russians who have during its course taken full advantage of the command of the Black Sea, won for them by the well-judged audacity of their diplomacy, and have revealed to Europe, and especially to England, how soon they will be masters of Central Asia. In the United States there has been a Presidential contest, which ordinarily is an occasion of legitimate excitement, but which offered this time nothing to Americans but the humdrum necessity of re-electing the existing President in order to escape the ridicule and disgrace of electing his opponent.

The Session, which was begun with the appointment of Mr. Brand as Speaker in the place of Mr. Denison, who had been raised to the Peerage as Viscount Ossington, passed off quietly, and the Government, which seemed in great danger at its commencement, gradually gained strength as time went on. Members did not wish for a dissolution, and the country did not call for one; and in such a state of things a Ministry must be very weak or very foolish if it cannot take advantage of a general opinion that its continued existence is convenient. The Collier business was very awkward, for what the Government had done was entirely indefensible; but it was enough punishment, perhaps, that the Lords should absolve the Chancellor by a majority of one, gained by his own vote, that the Commons should only yield a majority of twenty-seven to the most frantic Ministerial whipping, and that Mr. Gladstone should have had to acknowledge that, if he could but have foreseen the consequences, he would never have done what he did. The condonation of the Collier scandal carried with it that of the Ewelme blunder, which was in every way less important to the interests of the public. The Ministry also took great pains to avoid offence, and with creditable industry and perseverance managed to pass a fair number of useful measures. The Ballot Bill was the chief measure of the Session, and at one time it seemed as if the errors of the Government and the ignorance of Mr. Forster as to the details of the Bill he was conducting would prove fatal to it. But, fortunately for the Government, any blunders which it might have made were thrown entirely into the shade by the gigantic blunder of the Peers, who started with culpable levity, and withdrew with easy weakness, a rival project for an optional Bill, distasteful to every one, and combining every possible disadvantage that any system of voting could offer. The Licensing Bill, the Scotch Education Bill, the Mines Bill, and the half of the Sanitary Bill that was taken up were measures all creditable in their way, and were framed with a commendable anxiety to get through Parliament what it was really possible to carry. Mr. Cardwell's army scheme was also a step in the right direction, and conduced to the localization of the army and the consolidation of the regular and the reserve forces. If ardent reformers saw with some dismay that the elaborate inquiry into the *Megara* disaster produced little apparent effect, and that the offences it disclosed were passed over with a general pardon, rendered necessary or convenient by the difficulty of saying how high punishment might not have to go if it was once begun, yet Mr. Goschen adroitly avoided criticism by announcing some sort of remodelling of the Admiralty Board, while a conviction—unshaken by a controversy started in the autumn by Mr. Reed—was gradually formed that the navy was, on the whole, in an excellent condition. The Budget was simplicity itself, and the announcement that the payers of Income-tax would be relieved from the payment of the extra twopence cast on them the year before, and that coffee would be a little cheaper, if consumers could get the benefit of a reduction made in the duty, seemed as dull and commonplace and as unobjectionable to Mr. Lowe as to every one else.

Personally the Ministry has not gained or lost much in reputation. Lord Granville won credit for his fortitude and perseverance in conducting the *Alabama* negotiations, for his patience under insults to his country, and his steady disregard of sacrifices in pursuit of what he thought to be a great object. Mr. Gladstone was less prominent than usual, and has been reticent beyond his wont since the Session closed, contenting himself with asseverations of his Protestantism and of his intention some day to give votes to ploughmen and miners. Mr. Lowe never discusses a financial subject, satisfied that he has nothing to do but to keep quiet while drink swells the revenue more and more, and while the Income-tax is attacked as Mr. Massey attacks it. Whether the Government gains or loses most by its association with Mr. Ayrton is hard to say. It is by no means a disadvantage to have a colleague who is specially obnoxious, who treats men like Dr. Hooker as if they were the dust of the earth, who bullies, brags, and blunders, and who has shown that it was possible to make the law regulating the Parks seem still more ridiculous and contemptible than ever. Mr. Ayrton is the lightning-conductor of the Cabinet, and Mr. Bruce has had quite a pleasant time of it and has been almost forgotten since Mr. Ayrton has become famous. Lord Hatherley has retired into well-earned rest, having exactly reversed what was expected of his career, and shown in the political contests of the Irish Bills as much strength as he showed weakness when he passed to dealing with questions of

law reform. Lord Selborne is undoubtedly a gain to the Cabinet, although the Ministry will sadly miss those certificates of the approbation of Sir Roundell Palmer with which they used to get out of scrapes in the House of Commons. As a law reformer public expectation assigns to Lord Selborne boundless fields of labour and success, and if he does but a tenth of what is looked for from him, he will have done a great work.

Trade has been prosperous this year, but the prosperity of the country has for the general public been largely counterbalanced by the high prices of coal and iron, the rise of railway rates, the augmented cost of labour, the badness of the harvest, the storms and rains of the autumn, and the rise in the Bank-rate caused mainly by the bullion operations of Germany; while for employers it has been in a great degree neutralized by the general disorganization of the labour market. Employed persons of nearly every class seem to be haunted by the question for ever running in their heads, Why do not we too strike? The agricultural strike began with the year, and has continued with varying energy and success. The Bishop of Gloucester stirred up the flame of strife with a foolish joke, and one or two great proprietors have treated the Unionists too much as rebels, but on the whole the landed gentry and farmers have met the movement with fairness and good sense. That in many places a considerable increase of wages was actually obtained, and schemes for emigration set on foot, showed that the strike had something of the justification of success; but the stage appears lately to have been reached when demands for what is possible are passing into dreams of what is impossible. The building trade of London was thrown for months into confusion by a strike of the masons and carpenters, ended at last by a compromise which the men might have obtained weeks before if they pleased. The goods porters of the North-Western Broad Street Station succeeded to their own ruin in damaging a very large amount of perishable articles, and London was threatened with a strike of the bakers, but this was only partial, and soon collapsed. Masons and bakers may strike without any one being much alarmed, but the terror of London was great and reasonable when it found, first the policemen striking, and then the gasmen making a bold effort to plunge the City into utter darkness. Fortunately both these strikes were summarily put down, and the gas strike has been punished with great and exceptional, and perhaps excessive, severity. London, indeed, has not been without excitement of various kinds this year. The Thanksgiving on the recovery of the Prince of Wales was a brilliant pageant, and gave legitimate occasion for a display of unaffected loyalty, immediately afterwards rekindled by the foolish attack of the boy O'Connor on the Queen. The interminable Tichborne trial dragged its weary length along, and statistical people had been calculating how many volumes of Macaulay were represented by the extent of the Attorney-General's speech, when fortunately the jury interfered, marked their sense of the character of the whole affair, and exposed the Claimant to a trial for perjury, and his few remaining dupes to the wearisome task of showing him about the country in order to collect funds for his defence. The Park Lane murder was horrible enough to drive out of memory the ease with which Watson and Christine Edmunds escaped the punishment of their crimes; and the law was brought into fatal discredit by the regulations for the Parks issued by Mr. Ayrton, in defiance of a direct Parliamentary pledge, and by the success with which the riffraff of the population defied these regulations when they had been issued. It may, however, perhaps be said that none of these causes of alarm really caused so much disquiet in the bosoms of families in the comfortable classes as the strange story from Winchester, which revealed that at a public school a boy was held to be authorised, on high principles, to beat another boy with an ash stick for not coming to be examined in trivial and unmeaning slang.

The Government had, after the Session was closed, the satisfaction of seeing the Autumn Manœuvres conducted so as to please those engaged, amuse the public, and possibly improve the army, and also of finding that the Ballot Act, when put in practice, answered the expectations of its framers, and that it did not produce the abstention from voting which had been reasonably feared. For the Session of next year the work of the Government has been in a great measure determined by the large majority on the motion of Sir Massey Lopes, which forced Mr. Gladstone to engage to take up and, if possible, to exhaust the thorny subject of local taxation. Whether the Ministry will give effect to the hint recently thrown out by Mr. Goschen, and organize a great attack on the property of Corporations, is as yet uncertain. If it does, there will be at least two measures which will call forth the dormant energies of the Conservative party, and will give scope to the activity of Mr. Disraeli, who last Session passed months in silence, and contented himself with speeches out of the House, in which he compared the members of the Cabinet to extinct volcanoes, and branded the Liberals with the name of the Cosmopolitan party. Ireland however bids fair, as usual, to be the greatest thorn in the side of an English Ministry; for the "burning question" of Irish Education, shelved with great difficulty by Mr. Gladstone this year, must receive some sort of settlement; and the recent history of Ireland, with the triumphs of the Home Rulers, especially in Kerry and at Cork, with the reign of anarchy at Belfast, the revelation of priestly tyranny in Galway, and the unsuccessful candidature of the Irish Attorney-General at Derry, where he apologized for the Government's conduct in prosecuting priests by saying that it had no choice, promises stormy work when next any great topic of Irish policy is discussed.



The Government has, however, lately earned some well-merited popularity by the mission it has organized to Zanzibar, under Sir Bartle Frere, to attempt to put down the slave trade on the East Coast of Africa. This action of the Government was consequent on the memorable discovery of Livingstone by Mr. Stanley, a feat which did honour to the discoverer and his country, although some petulance of behaviour may have subsequently marred the lustre of Mr. Stanley's achievement. The Indian Government will probably be able to render important aid in the suppression of the slave trade of Zanzibar, as the slaves are sent to countries over which India has influence, and as much of the capital engaged in this deplorable line of business is said to be furnished by Indian capitalists. India has been fortunate in finding a Governor-General not inadequate to replace Lord Mayo, whose assassination caused a shock of unfeigned horror through the British dominions. Few events of modern English history have been so startling as that which was conveyed in the intelligence that Lord Mayo had been killed while visiting the Andaman Islands, and the appreciation of his services was shown, not only by universal regret, but by the demand to which the Government was obliged to yield, that an augmentation to an Indian pension should be granted from the Imperial Exchequer to Lady Mayo. The Loosha expedition was conducted to a successful close, and the humanity of England was properly vindicated by the censures passed on Mr. Cowan and Mr. Forsyth, who lost their heads in the excitement of suppressing the Kooka insurrection. Lord Northbrook has recently visited many of the most important centres of activity in India, and has created a universal impression in his favour. It is to be hoped that Lord Dufferin, another excellent appointment of the Government, may be equally successful in Canada; but it must be owned that the loyalty of the Canadians has been severely tried this year, although they, as well as other colonists, have received repeated assurances from the Government that nothing is more foreign to the thoughts of our present rulers than any preparation for the disruption of the Empire. The connexion of Australia with England by telegraph may do something to promote friendly relations with one of the principal of our colonies; while the horror excited by, and the punishment awarded to, the marauders of the *Carl*, give hopes that we shall receive all the help our colonies can give us in our attempts to put down the disgraceful slave trade that has sprung up in the Southern seas.

The Geneva Arbitration has been the chief topic of political interest which the year has furnished. Month rolled away after month, and it seemed more than once as if the whole scheme for settling our differences with the United States by arbitration would fall through. The two main objects of those who conducted the negotiation on behalf of England were to terminate all existing controversies with the United States by a monetary payment, and to establish, for the guidance of mankind, the introduction of a novel substitute for war. In the former purpose they succeeded, in the latter they have failed. Arbitration has long had its proper and acknowledged place in diplomacy. Where there is a clear question to be determined involving no point of honour or of great national interests, and where the decision is easily executed and its bearings can be exactly calculated beforehand, arbitration has long been recognized as exceedingly useful. Such was the question at issue between England and America as to the island of San Juan, and although the decision of the Emperor of Germany was against us, every one in England was satisfied that the matter had been referred to him to decide. But this was not at all the kind of question on which arbitration was any novelty or could be spoken of as a blessing. It was with regard to the *Alabama* Claims that the new system was to be shown in all its glory. Englishmen have discovered that in order to arrive at the desired result, and to be allowed to pay a sum which the United States would receive in satisfaction of American claims, we had in the first place to agree to leave altogether out of sight our counter-claims on America, because it did not suit the home politics of the United States to have them entertained, to pay our colonists whom we thus deserted for being allowed to desert them, to agree to have our conduct during the war measured by the standard of perfectly new rules of international law invented so as to make us retrospectively liable, and to put up with official tirades on the part of the United States Government full of the most violent abuse against English statesmen and the English nation. The tedious steps by which the reference to arbitration was at last achieved, the negligence of the English Government when first the monstrous nature of the Indirect Claims was made known, the rash declaration of Mr. Gladstone that his interpretation of the Treaty was the only permissible one, the submission of the English Counter Case under protest in April, the abortive attempts to get rid of the Indirect Claims by a Supplementary Treaty, and the cutting of the knot by the Arbitrators themselves, are now incidents of no great moment. What is important is the Award itself, published in September, by which the Arbitrators, after rejecting claims made in regard to a great number of ships, pronounced that England was to be held liable under the new rules in respect of the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, and the *Shenandoah*, for damages to an amount, including interest, of a little upwards of three millions sterling. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn published a separate judgment, in which the legal doctrines involved were discussed with the hand of a master, and in which he showed good reasons for thinking that England, even under the new rules, had to a great extent been unjustly condemned. It was easy for him to show that he was a great lawyer and that most of his colleagues were not. But his unlearned

colleagues may nevertheless have understood their real business. Unless England had had to pay a respectable sum, America would have been dissatisfied; and three millions was a sum which England might pay without much hesitation, as it scarcely equals the excess of revenue for the current year. The arbitration has been successful so far. President Grant was enabled to say in his Message that not a shadow of a difficulty with England now remained. That the *Alabama* Claims should have been settled as they have been may be preferable to their having been left unsettled; but the world is perfectly alive to the mode in which this new substitute for war was made to succeed; and if we were ever the claimants, which is not very likely, as it would scarcely suit the home politics of any other country that our claims against it should be discussed, we should have extremely small hope of that country, if a powerful one, abandoning all counter claims against us, permitting our official authorities to insult it with violent abuse, and agreeing that its past acts should be judged by rules perfectly new, and arranged so as to ensure its condemnation. It is obvious that the new system of arbitration will only work when it is England that has got to pay the money.

President Grant has been re-elected without any serious opposition, for the conspicuous unfitness of his opponent, and the total want of any clearness of political principle on internal reforms, finance, or the government of the South exhibited by Mr. Greeley and his partisans, made the success of General Grant sure, although it was at one time doubtful whether his majority would be so overwhelming as it ultimately proved. The subsequent death of Mr. Greeley awakened a feeling of pity and respect for him, and he was when dead the subject of as much unsparing praise as he had been when alive of unsparing abuse. President Grant now finds himself seated sufficiently firmly in power to speak on all important topics with moderation. He is even tender and considerate to Spain and Mexico, and the breath of difference which, through Mr. Catacazy's extraordinary conduct, ruffled the smoothness of American cordiality towards Russia has faded away. With an army of only 27,000 men, expenditure has been so reduced, while high import duties give so large a revenue, that the National Debt is being paid off to the extent of eighteen millions a year, while the indomitable energy of American citizens was never more conspicuous than in the resolution with which the citizens of Boston set themselves to repair their losses after one of the most destructive fires on record. It is doubtful whether America is as yet to be congratulated on a greater gain than even that of paying off her debt, in the purification of her leading city and State from the tyranny of swindlers. Fisk has been shot, Tweed driven away, Barnard impeached and dismissed, and Gould forced, it is said, to refund more than two millions sterling. But recent revelations have shown that audacious plots of financial roguery can still succeed, although it is some comfort to Englishmen that in one instance it was Californians on the spot, and not, as usual, distant Englishmen, who were victimized by the boldest of mining sharpers offering for sale a Fairy Land got up by the simple expedient of sticking diamonds and rubies in the mud where they were sure to be found.

The wearisome contests between M. Thiers and the Assembly have been renewed with such frequency at various periods of the year that it seems now a long time since, in January last, M. Thiers puzzled his wavering enemies with one of his numerous threats of resignation, on account of a majority deciding that the taxes on raw materials should not be voted until all other modes of raising the necessary funds had been examined. M. Thiers, however, soon withdrew his menaced resignation, rightly trusting to his powers of Parliamentary management, and shortly afterwards he had the satisfaction of taking one step in the direction of his beloved. Protection by denouncing the English Treaty of Commerce. On the other hand, he lost the assistance of his Protectionist Finance Minister, M. Pouyer-Quertier, who had lent the sanction of his authority to the bold financial proceedings of M. Janvier de la Motte, a free-handed Prefect of the true Imperial type; and not long before M. Casimir Périer had retired from the Ministry on account of the determination of the Assembly not to transfer the seat of Government to Paris. Gradually the position of M. Thiers improved. Paris, in the elections at the beginning of the year, showed its sense by rejecting M. Victor Hugo, and its adherence to the Republican cause by returning fourteen Republicans out of seventeen new deputies. But it was by the faults of his enemies that M. Thiers most profited. The Count of Chambord was good enough to put the finishing stroke to the hopes of his party by a manifesto in which he announced that it was absolutely necessary for France, if she wished to have the blessing of getting her lawful King back, to abandon the tricolour for the white flag; and on his soon after visiting Antwerp to hold a levee of his adherents, he became such a nuisance that he was invited to retire to Holland, and thence passed once more into his accustomed obscurity. M. Rouher was elected for Corsica, but the Assembly positively refused to listen to him, and the adversaries of the Empire had the satisfaction of hearing an exposure of the ruinous system of army contracts before the war broke out from the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier. Two unimportant Bills, enacting that the Councils-General should replace the Assembly if dispersed by force and providing for the creation of a Council of State, excited little opposition; but the Army Bill was warmly debated, and it was a great victory for M. Thiers when he succeeded in persuading the Assembly that France would be wise in spending

twenty-eight millions sterling a year on her army and navy, in getting the term of service fixed at five years, and in nullifying the obligation of universal service by the limitation of the training of the greater part of the recruits to six months. He was so pleased that he announced that, whatever might be the result of the debate on the taxes on raw materials, he would not resign.

He had in fact prepared a means of making the Assembly bow to his wishes. He had arranged a new convention with Germany by which the six occupied departments should be gradually evacuated, and the final term of payment deferred for a year if necessary. Having thus given Frenchmen the strong inducement of seeing their country relieved from the invader to an extent beyond what they had hoped, and made the probability of financial disturbance less, he announced that he was ready to issue the great loan by which the indemnity was to be paid off. The taxes, however, to provide the necessary interest must first of all be voted; and the Assembly, after inventing one or two new taxes, such as a tax on personal securities and an increase of the duties on mortgages, felt itself obliged to humour its chief, and let him have his taxes on raw materials, although the majority showed their clear appreciation of the worthlessness and inexpediency of these taxes. But it seemed that the loan could only be brought out successfully if M. Thiers was satisfied; so he had his way, and the loan was brought out at the beginning of August with an enormous success, which the Pope subsequently ascribed to his having specially blessed it. That was the culminating point of M. Thiers's glory. He went to Trouville and superintended artillery experiments, and received the commanders of English and American ships of war as if he were a real sovereign. Unfortunately, however, the reign of peace could not last long. M. Gambetta took to stalling about the country, praising his dear friend the President to the skies, but suggesting that a new *couche sociale* was required for the government of the country, and that Republican electors should take care that in electing assumed Republicans they did not elect enemies of the Republic. M. Thiers mildly rebuked M. Gambetta, and did something to stop his stalling; but the Republican electors took the hint given them, and at the October elections their success and their determination to have none but real Republicans to represent them were equally apparent. The clerical party had attempted to get up a counter demonstration in the shape of pilgrimages, which, especially in the instance of that of Lourdes, were conducted on a grand scale, and with much success; while the divergent opinions of men in high position were illustrated by the addresses to their troops of two generals—the Imperialist Ducrot assuring his men that they would act with great effect against their own countrymen, and the Republican Chanzy engaging his men to uphold the glory and honour of the Republic.

M. Thiers conceived that the real sympathies of the country lay with the Left, and in his Message, delivered in the middle of November, he urgently appealed to the Assembly to recognize the Republic definitively, and to organize institutions in harmony with the Republic. But the Right had a majority in the Assembly, and had now become thoroughly alarmed. They were frightened by the importance attached to the proceedings of M. Gambetta, by the recent elections, and by the President's Message. General Changarnier led the attack by a motion impugning the conduct of the Government in not having dealt more vigorously with M. Gambetta. The Government managed to get a majority for an order of the day which rebuked M. Gambetta but upheld the Government; but the number of those abstaining from voting was so great that M. Thiers could not regard himself as victorious. The struggle recommenced on the subject of the reply to the President's Message, and it was only with the greatest effort that a majority of thirty-six [was obtained in favour of M. Dufaure's proposal to refer the question to a Committee of Thirty. The very next day the Government was defeated by a majority of six on a motion of censure directed against M. Victor Lefranc, the Minister of the Interior. Then began the greatest game of Parliamentary intrigue seen for many a day in France or any other country. M. Lefranc resigned, but M. Thiers would not fill up his place, until at last he appointed M. de Goulard, who was looked on favourably by the Right, while an official obnoxious to the Right was transferred from the Department of the Interior, and made Prefect of the Seine. In return M. Jules Simon, who was to have been attacked, was allowed by the Right to remain in office. Then came a discussion on the petitions for a dissolution of the Assembly, and the Right took the opportunity of making the most outrageous attacks on M. Gambetta, who spoke with great moderation. The Ministry was against a dissolution as being inexpedient at present, and thus a large majority against the Extreme Left was assured, and the only wonder is that two hundred members were found to vote for a dissolution under the circumstances. But this was not much. What was important was that M. Dufaure, speaking for the Government, threw himself into the arms of the Right, and it might have been thought that the breach between the Left and the Government was irreparable. But then appeared M. Thiers on the scene, and in an interview with the Committee of Thirty repeated his adhesion to everything contained in the Message. The Assembly has separated for the recess, leaving the battle as yet a drawn one, although the attitude of M. Thiers and the Right is at present more conciliatory to each other than it was. Among other points on which they may differ when they reassemble is that of the ratification of the new Treaty of Commerce with England. M. Thiers in the earlier part of the year got a surtax imposed

on British vessels, and used this as a lever to get a new Treaty of Commerce with England, which had for us the advantage of relieving us from the prohibition of export duties on coal, and of permitting us to impose import duties on wine according to any standard we might wish, while it abolished the recent charge on British ships. France, on the other hand, gained a right to tax English materials and goods to an extent beyond the limits of the former treaty; but France is so hampered with treaties with other Powers that it is doubtful whether the Assembly will think the new English Treaty capable of being satisfactorily worked. It is sad to have to close the history of France during the year with the notice of the fact that the authorities are still discussing how many Communists are yet to be shot, and how soon their trials are to be brought to an end. No doubt the disposal of thousands of men, some of whom are very guilty, many dangerous, and all bitterly discontented, is a difficult task, and the pleasant remedy of deporting them into England, which was at one time hailed as the solution of the problem, had to be discontinued in deference to the remonstrances of the English Government.

Prince Bismarck has been engaged this year in three great tasks—in preserving peace and consolidating the alliances of Germany by the meeting of the Emperors in September, in fighting the Ultramontanes, and in overcoming the antique Conservatism of the Prussian aristocracy. The Emperors met not so much to do anything good as to prevent anything bad happening; and it was at least something gained that Austria, which had been menaced by Russia early in the year with a provocation of Slavish disaffection, received assurances that she should be left alone for the present. The suppression of the International Association, which was said to be one of the objects of the meeting, was fortunately thrown into the background by the collapse, in internal discord, of that Society at its meeting in Holland. The crusade against the Ultramontanes was prefaced by the substitution of a Liberal Minister of Education, Falk, for the reactionary Mühler, under whose guidance the department had languished for years. The School Bill, by which all schools were subjected to the inspection of Government inspectors, was then carried; and the Pope gave token of his readiness to accept the conflict by first refusing to receive Cardinal Hohenlohe as German Minister of Rome, and then denouncing Germany as a Colossus whose feet he hoped to see broken. Minor occasions of quarrel were soon found, the Bishop of Ermland especially pronouncing an excommunication which carried with it civil loss, and, on being remonstrated with, declaring that he would go by canon rather than civil law, in consequence of which his salary was at last stopped, and Prince Bismarck has announced his intention of proposing a Bill forbidding all excommunication of any Prussian subject by name. The Old Catholics also, who have shown some life this year under the superintendence of the Jansenist Archbishop of Utrecht, have found a supporter in Prince Bismarck, who has announced that Prussia does not accept the infallibility of the Pope, and will recognize one set of Catholics as much as the other. But the great measure of the Prince was his Bill carried in the German Parliament for the suppression of the Jesuits and allied communities in Germany. The course he has taken is bold, if not rash; but recent votes in the Prussian Lower House show that he has the enthusiastic support of Prussian Liberals, and in the German Parliament he is supreme. He persuaded the King to master the resistance of the Prussian Peers to the County Bill by which some of their feudal privileges were abolished or curtailed, and enough new peers were made to carry a measure which had a few weeks before been rejected by nearly the whole of those voting in the Upper House. Since then the Prince has retired from his position as Prussian Premier, retaining the seals of the Foreign Office, either from a wish for some repose, or because he is meditating novelties which he must get a reconstituted Cabinet to approve and carry. Naturally, also, the newly acquired provinces have occupied his attention. A large sum out of the indemnity is to be devoted to railways, fortresses, and public works in Alsace and Lorraine, and the University of Straßburg has had everything done for it that money and favour could do to help it in its start as one of the chief seats of German learning. In spite of the stupid blunder of arresting M. About, which revived to some extent the general feeling against Germany, the progress made by Germany in the newly annexed provinces must be satisfactory to Germans. Only 45,000 Alsatians and Lorrainers elected to be French when the final day of option arrived, while not only has there been no apparent dissatisfaction with the German conscription, but more volunteers from Alsace for the German army have presented themselves than could be received. South Germany has also been conciliated recently, and has shown her determination to adhere to the Empire. The money received for the indemnity was so distributed that the South German States got a million more than they were entitled to, and an attempt to set up an Ultramontane Ministry in Bavaria utterly failed.

Spain has this year been the most agitated of European countries. The agitation began with a defeat of Sagasta's Ministry, which led to a dissolution. A majority prepared to support Sagasta was returned, when a violent crisis was produced by a Carlist rising at the end of April. The Carlists never made much way, although it was found impossible to crush out the movement altogether. However, Marshal Serrano took the field in person, defeated Reda, the Carlist leader, near Pampeluna, while Don Carlos, who had managed to cross the frontier, was quickly



driven back again by Moriones. Dissatisfaction was, however, created by the leniency with which Serrano had treated the rebels, and there were loud complaints of the corruption practised by the Government at the recent elections. The Ministers advised the King to suspend the Constitution; he refused, and desired Zorrilla to form a Cabinet. The experiment succeeded better than could have been expected. A new Cortes gave the Liberal Minister a strong majority, and an attempt to assassinate King Amadeo provoked something like loyalty towards him. A Republican rising at Ferrol was suppressed with no great difficulty, and since then Spain has just kept on going, distracted with partial risings and incessant disturbances all over the country, and exhausted by the drain of Cuba, but still with a respectable King, a Ministerial majority, an army not conspicuously disloyal, a new loan, and an arrangement with her bondholders by which they take one-third of their interest in paper, to help her. That the Ministry is at least not deficient in boldness is evident from the Bill they have just brought in to sweep away slavery in Porto Rico. Italy would have had a peaceful year, for the Ministry has successfully resisted all attempts to shake the credit of the country by reduced taxation, and has devised a plan with regard to the Church property at Rome, distinguishing between the headquarters of some of the orders and the ordinary ecclesiastical profession, which may be accepted as a compromise, although the Italian Parliament, stimulated by the German, will not hear for a moment of tolerating the Jesuits. But the enormous disasters caused by the eruption of Vesuvius and the inundations of the plains of the Po have distracted the attention of the nation from political events. Of the lesser nations, it deserves to be mentioned that the Swiss popular vote postponed or rejected an elaborate scheme for the concentration of some of the principal functions of Government now exercised by the Cantons, and that Switzerland, too, has had its quarrel with the Pope, in the shape of a dispute as to whether an ecclesiastic called the Bishop of Hebron ought without civil leave to be recognized by Rome as the Bishop of Geneva. Harmless, happy Holland has also for once in a way attracted the attention of Europe by celebrating the Tercentenary of its national existence, and few nations in the course of three hundred years have earned a better right than the Dutch to keep a Tercentenary if they please.

Russia has also been celebrating an anniversary in the shape of a Bicentenary of the birth-year of Peter the Great. The public pageantry was on a grand scale, and everything possible was done to remind Russia and Europe of the great achievements and greater purposes of the founder of the Russian Empire in its modern shape. So far as Europe goes, Russia has lately been quiet enough, contenting itself with alternately pacifying and frightening Austria, and willing to let the Czar hold to the German alliance while he is Czar. At Constantinople Russia has attempted, not without success, to take a new line, and to act as the patron rather than the bully of the Porte; Turkey having, it is said, in consequence of being abandoned by England in the Black Sea business, made up its mind that it will henceforth be wiser to please Russia than to thwart her, and the Sultan having a private object of his own to gain in the countenance of Russia to a wild scheme on which he has set his heart—the change of the succession to the Kaliphate in favour of his eldest son, who is excluded by the accepted rules. In Asia Russia has given repeated signs of activity in the prosecution of her general designs on Central Asia. The ruler of Eastern Turkestan has learnt, probably to his surprise, that he is bound to Russia by the Treaty of Tientsin; and the Khan of Khiva has been threatened with an expedition, which has been delayed, but not abandoned. The Khan, who is responsible for the murder of certain Russian merchants, appealed to Lord Northbrook, who very properly explained that England could not interfere to prevent his reaping the punishment of his misdeeds. But the constant progress of Russia towards the borders of British India is so conspicuous that it cannot be viewed with indifference by Indian statesmen, and steps are being taken to perfect the system of Indian military defence—as, for example, by greatly strengthening the position of Mooltan; while a speech recently made by Mr. Bourke, the brother of Lord Mayo, revealed that those highest in authority in India have come to consider attentively the serious question whether England would not do well to provide herself with a fringe of dependent allies immediately outside her border.

Some names of real note, and many of some celebrity, appear in the death-roll of the year. No one who has for years enjoyed the succession of varied novels, full of life and experience, published by Lever, or has been acquainted with the character and peculiar influence of Professor Maurice, or has watched the diplomatic career of Lord Dalling, can doubt that in them we have lost men of real note; while Mrs. Somerville, although belonging by her length of days to a past generation, yet in dying recalled a name which was among the best of the few justifications for the theory that in abstruse subjects the intellect of woman can move for a great distance abreast of that of man. Sir George Pollock's death carried back the memory to days when his wise firmness and his daring contributed to relieve England from one of the greatest embarrassments known in her military history; while in Dr. MacLeod, Sir Donald M'Leod, Sir John Bowring, and Mr. Justice Willes we have lost men who in various walks of life made conspicuous the gifts and energy of the nation to which they belonged. In that sphere of private life into which the public is not forbidden to intrude, the Duke of

Anmale has seen the grave close over the last of his gifted and highly cultivated children; and Mr. Disraeli has had, amid much genuine sympathy of his countrymen, to mourn the loss of the partner to whom he owed so much of sympathy, assistance, and strength in the course of his long and wonderful career. Mazzini was fortunate enough to live until Italy had recognized his great merits and forgotten his great faults, and the Italian Parliament, whose existence under a Constitutional Monarchy he did his best to prevent, passed a vote of respectful regret at his loss. The Emperor Napoleon has lost in the Duke of Persigny another of the now small band of his old faithful comrades in adversity and prosperity; and the name of the King of Sweden deserves at least the honour due to a sovereign who cared ardently for his people and his country. Juarez, the President of Mexico, was cut off suddenly, but not before he had done much to rescue his country from its abyss of anarchy, and to prove to the world that an Indian and the Governor of a South American Republic might be an honest and a capable man. Mr. Seward had ceased, some time before his death, to have any intimate connexion with the politics of the United States, but he was too conspicuous as Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State during the war to be quite so quickly forgotten as is the lot of most of the eminent men of his country. Mr. Greeley, whose name may close the list, was lately so conspicuous with the notoriety of a man whom ill luck or bad advice had betrayed into a gigantic blunder, that it is not wonderful that his countrymen should have been struck by the contrast between his aspirations and his end, and have veiled their emotions under cover of a tribute of extravagant praise to his memory.

#### CHRISTMAS.

ALL anniversaries are essentially melancholy to people who have passed a certain time of life. The personal element cannot be altogether suppressed; and nobody can be really hilarious at encountering another of the milestones which tell him that he is approaching the end of his journey to the undiscovered country. We speak of course of persons in whom the brute element does not so far predominate that they welcome any excuse for a day's drunkenness. The tinge of sadness which invests such occasions in the mind of a thinking being is not diminished by the fact that it is a duty to be cheerful. Indeed it may be feared that, so far as the individual is concerned, most people have unpleasantly good reasons for not yielding too easily to the current of hilarity. As Wordsworth's "Matthew" puts it, the old regret the pleasures of their youth:—

And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

It may be difficult to reduce the sentiment into a sound logical formula. It sounds like saying that a man mourns less for having lost seventy-five per cent. of his income than because he has only twenty-five per cent. left. But the phrase contains a truth which everybody feels at times. It is less melancholy to have lost a certain exuberance of spirit than to find that when the effervescence has departed the wine that remains is so decidedly sour. Most people, it may perhaps be said, grow worse as they grow older. Christian gets a good many stains in struggling through his Slough of Despond which he cannot quite ward off. A man may probably escape being soured if he has a tolerably prosperous career; but he is terribly apt to become selfish in the course of his struggle for existence. It is doubtless essential that a young man should start with a good allowance of self-esteem; he would not hit the mark if he did not aim above it; but then the process of having his vanity knocked out of him is not altogether so salutary as we generally represent it. It leaves awkward wounds and scars which are not easily cured; and it is well if in parting with his conceit a man does not part also with a good deal of generosity and of the elevation of his tone. Fathers of families, we know, are capable of any crime. From one point of view their willingness to sacrifice even their character to the needs of those dependent upon them may be amiable; but the sacrifice is not the less real. A man who begins by wishing to reform the world, and ends by wishing for nothing but to pay his weekly bills, is not an improved member of society. That sort of Conservatism which creeps over most enthusiastic young Radicals as their waistcoats enlarge has a very strong alloy of pure selfishness in its composition. To learn to value old things is good; but the sentiment which passes under the name is often merely a decorous mask for an intense dislike to any change which may possibly injure your private vested interests. There are of course a good many people who become more tolerant, and even more expansive, in their affections as they grow older. But there is an ugly side even to that phenomenon. Those genial old gentlemen who are portrayed at this season in a hundred illustrated Annuals are apt to be consummate humbugs. Nobody, it is often remarked, is so consummate a hypocrite as your bluff, hearty, downright gentleman, who has learnt to act the part of Mr. Tennyson's "great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman." An unctuous manner is a very vulgar expedient of a commonplace popularity-hunter, and generally repels more than it attracts. Nobody is so universally detested as the man who exudes benevolence at every pore. Some people have the good or ill luck to make that discovery early in life. Naturally endowed with a bluff, sailor-like manner, they find out that it pays. People like to have their toes trodden upon in

a straightforward fashion, and love the man who enters a room like a blustering Northwester, and shakes hands as gently as a blacksmith's vice. The manner, unconsciously it may be, survives the instincts by which it was originally prompted, and is then worth a fortune to anybody with designs on his neighbours' hearts or purses. Its possessor has the art of concealing art, and the affectation of not being affected. But even when he has not become a downright hypocrite, such a man is as often as not just as selfish at the core as his most mealy-mouthed neighbour. The flattery which he is pretty sure to have received is enough to turn any but the strongest brains; and perhaps strong brains are not generally to be found under these blustering outsides. It is painful to reflect how many of the walking images of John Bull, just now dashed with a family likeness to Father Christmas, and edifying the simple-minded by appearing to embody what is called old-fashioned hospitality, are really capable of screwing their dependents as closely as a Jewish money-lender, and performing in private the part of the brutal husband or the stingy landlord.

If we are often made painfully conscious that some such deterioration is manifest in the characters of individuals, it may not be altogether fanciful to trace a similar change in the world at large. Perhaps the race grows old and sophisticated as well as the unit. We may trace both varieties of selfishness, the simple and that which affects geniality, in the ordinary teachings of the day. Are we, on the whole, inclined to charity or to harshness? or is our charity nothing but a slightly disguised form of self-indulgence? If we listen to the clergy or to the comic papers at the present season, we should imagine that a general overflow of good feeling was a recognized duty at Christmas, and that the good feeling should take the tangible shape of blankets and plum-puddings for the poor. The public is invited to appear in the character of a Lady Bountiful, and to bestow liberal doles upon the starving and the naked. All the vast machinery of respectable begging is put in action; and the papers are full of moving appeals for all kinds of objects, from the agricultural labourers as a class down to the immortal old gentleman who served under Nelson at Trafalgar, and, as we cannot help fancying, probably distinguished himself early in life at the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The stream of public bounty appears to be bestowed as liberally as the rains with which we have lately been favoured. What admirable good feeling, we are inclined to say, and how unreasonable are the people who complain that the condition of the poor is not what it ought to be! What does it matter whether they sit at the table or on the floor when the crumbs are bestowed upon them with such liberality? If, however, we listen to our friends the political economists, we shall be told that this is a kind of bounty which curses him that gives and him that receives. The pauper is demoralized, and the rich man merely relieves a kind of prurient itch of benevolence at a price insensible to himself. The formula by which this unpleasant result is demonstrated has at least the merit of simplicity. If you help anybody, it is urged, he won't help himself. Therefore help nobody, and everybody will be helped as much as is good for him. It is true that a certain number will be starved, but starvation is the best of all teachers. If you want to call forth all a man's energies, you cannot do better than put him between the devil and the deep sea. If he does not work then, you may be pretty sure that he is a useless creature who had better take himself out of the universe with all convenient expedition. The law of nature applies equally to men and beasts. Just as many wild animals are supported as there is room for in the world, and they are supported in excellent health simply because those who are ill, or for whom there is not room, are killed off by natural causes. Apply the same principles to human society, and everybody who survives will be well and happy, for if he can't he won't survive. It is in vain that we endeavour by any ingenious system to evade the operation of the principle. Give money to hospitals, and the only result is that people will not make provision for sickness; provide education, and more children will be brought into the world as the responsibility of parents is lightened; give Christmas doles, as our genial preachers are exhorting us to do, and people will count upon them as a right, and be extravagant during the rest of the year. You think it obviously harmless to provide paupers with a Christmas dinner, and perhaps reckon that the workhouse is so disagreeable that few people will become paupers in hopes of a solitary plum-pudding on one day out of the 365. But the "inexorable laws of supply and demand" will be too strong for you. Anything which makes a workhouse differ from a prison is so much thrown into the scale against the spirit of independence; and every ounce in the scale tells, however difficult it may be to trace out any appreciable effect. However much we try to elude the subtle play of the law, it will indicate itself in the end. We are but repeating the performance of the old hero of Joe Miller, who cut off one end of his blanket to sew it on to the other. We are trying to deepen the shallow end of the pond by pouring water into it from the deep end. The laws of hydrostatics will have their way, and the water will ultimately find its level in spite of the most elaborate system of pumps and hoses.

We are not concerned at present to discover the proper solution of this painful enigma. Certainly there is something to be said for the political economist; and yet it is rather difficult to make his teaching square exactly with what we have been brought up to consider as the principles of Christian morality, not to speak of common humanity. We have a difficulty, it may be of a merely sentimental kind, in turning over the poor to the teaching of so harsh a philosophy. And yet we do not feel satisfied to rest in the other alternative of maudlin

sentimentalism. Surely it must be possible to give a practical turn to our benevolence without injuring the self-respect of the people whom we desire to help. We leave the question, however, to the Social Science Association and to the innumerable teachers of all kinds who are only too ready to volunteer their services. We merely refer to the conflict of opinion which certainly exists as more or less justifying that sense of melancholy which is apt to intrude itself at this time on other than purely selfish grounds. This annual flow of geniality has at times a disagreeably hollow ring. So far as it merely means that we are seizing upon an annual excuse for amusing children, or even for procuring a certain amount of indigestion for ourselves, it is at any rate tangible, if not unmixedly elevating. But the general goodwill to mankind by which we are supposed to be animated, even when genuine in its way, is too often of the purely unthinking variety. We have been selfishly indifferent and now we are selfishly genial. The gulf which divides the rich from the poor is so wide that one class forgets the other for much the greater part of the year, and then only remembers it to do it mischief. Acting in all ordinary affairs on purely commercial spirit, we try spasmodically to act the part of the benevolent feudal superior, and naturally we act it badly. We have outgrown childish things, but we can't make up our minds freely to put them away; and possibly the brotherly love which we assume in our domestic relations is not always much more genuine. To quote Wordsworth once more, with slight modification, we talk of unkind hearts returning coldness for kind deeds; alas! the geniality of men "might oftener leave us mourning."

We are, however, becoming slightly cynical. After all, though the fact is expressed in a form that occasionally shocks one's taste and brings disagreeable associations to people whose natures have grown too stiff to turn on a flow of benevolence at a moment's notice, our annual outburst of conviviality is not quite useless. It tends to preserve the conviction that, in spite of all empty pretenders, philanthropy is not an entire sham, and that, in spite of political economists, it rather wants judicious direction than summary extinction.

#### PROPHETIC ALMANACS.

A HANOVERIAN alderman has lately got into trouble through publishing a *Volks-Kalender* in which he stated that Hanover was ruled by a despot; and we recently drew attention to a Legitimist almanac largely circulated through France under the name of the *Contre-Poison*—a yellow-covered pamphlet, with a woodcut representing the Archangel Michael conquering Satan. We are not aware that political propagandism in this country has yet taken this form. A nation of shopkeepers has appropriately adopted almanacs as a vehicle for advertisements. There are almanacs in which the tailor's muse sings the merits of unapproachable vests and unparallelled trousers; another is redolent of fashionable perfumes; a medical almanac is provided for invalids; and the Licensed Victuallers publish one in which they dilate on the evils of teetotalism. Of the comic annuals in which the oldest of Joe Millers are dragged from their oblivion to assist in the mock festivities of Christmas, we need hardly speak. There remains, it is true, in most almanacs, when the advertisements, poetry, and conundrums are exhausted, a solid residuum; but, after all, the study of high-water and interest tables, directions how to make a will, and family ready-reckoners, will furnish to most minds only an occasional relaxation. In this matter-of-fact age, perhaps the fictions of astrology will restore the waning faculty of credulity. Our children no longer believe in ghosts, and, if told a fairy story, ask if it is true; fortune-tellers are persecuted as vagrants; and spirits have rapped to unbelieving audiences in vain. Even the art of star-gazing might perish for want of a *vates sacer*, but the oracles are not yet dumb. An advertisement asserts that 600,000 copies of old *Moore's Almanac* have already been sold; and, under the more imposing title of Zadkiel, TAO SZE—a certain R. J. Morrison, R.N., M.A.L., the name, as we understand, of the prophet in the flesh—records his predictions for 1873 for the benefit of his eighty-five thousand readers. Moore for a penny, and Zadkiel for sixpence, each give a fairly liberal amount of kitchen prophecy. Lilly in his *Life* tells us how in 1650, after having yearly foretold victory to the Parliament while its power lasted, he changed his ground and predicted that the Rump stood upon a tottering foundation. For this he was arrested, taken before a Committee of the House, and shown the words of his almanac; but, having had notice beforehand, he had a fresh leaf printed, and repudiated the first edition as a forgery. We do not suppose that the German alderman would desire to imitate this precedent; but if with Zadkiel—who predicts that the Emperor "may expect this summer to suffer through females"—he had contented himself with prophecy, he might perhaps have escaped the terrors of *Rasmejesté*. Difficulties of another kind beset the modern Sidrophel in this country. Though crowns may fall and thrones may totter abroad, his loyalty at home is as conspicuous as his bad grammar. Zadkiel complains that he is pestered for information by "men and women too" who believe in witchcraft, and he ascribes the sneers against astrology to the infidelity of scientific men. Newspaper editors also, as a rule, remain in unbelief. When we have cultivated the necessary contempt for Newton and his ideas, we shall learn from Zadkiel that the earth is the "stationary centre of the Solar System."

Both the Physician and the Lieutenant, as we have said, are



tolerably prolific in prophecy; and as our faith in Moore is only equalled by our faith in Zadkiel, we shall do no injustice, we hope, to either by consulting the rival oracles indiscriminately. It is comforting to find the new year described as one of prosperity. In spite of a prevalence of strong southerly winds, mankind in general will be sociable and will delight in "husbandry and manuring the earth." Venus in Taurus will keep things "tolerably peaceful" in Ireland during April; Fenianism is to be scotched for a while; but we await with curiosity the "new arguments" on Home Rule now maturing, we presume, in the fertile imagination of Mr. Butt. One of our largest colonies is to "clamour for a separate existence, and its pretensions will be seconded by a foreign Power of great magnitude." But we read with relief that the time for England's decline is not yet; indeed, our maritime supremacy, which we owe to the influence of Aries, is to continue, despite Mr. Reed's gloomy forebodings, until the "powers of heaven are shaken." An English nobleman of ancient family is to go over to Rome, and his example will be followed by a distinguished member of the Anglican ministry; but we look in vain for the usual announcement that "an eminent divine is likely to be caught in the snares of the little winged boy." There is to be a new substitute, it would seem, for steam-engines. The difficulty of obtaining coal will lead to the "successful adoption of a principle of locomotion by which the consumption of fuel will be reduced to a minimum." The complete solution of the problem of aerial navigation is to be reserved for our children's children, who are to roam the air in vehicles as manageable as a toy-cart; but we are authorised by Zadkiel to state that in 1873 men will "prepare to begin" to navigate the air when Mercury is exalted above the Moon. A "great and perplexing law-suit"—may we venture to understand by this the Tichborne trial?—will be as far from solution as ever when the year has expired. The death of one of the principal parties is to lead to "endless complications," which will disappoint the public, but gratify the "be-wigged gentlemen." Furthermore, another case still more exciting and full of startling revelations is promised us for 1874. Beyond, however, announcing some "salutary laws relating to land," the stars very properly decline to divulge the secrets of the Cabinet.

Looking abroad, we find mankind surveyed from China to Peru. We are so accustomed to hear of things from America that "astonish the whole world," that the announcement of more wonders does not occasion much surprise; it conforms as strictly to precedent as sinister prognostics with respect to the Sick Man. The burning of Chicago does not appear to have been predicted, but then of course even an astrologer cannot be responsible for the vagaries of an American cow. As regards the *Alabama* question, however, the physician is evidently wandering with his planets. "The Arbitrators," he says, "will give their verdict upon the question of the Indirect Claims, but at the last moment a legal flaw will be discovered in the constitution of the Court, and the whole question will be re-opened." It adds greatly to the merits of astrology that it should be able not only to create the future but to undo the past. In France the present Government is to continue "in the ascendant"; there are to be some military riots in May, and in July the nation is to be punished in some manner for its conduct towards the "half naked men of Africa"; but a judicious retrogression of Jupiter in Leo will stave off serious evils. Wars and rumours of wars are to occur in Asia and South Africa, but Russia is to take to painting and literature instead of extending her territory; and, what with exhibitions and arbitration, we are to arrive at a "cosmopolitan feeling of brotherly affection for all mankind" in December. A disagreeable discovery, however, appears to be in store for us. It will be found that England and France, with several other countries of Europe, have been duped by an impostor. "By the concoction of a bold and plausible solution of a question which for years has agitated the minds of all civilized men, an arrant knave had succeeded in disarming their suspicions, and had been publicly received and fêted in almost every town of importance, and looked upon as one of the noblest of his race." When the bubble bursts about July, the chagrin of a deluded people is only to be qualified by a "deeper and more solemn sadness." There is a tone of self-distrust in the remark that "it may not be the time yet for the coming millennium," which represents perhaps Dr. Cumming's latest opinions on the subject, but we might have expected more assurance from an astrologer. Nor is it quite satisfactory to find such utterances as "great uncertainty appears in mundane affairs"—"there will be many close consultations; I hope they may be for the best"—"some great projects are talked about, but I rather think they will come to nothing." Even ordinary mortals can "hope" and "rather think," but we look for better things from a reader of the stars. Such generalities expose the science to unworthy imitations. Indeed we imagine that a very tolerable system of prognostics might be constructed on the basis of a few simple principles—that there is nothing new under the sun, and that the progress of mankind in wisdom is not very perceptible on the general view of things. Thus we might venture to predict that several fires will happen in 1873, particularly in London; that several pockets will be picked with more or less success—or, as Moore would say, some "private contrivances of a mischievous nature will be in agitation"; that several long debates will take place in Parliament, and that in the subsequent divisions the numbers will be about the same as if there had been no debate at all; that Mr. Whalley will discover a new Jesuit in disguise, and Mr. Ayrton will not improve his manners; and that several

thousand sermons will be preached, many of which have been preached before, and few of them remembered after. And it may be added, in the language of the oracle, that many people will "precipitate themselves into mischief by luxury and extravagant courses;" that "probably a signal marriage will be concluded," and "one of the female sex will suffer from frowns, but whether deservedly or not let time determine." The hieroglyphics before us are too wonderful to be described in plain prose. Zadkiel contents himself with four woodcuts, representing the operation of ploughing, a hustings—apparently an anachronism for 1873—a number of Chinese fighting with Europeans, and an earthquake. Moore's pennyworth is richer in allegory. Among other objects we observe a young lady with an enormous chignon contemplating a lion and a cat. The prominence of this figure, it is explained, indicates the position which woman is destined to occupy in the immediate future; but her averted face and her attention to the cat give evidence that she will still retain her native "unobtrusiveness and domesticity."

Of course no prudent astrologer would give his reasons for predicting anything if there were the faintest chance of their being intelligible, but even star-gazers have apparently a method in their madness. Thus an opposition of Saturn and Mars seems to provoke a tendency to gossip, while the transit of the latter through Scorpio instantly produces bankruptcies in Liverpool. When Jupiter opposes Venus there is "trouble and vexation in store for one of the fair sex, by means of some person in orders"; but the former, when saluted by the friendly beams of the Sun, brings preferment to the "truly pious clergy." The conjunction of the Moon with Venus augurs well for marriages, and is equally good for engaging female servants; when she meets Saturn then comes the time for making wills and laying foundation-stones; and, when Mercury intercepts her, send your boys to school. When evil Mars in Leo squares the Moon, we are to look out for our backs, and we are reminded that Prince Alfred might have escaped being shot at in that quarter by previously consulting the aspect of the stars on his birthday. It is idle to waste time on Metalliferous Mines Bills to prevent mining accidents, when astrology will do all that is needed. Saturn being occidental in the cusp of the seventh house plainly warns us of "combustions and underground troubles." Some evils, however, appear to be beyond control. Persons born between the 16th and 19th of January are doomed to suffer injuries in the knees, and those born on July 24th to be in trouble from "old persons and landlords." Unfortunately no means are suggested for selecting one's own birthday. The fickleness of our climate is better suited to the national habit of grumbling than to astrological predictions at remote dates. Old Moore goes so far as to recommend a good barometer, but his brother-seer would no doubt regard this as an unworthy concession to science. It is difficult sometimes to understand what constitutes the fulfilment of a prophecy. Thus Henry IV. was predicted to die at Jerusalem, but his death in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster was enough to silence scepticism. The King of Italy is warned, like Cæsar on the Ides of March, to avoid hunting on the 15th of October. The chances are probably against his hunting on that particular day, and the prophet will be able to persuade himself that his forbearance was due to the occult influence of the stars. Some events may be said to carry their own fulfilment, and we fully agree that "when armies are in the field blows may be expected." An eccentric person lately applied to the Premier to examine the truth of his theory that the origin of all language was the letter O; and Zadkiel hopes that a Parliament elected by ballot will appoint a Commission to report on the merits of astrology. A petition to that effect, it is stated, was sent last Session to not less than "three respectable members," but in each case was politely returned with a refusal to present it. The subject is one which may not fall exactly within the scope of Parliamentary inquiry, but the large sale of the nonsensical rubbish we have been describing is an instructive illustration of the mental condition of a considerable section of the community. It would seem to show that, if knowledge marches, wisdom certainly lingers on the road.

#### OLD AND NEW MISSIONARIES.

VARIOUS things have just now been calling special attention to the attempts of Christian missionaries to spread the Christian religion in the heathen and other unbelieving parts of the world. The readers of some of the ecclesiastical papers have been startled by some very hard sayings about modern, at all events, about Anglican, missionaries, and the missionaries and their friends have been stirred up to equally vigorous answers. With these things we will not meddle. But, steering in a mean between the accusers, possibly the slanderers, and the defenders of modern missions, we can see the acknowledgment of a truth about which we wish to say something as a matter of history. That is the fact that modern missionaries are not so successful as the missionaries of old time. The same fact stands out proclaimed in the general agreement among all the churches of the Anglican communion to keep a day, not of thanksgiving for success in the missionary work, but rather of humiliation for lack of success. Whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain that whole nations are not now converted to Christianity in the same way that they were at various times from the fourth century to the fourteenth—that is, from the conversion of the Goths to the conversion of the Lithuanians; and, whether the zeal and devotion of modern mis-

sionaries be or be not equal to the zeal and devotion of ancient missionaries, we think that it would be a very shallow way of dealing with the fact to seek for it wholly in causes of this kind. It certainly seems at first sight that modern missionaries do not make the same utter self-sacrifice as the missionaries of the days of Columba or of Boniface. But the difference is, we suspect, much more apparent than real. A man who went out into the wilderness then did not give up so much as a man who goes out into the wilderness now. Still there certainly is a difference, which calls for explanation. England is nowadays thronged with retired colonial Bishops. But we do not find that Augustine went back to end his days at Rome, or Boniface to end his days in England. And there is one difference also which we are almost afraid to speak of. Our own early history shows us that a married priest, and even a married Bishop, was nothing very wonderful, and certainly no son had need to be ashamed of such a father as the priest Odelerius, the father of the monk Orderic. But somehow we cannot altogether stifle a notion that the conversion of England would hardly have gone on quite so well if Augustine and his companions had been each man accompanied by a wife. The services of the deuter sex played a large part in the conversion of most of the European nations, but they were made use of in another way.

But the difference to our mind is altogether independent of such small causes as these. The circumstances under which men try to convert heathens now are wholly different from the circumstances under which men more successfully tried to convert them then. Christianity, we have said long ago, is the religion of the Roman Empire. Be the cause what it may, that is the fact. Christianity is the religion of those countries which either actually formed part of the Roman Empire or else got their civilization as well as their religion from either the Old or the New Rome. Within those limits Christianity is universal. It has assumed various national forms—Roman, Greek, Oriental, and Teutonic—but in one form or another it is universal. In the Asiatic and African provinces of Rome Christianity has either been utterly swept away or remains the religion only of a downtrodden minority. But this is because those regions were cut off alike from the Empire and from the Church by the conquests of men who represented at once an alien religion and an alien social system. Roman Asia and Roman Africa were as fully Christianized as Roman Europe. If they are not Christian now, it is because they were cut off from the sway of Christ and Cæsar by conquerors who did not, like the conquerors of the European provinces, become disciples as well as conquerors. And, if Christianity is thus universal in the lands which have drawn their civilization from Rome—that is, in Europe and European colonies—it has made hardly any progress beyond those limits. In the fourth century Christianity made the conquest of the Roman world. Its one conquest beyond the strict limits of the Empire was the border land, often the dependent land, of Armenia. On the rival power of Rome, on the vigorous nationality of the regenerate Persian, it made no impression whatever. In later days we hear wonderful tales of the progress made by Nestorian missionaries in the far lands of Asia. But they have left no such lasting fruits as the conversion of the Roman, and of his disciples, the Teuton and the Slave. Whatever may be the cause, we repeat that Christianity is the religion of the Roman Empire in the widest sense of those words, and that it is the religion of very little besides. The wonder of wonders, the thing which stamps Christianity as divine, is that it became the religion of the Roman Empire. That point gained, the rest was nothing wonderful. The wonder was when the Roman Cæsar bowed to the faith of a persecuted minority of his own subjects. It was not wonderful that the disciples of Rome, not the less her disciples for being her conquerors, embraced the faith of her teacher. The wonder was when Christ supplanted the Jupiter of the Capitol—that done, to supplant Woden and Czernibog followed in due time as a matter of course.

The fact is that there is now no part of the world in which Christianity sets itself before heathen nations in exactly the same light as that in which it was set before them in the days when Western Christendom received the Teuton, and Eastern Christendom received the Slave, as half conqueror, half disciple. There was nowhere the same great gulf fixed between the teacher and the learner that there is now. Our missionaries go forth into distant lands to grapple with two states of things, each of them very different from one another, but both of them still more different from the state of things in Europe at any time from the fourth century to the fourteenth. They go out to distant lands—the element of distance is no small one—in which they appear either as utter strangers or as the fellow-countrymen of alien rulers. They either come as civilized men to mere savages, with the greatest possible gap in language, colour, habits, and tone of thought, or else they come across ancient and firmly established systems of religion and social order, the votaries of which are perfectly able to turn round and dispute on equal terms with those who try to convert them. Not only the Mahometan, who, as compared with the absolute heathen, might almost pass as an heretical Christian, but the Brahmin, the Buddhist, the votaries of all the religions of civilized Asia, have a great deal to say for themselves. Trying to convert them is not like trying to convert one who looks up to his teacher as a superior; it is more like disputing against Julian or Libanius. In either case, whether the missionary has to deal with the savage or with the civilized heathen, there is as little common ground as

there can well be between two human creatures; and, at all events in the case of the civilized heathen, there is absolutely no wish for instruction. There is either no dissatisfaction with the established system, or, if there is dissatisfaction, it is not of a kind which is likely to lead men to the adoption of a foreign religion. In the conversion of the Teutonic and Slavonic nations all the circumstances were different. There was, first of all, a real community of race among all the European nations, a community which was utterly forgotten, but which still may not have been without an unconscious practical working. It may be said that there is the same community of race between Europeans and the Aryan nations of India. But, widely as the Roman and the Goth, the Greek and the Servian, had parted from one another, they had by no means parted asunder so widely as the modern Englishman and the modern Hindoo. The Goth and the Servian were young nations, full of life and vigour, but certainly not given to any deep speculations. The modern Hindoos are an old nation who have stiffened for ages in an established system, and who have their books and their philosophy just as much as we have. The modern civilized Asiatic feels no need for a teacher; the ancient Teuton or Slave was just in the state of mind to be taught. The converts made in the early ages, say from the fourth to the eighth century, fall under two classes. The first class came to their teachers, while in the second class their teachers went to them. The Teutonic nations which pressed into the Empire, and which bowed down before its greatness and civilization, naturally adopted its religion along with its laws, habits, and military discipline. The whole thing is set forth in the saying of Ataulf, that the Goth might conquer as he would, but that it was only by the Law of Rome that the world could be governed. With the Roman Law the Roman religion came as part of it. Some tribes, the West-Goths themselves among them, had begun to embrace Christianity even before they entered the Empire. But it was not till they had had dealings with the Empire both in war and in peace, and had learned to look upon Rome as the mistress and teacher of the world. Oddly enough, most of them had Christianity first set before them, not in its Orthodox, but in its Arian form. But a few generations of dwelling on Roman ground brought them over to the received faith of the Empire. The Burgundian in Gaul, the Lombard in Italy, the Goth in Spain, all became Orthodox. The Goth in Italy was cut off too soon to adopt the faith of his subjects; but if Theodoric never gave the world a lesson of orthodoxy, he gave it the higher lesson of toleration.

In these cases the learners came to the teachers; the learners had a creed of their own, but not a creed which had enough hold on them to bear up against the spell of the new state of things in which they found themselves. In the other class of cases, the teachers came to the learners. Foremost among these learners were our own fathers. But of whom did our fathers consent to learn? They did not stoop to learn of the conquered Briton; they did not stoop to learn of the Frankish Bishop who came with the Frankish Queen; but when Rome spoke they hearkened. Our forefathers, in that world of their own from which Cæsar had withdrawn his legions, beyond the reach of Roman authority still felt the spell of Roman influence. Let us not disparage the share of the Scot in the conversion of England; but the Scot only watered where the Roman had planted. Our forefathers listened to teaching which came recommended by the example of the city to which the world still looked up, and they adopted it because they clearly had no tie to the faith of their forefathers beyond that of mere traditional association. They were not at all like the philosophical Brahmin or Buddhist of our own times. But they did not lack either common sense or a spirit of inquiry. The old Thegn at York wished to know what became of man after death; his own religion could not tell him—which looks as if Walhalla was not yet known in Northumberland; if the Romans knew, he would like very much to learn. The layman had wandered thus far into speculation; the mind of the priest Coifi was more worldly-wise. Woden and Thunder had done so little for him that he would have nothing more to say to them; he would try the God of the Kentishmen, who might perhaps do more. This last argument would seem to be a local one; at least it is whispered that it has been used in the converse form by a Christian successor of Coifi, who is said to have announced his firm belief in a God "who had been very good to him." Men who accepted a new faith so readily as this could have had no very firm trust in the old one. When we contrast the easy conversion of England with the stiff-necked resistance of Scandinavia some centuries later, we may be tempted to think that the Woden religion had in the meanwhile put on much more of form and substance, that it had become much more of a creed than it had been in the days of Æthelberht. Anyhow the conversion of the English was wonderfully easy. The King first allows the strangers to preach, without committing himself to their teaching. A few converts, doubtless the most genuine of all, are made; the King himself believes, then the nobles, then the mass of the people. We hear not seldom of relapses, commonly when the successor of the first Christian King falls away; but the relapses are only for a season. In a generation or two it might be thought that Christianity had always been the religion of the land. Heathenism is easily swept away, and all its relics and monuments are defaced. In Northumberland, Coifi, as soon as he has made up his own mind, hastens to break down the temple where he had just before been the priest. So, at the other end of Europe, as soon as the Russian Vladimir has announced his conversion, the people of Kief set to work merrily to drag their wooden God through the mud and to



throw him into the Dnieper. There is an element of fun in all these early conversions, which marks a people in the full vigour of their first youth.

In the next stage we find the Teutonic nations who were already converted setting to work to convert their still unbelieving brethren. From the age of Augustine we pass to the age of Boniface. Now these conversions among kindred nations, where Northumberland follows the lead of Kent, or where heathen Germany follows the lead of England, were made under the most favourable of all circumstances. We have seen that even the Roman was not separated from the Teuton or the Slave by the same wide gap which separates the modern European from either the savage or the civilized heathen of our times. Still less was there any such gap between the Frank and the Kentishman, between the Kentishman and the Northumbrian, between the West-Saxon and the Saxon in his old land. The teacher and the disciple could perfectly understand one another; they were all of kindred race, kindred speech, kindred manners and feelings. The Christian had simply the advantage which he got from his Christianity itself, and from the intercourse with the nations of the older civilization for which his Christianity had opened the way. A Teuton of the eighth century, speaking to another Teuton of the eighth century, was quite unlike a modern gentleman in black speaking to a naked savage—in short, from the man of the nineteenth century after Christ speaking to a man of the nineteenth century before Christ. Closely connected with this point is the extraordinary influence which women have in all these conversions. They play a part which it was easy for them to play in those days, but which would be absolutely impossible in these. In Gaul, in Britain, in Poland, we find the same story. The heathen King asks for the daughter of his Christian neighbour in marriage. She consents only on condition that he should embrace Christianity, or at least allow Christianity to be preached in his dominions. The conversion of the King and his people follows in due order as a matter of course. But this could only happen in a state of things where Christians and heathens were on the same level, the Christian having only so much of advantage as his Christianity gave him. We cannot do the same between nations where every social condition is different. We cannot send European princesses, or European women of any class, to play the part of Æthelburh and Dombrowka either in Japan or in Central Africa. There is all the difference in the world between the spread of a faith over a continuous region, inhabited by nations on pretty much the same level in point of culture, and all of whom looked up with more or less reverence to one or two common centres, and its spread over scattered lands of every language and social state, and by whom the civilization from which the teacher starts is either unknown or despised.

We will stop with the eighth century, because in its later years a new element comes in with the wars of Charles the Great with the Saxons. The conversion of Saxony, of the Slavonic lands to the east of it, of Scandinavia, and above all of Prussia and Livonia, was largely, though not wholly, wrought by the sword. The precept "Compel them to come in" was carried out literally, in a manner Mahometan rather than Christian. But meanwhile conversions of the old type were going on in Hungary, Poland, and Russia, and the last conversion of all, that of Lithuania, was brought about by an ingenious adaptation of the old method to the new state of things. The heathen prince still married the Christian Queen; he adopted her faith and brought his own people after him; but this time, unlike any of the earlier cases, Jagello became King of Hedwig's kingdom, and the patriarch of its most illustrious dynasty.

Our argument does not go towards the despising or undervaluing of modern missionary efforts; it goes quite the other way. We believe that modern missionaries have done really great things, considering the circumstances of the case. It is indeed only here and there that they have had anything like the successes of old time; but the wonder is that they should have had any successes at all. We will not stop to argue whether the difference is in any way owing to any fault on the part of modern missionaries. Their personal faults or personal merits form so small a part of the case as to be hardly worth thinking of. The difference lies far deeper. The modern missionary has a task far harder than the task of Augustine or Boniface, and he fares accordingly.

#### THE NEW TIMON.

A GENTLEMAN named Holme died lately leaving upwards of 50,000*l.* to be divided among various charitable and religious societies. It is alleged that during his life he entertained a bitter and rooted antipathy to his fellow-creatures, especially to landladies and seaside excursionists, and the Court of Probate has been asked to set aside his will on the ground that he was not of sound mind when he made it. In the opinion of a certain school of economists a man could hardly do more harm to his species than by bestowing his money in charitable bequests; while others may be disposed to attribute such gifts to a spirit of kindly philanthropy. Mr. Holme's landladies agreed in describing him as a very disagreeable person. He was extremely particular about his food, and rated the honesty of landladies even lower than the general honesty of mankind. He was difficult to please, and occasionally swore at them. Of the sex at large he spoke in disrespectful language, and his dislike of the mistresses seems to have extended

equally to the maids. He preferred to have as little as possible to do with any of them. Again, he did not like to be troubled with children, and had been known to call them cubs and imps. He was accustomed to "use strong language about the people of Ramsgate," and had an indifferent opinion of their honesty; but the excursionists appear to have been his pet aversion. He is said to have "often wished that the steamers bringing them would sink with all on board." We do not find any statement of Mr. Holme's opinions on the subject of brass bands and other watering-place musicians, but we are afraid he was quite capable of including them in his sweeping imprecations. The sailors on the pier who invite strangers to take a sail in such an engaging manner and with such amiable persistence also excited his malevolence, and he used to wish them at the bottom of the sea. Mr. Holme lived for some time at Islington, and of the people of Islington he had also been heard to speak disrespectfully. As the omnibuses carried their respectable freights of clerks past his windows of a morning, he would revile them, and express a desire that the omnibuses might be upset. He had perhaps a low opinion of commercial morality, and may have imagined that, if the flow of clerks into the City could be arrested, the formation of bubble Companies would naturally cease; or perhaps, as he left 10,000*l.* to the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals, he may have objected not so much to the clerks in themselves as to the number of them piled up on a single omnibus for a pair of horses to draw. However that may be, there can be little doubt, we should say, that Mr. Holme did not take a cheerful view of life, or make himself too pleasant to the people about him. He seems to have been a morose, churlish, quick-tempered person, very much absorbed in efforts to promote his own comfort, hating noise and bustle of every kind, and accustomed to express himself in violent language. He generally wound up the day by drinking freely. Whether he was of unsound mind is a question which must be left for the Judge of the Court of Probate to determine, and his decision will not be given till after the Christmas holidays. In the meanwhile it would be very improper for us to express any opinion on the subject. The Judge may think that the allegations of those who dispute the will have not been borne out by the evidence, or that, however clear the facts may be, they do not sustain the theory of the testator's insanity. Or, on the other hand, he may hold that Mr. Holme was undoubtedly insane. We would merely venture to remark that his decision will probably be looked for by a good many people with something more than idle curiosity. We are afraid that there are others besides the late Mr. Holme who may at different times have expressed themselves intemperately in regard to landladies or excursionists, and who must feel very uncomfortable now they know that the mad doctors have an eye on them.

Whatever the decision in this case may be, it will be very important to the sane as well as to the insane. It is highly desirable that people who are in their right minds should know what they should take care not to say or do, in order that they may not be mistaken for lunatics. There must be a great many single gentlemen living in lodgings who will be anxious to learn how they should comport themselves in their intercourse with their landladies. Mr. Pickwick suffered from being too bland and civil. If he had ordered "cutlets and tomato sauce" with an oath, or a few offensive animadversions on the female sex, he would have put himself beyond the reach of an action for breach of promise, but he would have avoided Scylla only to fall into Charybdis. His bad language might at some time or other have been brought up against him as a proof of his insane antipathy to his fellow-creatures. It will be necessary for lodgers to steer very delicately between these two points. They should endeavour to address their landladies in language which should be at once guarded and inoffensive, and which, without ruffling the just and natural dignity of the sex, should leave no room for unwarrantable expectations. If Mr. Holme had spent his evenings in reading Shakespeare instead of drinking brandy-and-water he might have provided himself with a series of quotations from *Timon of Athens* which would have appropriately expressed his dislike of certain classes of his fellow-creatures, and which he could have recited under the pretext of admiration for his favourite author. We do not gather from the reports of this case that Mr. Holme had been soured by any breach of friendship or disappointment in love. It is asserted that he hated all mankind with a general and equal hatred, but his abhorrence of landladies and excursionists is what comes out most conspicuously in the evidence. It is true that landladies are sometimes aggravating in their ways, and one can conceive a single gentleman who has nothing to do but to think of his comforts and brood over the deficiencies of service, and the mysterious disappearances of articles of food and drink, getting somewhat morbid on the subject. Excursionists, too, are not the most pleasant sort of people in the world to have to do with. They may too often be briefly described as the sailor described the manners and customs of the savages whom he had seen in foreign parts—their customs are beastly, and they have no manners. Two hostile races are continually confronted in the modern watering-place—the residents who have gone there for a longer or a shorter stay, or who live there permanently, and the excursionists who come down like the wolf on the fold, and swamp the select gentility of the place in a torrent of noisy and somewhat unclean barbarism. We are afraid the excursionists who go out of town for the day have an unwise habit of breakfasting hurriedly

before they leave home, and attempting to make up for the deficiency by partaking too uninterruptedly of stimulants during the journey. The result is that when they reach their destination there is apt to be an unpleasant touch of aggressiveness in their bearing, although later in the day they usually subside into a morose and apathetic melancholy. The sands at Ramsgate occasionally witness gambols which in a company of Yahoos would leave little to be attempted or imagined. No doubt there are a great many respectable excursionists, but even at their best their visits are hardly calculated to promote the enjoyment of residents who have come for quiet and repose. It is necessary, however, to remember that excursionists are not only our own flesh and blood, but politically our masters; and it is a pity that irascible old gentlemen like the late Mr. Holme do not more frequently fortify themselves by such edifying reflections.

One of the mad doctors who were examined in this case observed that, although he might not attach much importance to many of Mr. Holme's symptoms taken separately, it was their cumulative effect which led him to conclude that the testator was insane; and there can be no doubt that there is a good deal of force in this remark. A passion for indulgence in strong language and hatred of particular people is apt, like indulgence in strong drinks, to grow by what it feeds on. From abusing landladies one may come to curse excursionists and negro minstrels, and gradually proceed to imprecations on humanity at large. We shall learn from Sir J. Hannen's judgment how far we can safely go in this direction. The late Mr. Holme is accused of having used bad language to his landladies, and of wishing the destruction of excursionists. He was also in the habit of taking a stiff nightcap before he went to bed. He appears to have been on bad terms with one of his sisters; and by will he left his property to charitable and religious societies. It will be interesting to know whether all these circumstances in combination constitute insanity; and, if so, how many of them are indispensable to that conclusion. Ill-tempered old gentlemen will do well to be on their guard against cumulative indulgence in strong drink, strong language, and hatred of their species. If they desire to be allowed to take their toddy of an evening without giving rise to any reflections on their sanity, they should be careful to speak well of landladies; at least, if they must now and then blow up a landlady, let them beware of directing comprehensive curses against excursionists. Perhaps they may be permitted to choose between landladies, excursionists, and City clerks, but they will be liable to have their wills disputed if they curse all three. The Pious Founder has had a hard time of it of late, and there are some people who will not be at all surprised to hear benevolent bequests traced to their origin in insane misanthropy. It is possible that Mr. Holme may have desired to make amends for his malevolent feelings towards his fellow-creatures while he was alive by his benevolence at his death, but in that case we should have expected to find the chief objects of his hatred specially provided for. If he had left all his money to be divided between his landladies and the sister with whom he had quarrelled, with a handsome fund for promoting excursions, his sanity would perhaps not have been disputed. It has often been asserted by professional experts that madness is much more general than has hitherto been supposed, but it is not yet settled whether there is really more insanity about in the world than there used to be, or whether it is only that we are getting cleverer in detecting it.

#### THE GREAT DIAMOND BUBBLE.

THOSE who have paid the most cursory attention to the history of contemporary joint-stock enterprise must long ago have satisfied themselves that there is no possibility of setting limits to human credulity. If recent exposures and scandals had left any of us sceptical on this point, one of the latest items of commercial intelligence from the United States must infallibly convince us. So far as memory serves us, the grand scheme of the New York and San Francisco Commercial and Mining Company stands unparalleled for simple audacity of conception. Strange to say, so far as the shrewd Americans were concerned, it proved almost as successful as it was simple. It had assumed proportions that must have amazed and delighted its concoctors. It found its victims, not among those credulous gudgeons who swim in shoals round any gilded hook, however coarsely it may be baited; but among leviathan capitalists in the commercial centres on either side of the continent, who should have learned wariness while acquiring their wealth. The best names of San Francisco were to be found among the patrons of the Company; and probably leading speculators in New York and New England thought they must be safe in following where men so safe had gone before. The scheme once accepted, and its extraordinary promise believed in, we can well conceive a hot rivalry to "get on" in it. For if the prospectors told the truth, the lucky original shareholders, to borrow Dr. Johnson's celebrated phrase, had acquired a "potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." A New York or Boston speculator might be pardoned for feeling that he must doom himself to everlasting remorse if all turned out as was hoped, and he had let a chance so brilliant escape him. Indeed the scheme seems to have been snatched at to an extent beyond the most sanguine hopes of its promoters, and on second thoughts the Americans apparently considered it so good a thing as to decide on monopolizing it. The great parent Company pro-

posed to confine itself to financing a variety of subsidiary undertakings, distributing the precious property it had acquired by purchase from the discoverers. Each of these subsidiary associations was to receive an allotment of 160 acres, in consideration of a sum of one million sterling; each was to provide a million more, to be expended in working its claim, although it is hard to see how such a sum could have been needed for simple surface operations.

Had the whole matter been arranged quietly in America, there can be little doubt that the 36,000,000*l.* would have been easily found; the shares would have been placed with the public, as general excitement ran them up to fabulous premiums, and a disastrous collapse would have duly followed, and exposure, which would have been just sufficiently delayed to enable a knot of swindlers to realize royal fortunes. But it appears that the earlier ambition of the projectors scarcely soared higher than the duping of Englishmen. The scheme was pushed on this side of the Atlantic, and all the seductive particulars were circulated in England in full detail. Even to the average English investing enthusiast, whose faith in the reports of unknown mining experts is nearly absolute, the statements of this prospectus savoured somewhat too strongly of that wild romance with which the *Arabian Nights* familiarized us in childhood, but which has transferred itself in more modern times from the banks of the Euphrates to the mountain slopes of the Far West. This was the "tallest" of all the tall stories which had come from the sierras or shores of the Pacific. A party of gentlemen out prospecting had been guided by their lucky stars into a tract of country as thickly set with precious stones as the shoulders of the lady of any Cressus of shoddy. In a single hour they had picked up two hundred and eighty diamonds. If such pickings were to be had in the course of a short morning's stroll, it was easy to imagine the priceless possibilities that must result from any regular operations. Should any one suspect that this American Golconda existed only in the ardent fancies of the promoters, there were the two hundred and eighty diamonds, and there was the formal report of Mr. Janin, who enjoyed high local reputation as a mining engineer. Mr. Janin represented honesty, independence, and practical experience, and when the clever promoters had hoodwinked the innocent Mr. Janin, they made use of him as their stalking-horse to get into the confidence of the Californian capitalists. For the benefit of the English they invented the little incident which happened to an intelligent young countryman of ours who chanced to make one of the party. This young gentleman, tripping over an ant heap, was astonished to find he had laid bare whole clusters of precious stones. But if the Californians believed implicitly in Mr. Janin, assuming his shrewdness to be equal to his honesty, even Mr. Rubery's experiences did not persuade the English. The *Times* took the matter up, and showed equal public spirit and perspicacity in the way it sifted it. It pointed out the inherent absurdities of the story—a story replete with circumstances so extraordinary that one would hesitate to receive them on testimony the most unimpeachable. It proceeded to weigh the testimony adduced in the present instance, and to examine into the character of the witnesses. Some of them came out of the ordeal by no means unscathed. The City writer in the *Times* gave proof of an inconveniently good memory. He raked up suspicious circumstances in the antecedents of gentlemen whose names were identical with those of the discoverers of the new diamond fields—names which, by a strange coincidence, had been previously paraded in connexion with very similar schemes. The assertion of the *Times* writer elicited denials and plausible explanations, but no actions for libel. Yet the promoters had suffered very substantial damage. For the Californians who had embarked in the scheme in faith and hope began to surmise that they had acted somewhat hastily. They did what ordinary prudence might have suggested to them before, considering how much capital they talked of staking; they sent off an exploring party of their own, headed by their acting manager, and guided by Mr. Janin; they retained the services of Mr. Clarence King, United States geologist, known in England as the author of a pleasant book on *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*; and the result of this second survey was completely unsatisfactory. A most minute search went unrewarded by the vestige of a ruby or a diamond, save where the ground had been previously "salted" with precious stones with a view to inspection by Mr. Janin. So inartistically, indeed, had the salting been done, that if Mr. Janin had possessed a shade more of technical knowledge, or another grain or two of common sense, the bubble must have burst before it had been blown. General Colton, the manager, found rubies scattered upon bare rocks where, to borrow his own forcible language, it would have been as impossible for nature to deposit them as for a person standing in San Francisco to toss a marble in the air and make it fall on Bunkers' Hill monument.

We should fancy this romantic story must furnish matter for disagreeable reflection to a good many shareholders in mining Companies which persistently defer paying dividends, and remain in heart-breaking "course of development." If it shows anything, it shows how little the very best names are to be trusted in the way of guarantee; how very easily experts of excellent reputation may be deceived by designing men. Very few people embark in speculations of this kind on the strength of their personal knowledge of facts, and indeed such personal knowledge must be altogether impossible of attainment in most cases. It must suffice for most men that other people of character and capacity have been satisfied, and the man may be called prudent who ex-



ercises even that amount of caution. Yet in this case, had the *Times* remained silent, and the enterprise passed swimmingly into its second stage, the investing public might have pointed to all the guarantees that the best local names could give, and might have comforted itself under its losses by knowing that it had suffered in the best commercial company of the States. Had the original promoters been a little less notorious, had they pitched their tone a little less high, or laid on their colours a little less freely, the San Francisco and New York Mining Company might at this moment have been a great fact; the rocky tablelands of Colorado might have been selling at 6,000*l.* an acre, and many a family in narrow circumstances might have invested all its savings in the mythical diamonds and rubies of Ruby Gulch. The shrewdest heads among the "cutest" people in the world would have endorsed the scheme, and relieved the herd of ordinary investors from the responsibility of deciding on its merits for themselves. The extravagance of the original statements would have been forgotten, or only recalled vaguely to animate competition for the shares. Yet when we take note of the circumstances under which the scheme must have been submitted to these shrewd heads for their approval, we are amazed that even covetousness should have so utterly silenced caution. If the originators were somewhat unfavourably known even in England, they must assuredly have been distrustfully regarded in California. There is no need to dwell on the intrinsic extravagance of the story they had to tell. The Western mining States have been pretty thoroughly prospected of late by greedy gold and silver seekers, and no one as yet had breathed a word of the discovery of precious stones. It was strange that men should have stumbled at once upon a very mountain of diamonds. If they had found ground where diamonds and rubies were to be had for the gathering, it was the very last species of labour for which they would care to invoke the assistance of joint-stock enterprise. It was stranger still perhaps that a band of adventurers fortuitously collected, and whose members were by no means famed hitherto for the extreme punctiliousness of their principles, should all at once exhibit the chivalrous delicacy of a Bayard and display a chastened contempt for riches worthy of a St. Anthony. Not a man of them would "split upon his pals" or betray the secret of the whereabouts of the treasure, although we may be very sure that overtures could not have been wanting, and that a possessor of the secret might have named his terms had the treasure existed. No; those honest confederates were to satisfy themselves with a comparatively moderate competency a-piece in exchange for their inestimable treasure-trove, and so long as the American and English public grew rich, for themselves they were contented with small gains and the barren honours of discovery. It does seem marvellous that all this should never have occurred to those American capitalists who made themselves patrons and promoters of this scheme at second-hand. It seems strange that men whose lifelong experiences must have made them suspicious should receive with childlike conviction a scheme that could only be born of the conjunction of a couple of miracles, moral and material. But so it was, and the fact only confirms us in a persuasion which has long been gaining upon us, that the ablest or most honourable men may prove blind guides in matters of speculation, and that in the most flourishing joint-stock undertaking there are unknown elements of uncertainty to be taken into consideration in estimating the high interest it pays; while we may add, by way of special warning to foreign mine owners, that, take them all in all, of all possible speculations these foreign mines are infinitely the most hazardous.

#### THE OLD CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY.

IT is some time since we have heard much of the progress of the Old Catholic movement in Switzerland. Nor was there anything very surprising in the recent report—which for the sake of those concerned it may be hoped will prove mythical—of Father Hyacinthe's intention to transfer what he calls his "modest home" from Paris to Geneva, and bestow the services of himself and his wife on a congregation of Old Catholics in that city. There is, however, more satisfactory and better authenticated news of what a friendly writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* designates "the bloom of a religious spring" in the hearts of the Swiss Catholics during the early weeks of December. It seems clear that a fresh impetus has been given to the reforming movement there, originating in the quarrel between the Bishop of Basle and some anti-infallibilist priests and congregations in his diocese. The bishop has, like his brethren in Germany, suspended and excommunicated the offenders, and the civil authorities of the Canton of Soleure, where he resides, have taken their part against him, and required him to withdraw his censures within a given period, which has now long since elapsed, on the ground that the new dogma could not be allowed to have any binding force. But the bishop was obdurate, and his opponents, seeing that the whole question of the validity of the Vatican decrees was involved in the contest, and that silence would certainly be interpreted to mean consent, were roused at last to vigorous action. The Central Committee of the Old Catholic *Verein* assembled, and on the 1st December a general meeting of delegates and sympathizers was held at Olten, above 150 delegates having met on the previous day to arrange the programme of proceedings. On the day itself more than three thousand persons assembled in the parish church, where various resolutions were passed, as

well concerning the internal organization of the movement as its relations to the State. The cantonal authorities were especially to be requested to secure to the Old Catholics the free exercise of their religious and educational rights, and they also petitioned for the removal of the Swiss Nuncio. But the grand feature of the meeting appears to have been the address of Reinkens, generally expected to be the first Old Catholic bishop, who had come from Breslau, notwithstanding his illness, in compliance with their urgent invitation. He spoke between the 1st and 11th December, on five different occasions, at Olten, Lucerne, Soleure, Bern, and Rheinfelden, being everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. While the male portion of his audience were chiefly impressed by the keen logic and lucid power of exposition which are characteristic of him, his profound religious feeling is reported to have completely carried away his female hearers, who were present in great numbers. The rabid abuse heaped upon him by the local Ultramontane press is not a less signal testimony to his energy and success. He was assured, on taking leave, that "the cause of Church Reform in the Old Catholic sense was now triumphant in Switzerland," and this in great measure through his efforts. Five other parishes had already followed the example of Starrkirch—one of them being Soleure, where the bishop resides—and many more were expected shortly to join them. Nor is it the least important result of Professor Reinkens's visit that it has drawn closer the bonds of sympathy and mutual co-operation between the party of reform in Switzerland and in Germany. And this is a moral as well as a material gain to the cause; for, while the German mind supplies the intellectual germ and vivifying idea of the movement, the practical energy of the Swiss national character is admirably adapted for carrying it out in detail. We are constrained, indeed, by the recent discoveries of the *Daily News*, to admit, or at least to fear, that William Tell can no longer be regarded as a strictly historical personage. But it is still permissible to believe that Schiller's hero is at least *ben trovato*, and he typifies just the sort of qualities which in a reformer, whether political or ecclesiastical, are the best augury of success.

Meanwhile the German bishops and their infallibilist adherents appear still to be writhing uneasily under the castigation they have received at the hands of the Cologne Committee. If we recur once again to the subject, it is not from any special importance in the discredited document, which has gone far, not for the first time, to make the name of Fulda a byword of ridicule or reproach in Germany, but because the line of defence set up for them is but one example of a kind of tactics much in vogue just now in the Ultramontane camp. It may be remembered that the Bishops' memorial was thought by their critics to contain among other things a gross and studied misstatement of the dogma which they were straining every nerve to enforce on all objectors; and they were accordingly accused of "attempting to conceal the meaning and scope of the new dogma, to cast dust in the eyes of the people, and to pacify the Governments at the cost of truth." The charge is no doubt a serious one, but it was not made without sufficient proof; and therefore, in commenting on the reply of the Cologne Committee, we observed that it had exposed the thoroughly dishonest character of the episcopal manifesto which spoke of the infallibility of "the Pope and the bishops," whereas the Vatican decree assigns infallibility and universal supreme jurisdiction to the Pope exclusively and alone. Nothing indeed can be clearer on the face of it than what the Committee call "the irreconcilable inconsistency" between the Vatican decree and the Fulda interpretation of it: and the only marvel is that, even in the desperate strait to which they are reduced by the necessity of eating their own former words while professing simply to repeat them, the Bishops should have hazarded so clumsy and transparent a piece of sophistry. Still we must confess that we were not quite prepared to find the extremest advocates of Ultramontanism in this country gravely endorsing this grotesque travesty of their own system, and even accusing of ignorance or mendacity those who presume to insist—as they themselves insisted not long ago, and will insist again when they think the time is come—that a statement which expressly designates a spade does not mean a pitchfork. Will it be believed that the leading Ultramontane journal in this country, which preached Papal infallibility pure and simple all through the sittings of the Vatican Synod, and was never tired of lecturing that sacred assembly on the duty of defining it, and received the public thanks of the Pope for doing so, about two months before the definition, has actually now discovered that the decree only asserts the infallibility of the "Pope and Bishops," and that to say it ascribes infallibility to the Pope alone "is simply untrue"? We rubbed our eyes and read the words over and over again, but there they are in black and white. It is really well for our excellent critic that the days of heretic-burning are over; for on infallibilist principles no heretic ever better deserved the stake. However, he is so sure he is right that he can hardly "restrain himself" till he has quoted the decree which we are accused of shamefully perverting. Well, here it is, in his own words and with his own italics. "The Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*—that is, when, exercising his office of pastor and teacher of all Christians, he, by his supreme apostolic authority, defines a doctrine concerning faith or morals to be held by the Universal Church—by the divine assistance promised to him in blessed Peter, possesses that infallibility wherewith the Divine Redeemer willed His Church to be invested in defining doctrine concerning faith or morals." There is another clause, not italicized by our critic, to

which we shall revert presently. But, taking this first part of the decree alone, and supposing we had only its wording to go by, without knowing also the very significant history of its composition, what could be clearer than that it defines, as it was undoubtedly meant to define, the sole and exclusive infallibility of the Pope? Yet our censor is sure that either we have not read the decree—which has more than once, we think, been quoted in these columns—in which case we are “incapable and mischievously ignorant,” or we are what he “does not like” to specify. And how so? Because “the definition expressly states that the infallibility which it asserts (ascribes?) to the Roman Pontiff resides also in the Church itself as a whole.” Even if it did say this it would be nothing to the purpose, for it certainly does not ascribe any share of infallibility to the bishops, which is the particular point at issue. But to say that the Pope possesses that infallibility wherewith Christ has invested His Church is not to say that the Church and the Pope are both infallible—if indeed two distinct infallibilities were conceivable—but that the Pope is the divinely constituted organ whereby alone the Church can express her infallible judgment. Some such organ there obviously must be, unless the votes of the faithful are to be collected by universal suffrage; and accordingly various theories on the subject have in former times been broached by Catholic divines—as, for instance, that a Council with the Pope at its head is infallible, or that a Council independently of the Pope is infallible, or that a Council is only infallible when its verdict is ratified by the general reception of the Church. All these views ascribe to the episcopate some share in the Church’s infallibility, and all of them are excluded by the Vatican decree, except the first, which is only so far not excluded that a Papal definition does not of course cease to be infallible when a Council has sanctioned it, though neither does that sanction add anything to its infallibility. Indeed, our versatile critic goes on, with amusing inconsistency, to admit that the Pope “is infallible, apart from the bishops,” though he had just before denounced us fiercely for saying that the Pope is “alone and exclusively” infallible; but then he hedges again by inserting a caveat to the effect that being apart from the bishops “does not mean being in collision with them,” which is an irrelevant truism; and secondly, that any such collision is “an impossible hypothesis,” which is manifestly untrue. Not only is it quite possible for the Pope to be in collision with the episcopate, but it has happened, not once or twice only in Church history. And, whenever it does happen, it is perfectly certain, according to the Vatican decree, that he is always infallibly in the right, and they are infallibly in the wrong.

So far we have argued from that portion of the definition which our critic has selected as most available for his own purposes. But if any doubt about the meaning had been possible, it would be set at rest for ever by the final clause. It used sometimes to be vaguely maintained that the Pope is infallible as the mouthpiece of the Church, which was supposed, expressly or tacitly, to endorse his utterances; and on this ground many Roman Catholics accepted the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, as fairly representing the general sense of the Church, who would have hesitated to receive it at the mere dictation of the Pope. In order to cut off any possible subterfuge of this kind, the following clause was added at the last moment to the decree, at the suggestion of the Spanish bishops, and in contemptuous defiance of the urgent entreaties of the minority for some modification: “And therefore such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are irreformable of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church.” It would be beyond the reach of human language to exclude more explicitly the self-contradictory gloss now attempted, for a particular temporary purpose, to be put on the definition, that it does not attribute infallibility to the Pope exclusively, but as sharing an infallibility which “resides also in the Church.” We owe an apology to our readers for expending so many words on the demonstration that a spade means a spade, but we have had a reason for doing so. When, as in the case of the German bishops and their English apologists, the tyranny of the Star Chamber is bolstered up by the logic of the Old Bailey, there is no mere question of the rival claims of this or that school of theology, and it becomes due to the interests of common honesty and common sense to remind all whom it concerns of what these ingenious special pleaders will be the first to tell them the moment they think they have the game in their own hands—namely, that Papal infallibility means, and can only mean, the infallibility of the Pope. In case they should still cherish any lingering doubt about the matter we will clench our argument with an authority which the *Tablet* at least will hardly venture to repudiate. In a Pastoral issued just before the meeting of the Vatican Council, Archbishop Manning not only expressly asserted, in opposition to the teaching of Bishop Maret—which he has since of course “effaced”—the infallibility of Papal decisions, “*apart from the episcopal body, whether congregated or dispersed*” (the italics are his own), but proceeded to give a list of such decisions, where “the episcopal body was not united with the Pontiff.” And in a Pastoral issued by him immediately after his return from the Council, which we commend to the particular study of the Fulda bishops and their English apologists, he thus concludes his exposition of the famous decree:—“By these words many forms of error are excluded; as, first, the theory that the joint action of the episcopate congregated in Council is necessary to the infallibility of the Pontiff; secondly, that the consent of the episcopate dispersed is required; thirdly, that if not the express, at least the tacit, consent of the episcopate is needed. All these alike deny the

infallibility of the Pontiff till his acts are confirmed by the episcopate. I know indeed it has been said by some, that in so speaking they do not deny the infallibility of the Pontiff, but affirm him to be infallible when he is united with the episcopate [which is exactly what the German bishops affirm], from which they further affirm that he can never be divided. But this, after all, resolves the efficient cause of his infallibility into union with the episcopate, and makes its exercise dependent upon that union; which is to deny his infallibility as a privilege of the primacy, independent of the Church, which he is to teach and to confirm. The words, *Ex sese, non autem ex consensu Ecclesie*, preclude all ambiguity by which for two hundred years [not to say nearly two thousand] the promise of Our Lord to Peter and his successors has in some minds been obscured.” And the writer proceeds with perfect consistency to argue at considerable length that the Pope’s infallibility is “personal, separate, independent, and absolute.” This is at least straightforward and intelligible, and so far deserving of respect. But it is impossible to feel any respect for those who, while labouring actively with one hand to ram the new dogma down the throats of every one they can coerce, are as actively employed with the other in throwing dust in the eyes of lookers on by the bland and barefaced insinuation that, after all, it only means the very opinion which it was constructed with the minutest precision to exclude.

#### SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN WATER-COLOURS.

AGAIN we have to mourn over sketching as one of the lost arts. Among the seven hundred works now exhibited in the Galleries of the Institute and of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, only an insignificant percentage are sketches in the old and true sense of the word. The late Rev. John Eagles, himself a sketcher, and also known as the author of papers entitled “The Sketcher,” rightly remarks that “a true sketch is not a finished picture, but the vivid impression of the scene. Nature will not be stationary for the laborious artist; a sketch that is a very long time in the doing can scarcely ever be true. Lights and shadows change rapidly. It is this unlaboured freshness which the practised hand accomplishes, that is most like nature as nature presents herself.” Sketches thus made in the open air have a spirit, sparkle, and daylight, a vigour, reality, and life which stand in strong contrast to the dead and doctored products of the studio. Among the comparatively few scenes which have not lost the outdoor light and the free spirit which immediate contact with nature bestows may be enumerated in the Gallery of the “Old Society” the following—“The Vale of Festiniog” (275), by Mr. Whittaker; “On the Conway” (113), by Mr. Marsh; “Sand Hills” (192), by Mr. Davidson; “The Parthenon” (341), by Mr. Alfred Hunt. In the Institute genuine sketches are even more scarce than in the older Society. Mr. Collier, however, still adheres to a simplicity which contrasts favourably with the prevailing and pernicious practice of dressing up nature prettily and showily.

“Studies” have, equally with “sketches,” changed in character within the present generation. The two Galleries in Pall Mall which fairly represent the actual state and tendencies of the art of water-colour painting have little to show in the way of small scraps, the facsimile transcripts of foreground rocks, weeds, or water, little even in the line of studies, using the term in its mental rather than in its material significance—that is, little that tells us of the inner meaning of nature or of the ideas which she awakens in the imagination. Studies, in the highest sense of the word, imply the use of an intellect which not only marks, but inwardly digests, which analyses and generalizes, which questions and reasons with nature to discover by what lines and masses, by what light, shade, and colour, she attains to grandeur and to beauty. This work of the intellect, which is seen in the drawings of De Wint, of Robson, of Turner, and many others of the old masters of the art, is wanting in contemporary artists. The utmost effort that we now look for goes no further than a cloud on a mountain, a shadow across a valley, a gleam of light on the foreground—commonplace effects which have been the easy resource of every drawing-master for the last half-century. But we seek in vain for any new revelation of the secrets or hidden workings of nature; the art of water-colour painting, as now practised, is devoid of serious purpose; it is the work of man playing rather than of “man thinking,” and thus, not being mental work, it has become trite, trivial, and stationary.

The rise of the Walker School is the chief novelty which has broken within recent years the monotony of Galleries which rely for a quarter of a century on pretty much the same members. What unlooked-for materials may not be served up in the art of the future who can tell in the presence of the “Fishmonger’s Shop” (330)? In this last astounding achievement by Mr. Walker, codfish, turbot, whiting, red mullet, and mackerel, with the fattest of fishmongers waiting on his customers, makes an unsavoury subject. No display is less agreeable to the senses than a shop-front full of fish, and yet by skilful art treatment, dependent on harmony of colour, on balance of composition, on illusive realism, and on cunning dexterity of pencil, a perfect triumph is gained. Still we doubt whether it is wise or right that an artist should wander so widely from the path of beauty. The picture is a curiosity; it provokes much talk; but people of good sense will think that the artist might have employed his time and talent to a better end. “Charles’s Wain” (132), the most conspicuous work by Mr. North, is a composition



carried out on the principles which Mr. Walker has made familiar. Four girls are huddled down in a cart, and a country squire reins up his horse by their side. The peculiarity lies in the colour, which of course is ruddy and opaque, and in the execution, which is at once sharp and muzzy. Yet the eccentricities of the school are not here pushed to the usual extremity. "Evening on the Moor" (299), by the same artist, proves how much we have to gain by a new mannerism; it is as if the painter had used spectacles of unaccustomed colour and focus; nature, as a consequence, presents herself in strange but not displeasing disguise. We are sorry to find that Mr. Macbeth has surrendered his independence, which was full of promise, to this clever clique. "My Roses" (184) is a composition consisting of a croquet party and a rose bed; the latter is an exquisite study in red, white, and green, of infinite delicacy and variety. The figures, as is usual with artists of this singular persuasion, seem at first sight scattered; but on closer inspection they are found to serve as marks of punctuation—as commas, semicolons, and full stops—in a composition which otherwise might fall into disorder. Such are the expedients to which experimentalists have recourse when they work out problems unattempted till recently either in art or nature. We thank these men for what they teach, but there seems some danger that a manner which at first arrested attention as original may in the end fall upon the public as trite.

"The Burial of John Knox" (15) is after the most powerful and impressive manner of Sir John Gilbert. The mourners who watch the lowering of the body to the earth are darkly shadowed; the silence of the grave is broken by some earnest words spoken over "one who never feared the face of man." The composition is compactly knit together; burials or death-beds fall readily into pictorial form; the chief incident makes an effective centre, and the actors range picturesquely round the circumference; compositions planned on the principle of the circle are of all others the most agreeable. This drawing, though Scotch in subject, is almost Spanish in treatment; some of the figures might even have stepped from a Velasquez canvas. The use of broad strong shadows, and also of black, is a common characteristic of the school of the Peninsula; it may be remembered that Sir David Wilkie fell under Spanish influence when he painted "the Preaching of John Knox."

A catalogue is nowhere so little needed as in the Gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society. A large proportion of the members have been so long confirmed in fixed manners that the names at a glance declare themselves; moreover the sketching grounds of the United Kingdom and of the Continent have been so repeatedly traversed that the subjects frequently speak for themselves. We may, for example, take for granted that every exhibition will receive supplies from the Acropolis of Athens, the Plain of Thebes, the Roman Forum, the trout streams of North Wales, and the glens and the bens of Scotland. Even Mr. Brierly, who in the East followed in the track of the Prince of Wales, fails to tell us anything we did not know before, save when his florid and facile pencil falsifies acknowledged facts. We thank him for the discovery that the blue sea is within a few hundred paces of the Acropolis of Athens. This and other drawings exhibited by permission of the Prince of Wales are not more within the region of true art than the penny-a-lining descriptions of princely pageants by "Our Own Correspondent" are within the pale of solid history. Mr. Brierly's most faithful study is "Nile Bank and Crocodile above First Cataract" (68). We presume, however, that the crocodile in question was not alive, as here depicted; possibly the specimen was stuffed; at any rate the creature is far too timid to stand for its portrait. Travellers are notorious for the use of the long bow, and painters when far afield are equally remarkable for the play of a long loose brush. Mr. Boyce had worked the same ground as Mr. Brierly, only with this difference—that he did not paint what he did not see. Thus the transcript given by Mr. Boyce of the "Tomb of Can Grande della Scala, Verona" (367) is altogether truthful, modest, and quiet.

No subject is so stale that it cannot be revived and redeemed by treatment. Delicate tone, delicious colour, opalescent daylight, subtle lines of composition, can endow subjects insignificant and even mean with infinite beauty. Herein is the victory of art; and true lovers of art when they enter a gallery are never without reward if only half-a-dozen out of two or three hundred works are true art products. Some compliance with the severest requisitions is made in the drawings of Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Alfred Fripp, and Mr. Francis Powell. "A Cavern on the Cornish Coast" (270), by Mr. Albert Goodwin, recalls in its blue and lucent waters, with colour rising to the surface as from crystal depths, the azure grotto of Capri. "The Franciscan Convent at Assisi" (272), by the same artist, indicates by its indecisive and disorganized forms the danger to which students emulous of light and colour are incident. Such danger Mr. Alfred Hunt does not wholly escape in an eminently Turneresque drawing of "Thun" (345). However, "The Parthenon" (341), a sketch on the spot by the same artist, is sufficiently firm and true. Among drawings which gain poetic effect we must not overlook "Clay Piers in Poole Harbour" (168), by Mr. Alfred Fripp. Here out of scanty materials the artist has educaed a tone and a colour sunny and silvery.

Figure-drawing in water-colours has seldom been decisive and firm. The scale is usually small, and the subjects chosen commonly depend on incident or sentiment rather than on strict form. In neither of the two Water-Colour Societies do we find studies of

the figure which bear the remotest comparison with the innumerable drawings made by old masters as stepping-stones to high art. The want of such preliminary trials has placed modern art at an irredeemable disadvantage. We have from time to time hoped, and not wholly in vain, to find in "the Institute" studies by Mr. James D. Linton which would prove the severe ordeal through which a painter who proposed to himself greatness was willing to pass. Yet a scattered composition of slurred figures (230), entered in the Catalogue without a name, is altogether too fugitive and purposeless to lead to ulterior results. Reverting to the Old Society, we can but regret that almost the only studies after the old manner are little short of imbecility. What, for instance, would Da Vinci, Raffaele, or even Guido say to such empty extravaganzas as "Study for Picture, a Storm at Sea" (246), by Mr. Shields. And yet "The Angel of the Annunciation" (295) is even worse. Fortunately visitors to the Gallery, if they do not find the angels of Mr. Shields quite to their taste, may turn to something more mundane. For example, "A Full-Dress Rehearsal" (55), by Mr. Houghton, though clever, scarcely escapes the grotesque. Mr. Watson is more than ever incontinent; and whether the ideal or the real, whether failure or success will be his future, we feel ourselves wholly unable to prognosticate. It remains for us to thank Mr. Johnson for "The Old Organ" (153). A lady supreme in grace, dressed in drapery of pearly grey, touches notes which have long been mute. From painted windows glance prismatic rays which illuminate the gloom. The conception is as poetic as the treatment is felicitous.

We have already spoken incidentally of "the Institute," which opens its seventh Winter Exhibition with a collection of sketches and studies of more than average merit. We have a painfully elaborate effort in a crowded, though remarkably clever, composition, "The First Provision Boat for a Besieged Town" (58). Mr. Gow here enrols himself among the disciples of Mr. Walker and Mr. Pinwell. Two veritable "Sketches from Nature" (81-180), by Mr. Fahey, also incline to the same faith, especially in the close study given to poppies in a flower-garden. Mr. Hine, on the contrary, represents the prior school of Copley Fielding and others, who relied on tender tones and broad effects. "The Grey and Breezy Beach at Eastbourne" (55), by this quiet observer, is very true to nature. Among figure pictures a "Dutch Interior" (204), by Mr. Hugh Carter, shows the advantage of foreign study; we are here pleasantly reminded of both M. Frère and M. Israels. We have not space to dwell on the egregious failures which disfigure the Gallery; could anything be worse than "Alice" (193) by that old offender Mr. Guido Bach, or than "A Venetian Councillor" (208) by Mr. W. Lucas? It is a more agreeable task to point to men of promise like Mr. Skill, who, had he been content to make a choice selection of the twenty-three drawings here exhibited wholesale, would have proved himself an artist not only of talent but of discretion. We record with regret the death of Mr. Henry Tidey, who, though in decadence from the time when he surrendered his art to a pretty sickly romance, had in his best days nobly striven to attain a pure ideal. We recall a triptych once on these walls, conceived in the spirit of the good old times before religious art had become a mockery. The works of Mr. Tidey bore the impress of enfeebled health; they were, however, almost to the last sustained by imagination and by fancy.

It seems difficult to close an article specially devoted to sketches and studies without mention of a remarkable series of Lycian, Egyptian, and English drawings by William Müller, now hung in the Gallery of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. It is scarcely too much to say that Müller was the most masterly sketched of the English school. He saw at a glance the latent picture in nature; he had the faculty of composing in the presence of nature; he emphasized essentials; he made his centres tell by concentrated power; he knew what passages to subordinate, what details to omit; and perhaps, above all, he had the happy intuition, denied to artists nowadays, of where and when to leave off. The execution is in keeping with the conception; the handling is as rapid and dashing as the pencil of Salvator; the colour, and indeed sometimes the lines and the masses, approach the grandeur of Tintoret. In the presence of such works we can but reiterate the lamentation with which we began, that the art of sketching is to be numbered among the lost arts.

#### CROMWELL AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THE tragedy of *Cromwell* has more merit than might be hastily supposed. It contains some grotesque absurdities, which, occurring early in the play, throw undeserved ridicule over the later scenes, in which the author shows considerable power. If Cromwell in his quiet dwelling at St. Ives did contemplate the suppression of adulterators and of lawyers as one of the uses to which he would put the power of which he dreamed, society might regard Cromwell as having been in intention one of its greatest benefactors. But this design, however intrinsically laudable, scarcely endures to be stated in blank verse:—

Oh! if I had the power,  
I'd hang all tamperers with our food and drink.

It is probable that Mr. Bright is an admirer of Cromwell, but we doubt whether he would approve this development of Cromwell's principles. There are some, says Cromwell, and we should say there are many, who cheat the poor in weight and measure, and

these he would nail to their own doors and counters. This sentiment is of course applauded in the gallery, where grocers appear to be unpopular. The misdeeds of attorneys are then described with equal vigour of language; but Cromwell's dream is interrupted before he has settled what punishment he will inflict upon them, and thus the gallery is prevented from pronouncing an opinion as to its justice. This general denunciation of attorneys is in the printed play "coupled with the name," as toastmasters say, of Lawyer Crook. But this character is omitted on the stage, and therefore we are deprived of the thrilling sensation of beholding an attorney who caused a client to die in gaol:—

Self-strangled with the tape that bound the costs  
Of the long suit which stripped him of his all.

If Lawyer Crook had appeared, and these lines had been spoken of him, it would have been impossible for any acting to carry Cromwell forward on the road to power. The tragedy must have collapsed under inextinguishable laughter in the first act. Cromwell proceeds to remark that attorneys are a fungous growth

That now usurp and get control of all,  
Estates and titles, muniments and dues;  
E'en seats in Parliament are oft-times gained  
Through influence base as this.

We remember that Mr. Carlyle, to whom this wonderful work is dedicated, observes that after the first suppression of royalty in France "the attorney species" thrived exceedingly. We have an impression that the years following the execution of Charles I. in England were not unfavourable to the influence and prosperity of lawyers. Indeed the long-windedness of Cromwell's written style ought to have caused a sympathy between him and the conveyancers. The author seems to have a special grudge against attorneys and their ways. One of Cromwell's friends remarks that men cannot live without the agency of lawyers. "Then," says Cromwell, "they had better die. Men lived without in England's happier days."

This discussion is followed by a sort of dream of Cromwell, who is now revolving mightier projects than the correction of weights and measures and the extirpation of attorneys. The speech in which Cromwell fluctuates between the yearnings for home and the promptings of ambition shows that the author can write blank verse. At last Cromwell resolves on action:—

I'll weigh no more  
God's promise in the huckstering scales of man.

Then he goes forth from St. Ives, leads armies, gains battles, and after the King's death becomes Protector. There is an underplot which has, we believe, some connexion with love and marriage, but it has been so shortened as to be unintelligible. Some of the speeches of Cromwell powerfully excite the political sympathy of the audience, but he is not, and cannot be made, an attractive character, and we doubt whether Republicanism at the Queen's Theatre will flourish like Royalism at the Lyceum. The next character in importance to Cromwell is Ireton, to whom have been allotted several vigorous speeches belonging in the written play to Milton. Thus he pronounces as to the manner of the King's death:—

Bring him to the block.  
Let God's eye be upon the multitude,  
Theirs on the scaffold; the attesting sun  
Shine on the bare axe and the uncovered head.  
Thus should a tyrant die!

And he bids Elizabeth Cromwell be content to transfer herself and her love for her father from the old manor house to Whitehall, where she shall be a loving solace to him

Whose name shall be endeared in future time  
To all true hearts throughout this English realm.

This perhaps is carrying Cromwellianism, if that be the right word, rather too far. The name of Cromwell is identified with a period when England was both loved and feared abroad, but his character scarcely attracts affection. He is not quite a popular hero, although we do not think that his share in cutting off the King's head goes against him in the opinion of the multitude. However, this author manages to make Cromwell an impressive figure on the stage. Some of his speeches fairly awakened the feeling of the house. Thus he says that he lately thought

To quit these shores for ever for that clime,  
Beyond the western seas, where liberty  
Breathes unproved, and tyrants are unknown.

The long speech which he delivers over the King's coffin is rather too high-flying for the gallery, but everybody can understand the concluding lines:—

Could'st thou have reigned, not crushing English hearts  
With fierce compression of thine iron sway,  
Cromwell had lived, contented and unknown,  
To teach his children loyalty and faith,  
Sacred and simple, as the grass-grown mound  
That should have pressed more lightly on his bones  
Than ever greatness on his wearied spirit.

These lines are, we think, as good as any in the play. The workings of Cromwell's conscience after the King's death are variously and powerfully exhibited. The gloomy monotony of this theme renders the later and finer half of the play unattractive to audiences accustomed to incident and spectacle. Yet let us not undervalue a good thing because it may not happen to be popular. It would be difficult to state the case of the Regicide more forcibly

than in these lines, which are admirably delivered by Mr. Ryder in the character of Ireton:—

Oh, believe,  
By far the nobler half of English hearts  
Will laud you, when long centuries have nursed  
The troubles of these frantic times to rest.  
Great acts alone shall be, when years have passed,  
The landmarks of men's thoughts, who then shall see,  
In these events that shake the world with awe,  
But a great subject, and a base bad king,  
Interpreted aright.

The difficult character of Cromwell has been allotted to Mr. Rignold, who sometimes acts very well indeed, but is hardly equal to the demands made on him by this part. Perhaps he would do better if he were less manifestly conscious of the necessity for making efforts. If he would be content to move with dignity and speak effectively, the sympathy of listeners would do the rest. Elizabeth, the favourite daughter of Cromwell, is dying of disease aggravated by sorrow for what she thinks her father's crime:—

And she will die and sink into the grave,  
Preyed on by doubt and horror of my deeds.  
Thou knowest not, how oft to quit these shores  
With angel fervour she entreated me,  
And girt by true hearts, all my soul held dear,  
To seek a home in that far Western clime  
Where boundless forests whisper "Liberty"!

A modern actor is not likely to obtain many new parts which contain better lines than these. But unfortunately blank verse without sensation is not a very marketable commodity. The absorption of Cromwell in his private grief is skilfully interrupted before it becomes tedious by an urgent call to public duty. The oppressed Waldenses entreat his protection against the Pope, and thus Cromwell is exhibited in the most favourable light in which he can be seen, as the resolute champion of Protestantism throughout Europe:—

This island should be fortress of the world,  
To keep that precious jewel of mankind,  
Freedom to speak and think, in trust for all.

Then follows a threatened mutiny of the Ironsides, which forces Cromwell into action, and diverts his mind from his daughter's illness. But now her death draws near, and in touching words she urges her father to repentance:—

I saw a spirit stand . . . He cried aloud,  
Cromwell, make haste! The judgment doth await  
Thee and thy work.

It is no reproach to the author of this play that he has evidently read Shakespeare. A death-bed is hardly a fit place for controversy, and therefore we must accept the supposition that, as life closes, mental vision becomes more clear, and Elizabeth Cromwell is enabled to discern that her father was not guilty in this matter of the King's death. However, in this contented state of mind she makes a peaceful end, her thoughts reverting in her last moments to the happy days of childhood:—

I cannot think but of an evening walk,  
When thou did'st tell me of the life of David,  
And how he dwelt with God. 'Twas on the bench  
Round the oak-tree, in the fair pasturage  
Behind the church.

The part of Elizabeth is well acted by Miss Wallis, a young actress of much promise. The play does not end with this affecting incident of her death. There is one more scene, which shows us Cromwell at Greenwich, stimulating his sailors to rival the glory of the Ironsides. The tune of "Rule Britannia" might have been played more appropriately under Cromwell than in recent times. He receives news of the cession of Dunkirk, which supplies the text for his final speech:—

'Tis well; I'll make the name of England sound  
As great, as glorious, with an echo full  
As ever that of antique Rome.

It is the fact that Cromwell did do that which he here promises, and this constitutes his title to be reckoned among the great men of England. Great men may be good or bad, or both, and we are not concerned to enter into the vexed question of Cromwell's guilt in the King's death. There is no doubt that he governed England vigorously and successfully, and if the country had less liberty than under Charles I., it had more glory. Cromwell, during the few years that he held power, did fulfil the promise with which this play closes:—

I will be more  
Than all these weak and hireling Stuarts. This  
Let Time and England judge as years roll on.

## REVIEWS.

### THE BEGINNINGS OF LIFE.\*

(Second Notice.)

SINCE our former notice of Dr. Bastian's work we have been glad to learn from *Nature* that his experiments are about to be subjected to the test of repetition in the hands of one at least of the sceptical school of inquirers. This is as it should be; for the results announced are far too momentous to be left without

\* *The Beginnings of Life.* By H. Charlton Bastian, M.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan. 1872.



ample verification, though we have not the slightest doubt that the process will establish the soundness of Dr. Bastian's general conclusions.

We propose now to consider the philosophy which builds itself upon the facts sketched in our former article. Every step in the investigation suggests the old question, What is life? Dr. Bastian nowhere attempts to give a positive answer, but he discusses at some length the definitions which have been hazarded by other speculators, and his pages are full of suggestions indicating the direction in which we should look for such an approximate solution as future researches may possibly supply. A curious illustration of the difficulty of framing an exhaustive definition of life is afforded by Mr. Herbert Spencer's essay at such a generalization. In the effort to include all that we recognize as living Mr. Spencer was driven to reject one term of differentiation after another, until he found himself landed in a definition of life as "The continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." It is odd that it should not have occurred to so keen a thinker that his phrase was equally applicable to living and to non-living things. A summer cloud can only exist as it does by continually adjusting its internal to its external relations, and even a thing so palpably dead as a lump of iron is perpetually adjusting itself to the mechanical, thermal, electrical, and other influences which affect it from without. After the failure of a philosopher who may justly be regarded as the high priest of generalization, we can readily excuse Dr. Bastian, and hope to be excused ourselves, for shrinking from a similar attempt. But without striving after the precision of actual definition there is room for very much in the shape of pregnant illustration, and this, as we shall see, is not wanting in Dr. Bastian's theory. But first, let us glance at the popular conception of life.

The non-scientific mind is troubled with no difficulties. Ask any one who has thought little or not at all upon the subject, and he will tell you at once something of this sort. Life is animal or vegetable. Animals grow, multiply, feel, and move. Vegetables grow and multiply, but neither feel nor move; and as a description of the most familiar modes of life, this may do well enough. But a very little investigation reveals animals that do not move, and vegetables that exhibit traces of localized motion, and we are all familiar with plants that mimic at least the signs of sensibility. A more minute examination of simple organisms discloses a whole kingdom composed of creatures which science has not been able to classify either as animal or vegetable. This primordial organic "Kingdom of Protista" as Haeckel terms it, is now pretty generally recognized as a necessary complement to the old-fashioned classification, and Dr. Bastian supplies abundant reasons for the belief that these three kingdoms melt insensibly one into the other, and that the marked differences between the higher orders of animal and vegetable life are the products of later differentiation. Our fundamental conception of life is thus reduced to the functions of growth and reproduction. In a sense even these may be predicated of non-living matter. A crystal originates and increases in bulk in a crystalline solution just as living creatures originate and increase in bulk in an organic solution. A fragment broken from the original crystal sets up an independent growth if placed in its appropriate mother-lye, just as a fragment of a living organism, placed in a solution capable of sustaining it, may become the origin of a new individual. This analogy, on which Dr. Bastian delights to dwell, must not indeed be pressed too far. The so-called growth and reproduction of the crystal is something very different in degree, and probably also in kind, from the corresponding process in living things. The crystal, it is true, has a selective power of assimilating from a mixed solution the special molecules of which it is composed, and builds them up according to a law as definite as that which determines the constitution of a living being; but its growth is in general by external aggregation, and it has no power of multiplication by spontaneous fission. The remarkable changes from one crystalline form to another, provoked by slight disturbances in substances such as mercuric iodide, approach a little more nearly to the mobility of organic modifications. Still, even these alternations are, as Dr. Bastian points out, merely passages from one mode of static aggregation to another, and do not affect the fundamental difference between a crystal and an organism—that the one is a statical and the other a dynamical aggregate. Growth and reproduction, therefore, if hedged round with the needful qualifications, will serve roughly, at any rate, as tests of life. Perhaps it would be more correct to say the "test of life," for nothing comes out more clearly from an examination of the various modes in which life is propagated than that they are all forms of gemination, and that reproduction is nothing else than discontinuous growth. The cutting severed from a plant and stuck into the ground merely pursues the same process of growth which it would have followed while united to the parent stem. The underground buds, influenced by their new conditions, develop rootlets instead of foliage, but subject to this adaptation life goes on as it went on before. The severance starts a new individual, and that is all. So too in cases of frequent occurrence among the lower organisms the converse operation takes place, and two individuals, animal, vegetable, or protistic, as it may be, fuse into one, and continue their combined existence as if they had never had but a single origin. As we rise higher in the scale of life the reproductive processes become—according to the well-recognized law of evolution, from homogeneous to heterogeneous,

from simple to complex—more completely specialized. In many organisms any fragment of the parent protoplasm may sever itself and instantly exhibit all the signs of a perfect individual. In higher creatures processes of gradually increasing complexity replace or supplement this simple mode of fission, until at length, as functional differentiation increases with the progress of evolution, all the simpler modes of increase resolve themselves into sexual multiplication. But throughout the whole series one unbroken chain may be traced, which identifies reproduction absolutely with discontinuous growth. In whatever form this occurs, severance and coalescence are but incidents of growth, and thus we are driven to look to growth alone as the criterion of life.

Let us pause for a moment and consider what it is precisely that we mean by growth. Growth is simply the assimilation of food and its incorporation with the growing (and therefore living) creature. We have already indicated some of the broad distinctions as well as the analogies between organic growth and what may be called the spurious growth of a crystal. Here is another difference. The only food which the crystal can assimilate is matter chemically identical with itself. It can choose from a compound solution the molecules out of which its own structure is to be built up, but, unlike plants and animals, it has no chemical laboratory by which it can decompose and recombine the food on which it lives. We may notice, too, another analogy. Mr. Rainey ascertained that carbonate of lime, when mixed with an organic substance such as albumen, will take on the form of a calculus instead of resolving itself into crystals, and he traced the regular coalescence of two or more calculi into a single individual in a manner not wholly unlike the process of coalescence as seen in organic creatures. A still more striking approximation to organic growth has been observed in certain substances of the colloid class to which no one has yet at any rate ascribed the attributes of life. Myeline is a compound which forms itself in the course of putrefaction from egg-albumen, muscular tissue, and other organic products. If closely watched, it may be seen to mimic the process of reproduction by fission, and has even been thought to show a tendency to something like the assimilation of surrounding matter as food. Not forgetting therefore these, perhaps remote, analogies, and still less the more pronounced distinctions we have referred to, but restricting our idea of growth to the modes exhibited in living things, we have yet to note some striking differences between the ordinary processes of animal and vegetable growth. Both plants and animals, unlike crystals, are chemical laboratories, but laboratories with very different functions. Both build up their structure out of the organic elements, but the plant in its normal action takes up from its environments simple compounds, as water, ammonia, and carbonic acid, and recombines their elements into the highly complex organic compounds—starch, sugar, gum, and the like—of which the substance of its tissues is composed. The animal, on the other hand, seems incapable of feeding upon anything less complex than substances which have been previously elaborated in the vegetable world out of simple binary compounds, while it uses the oxygen of the air, just as a furnace uses it, to burn portions of its organic food, and so reconstructs and casts off the carbonic acid and the water which the plant has decomposed. The animal, in short, lives upon the food which the plant has cooked in its chemical kitchen. But even these distinctions seem to resolve themselves ultimately into distinctions of degree. At night the plant loses its deoxygenizing power, and even by day the fruit feeds on the complex juices of the tree and burns them by a process of respiration, as truly as a rabbit feeds upon and burns the cabbage which it eats. So again, in fungoid and protistic organisms, the distinctive modes of growth no longer correspond with the other indicia of animal and vegetable existence. Growth, then, we may look at as the common property of all living matter, or rather perhaps the capacity of growth, for its intermittent quality must not be lost sight of. The seed is generally classed as living, though its growth and life may be suspended for centuries. Hibernation, both in the vegetable and animal world, is another example of suspended life, while instances are not wanting in which animals, both of the higher and the lower orders, have undergone strangely protracted terms of suspended animation. Even in the everyday life of everyday creatures a certain measure of discontinuity is part of the regular process of growth—and it seems that in our conception of growth as the basis of life we must think of it not as a persistent continuous effort, but as intermittent in intensity—balanced, and at last overbalanced, by natural waste and inevitable decay; in short, as essentially capable of taking on a discontinuous condition. If we are asked to sum up our conception of growth, we can only say that it is the translation of dead food into living protoplasm, and so we are forced to confess that we have taken growth as the criterion of life, and life as an essential term in the idea of growth. We may correlate the two ideas, or rather the two forms of the one conception; but if we attempt to formulate a definition, all our efforts only leave us face to face with the undefinable twin mystery of Life and Growth, backed by the gloomier, if not deeper, mystery of Death and Decay.

Apart, however, from the affectation of impossible definition, and excluding from our conception all differences of mode, we may say broadly that growth is the conversion of non-living into living matter. By some process (call it chemical, molecular, vital, or what you will) the dead food becomes living protoplasm. Is this a process which can only be set on foot within a pre-existing organism, or can the materials on which plants and animals

are capable of feeding take on the like transformation without the aid of the living laboratory of an existing plant or animal? Is the change operated by a vital force within each living thing distinct from any of the chemical forces which work upon dead matter? If not that, is the contact and example as it were of an actually living ferment essential to bring about the production of fresh living protoplasm?

These are the questions which have stirred hot controversy for centuries, and which Dr. Bastian has answered, once for all, by his experiments. The old vitalistic theory was that living things had within them not so much chemical as anti-chemical laboratories. It was seen that immediately after death an entire change took place in the reactions of the components of the once living body; and it was an obvious, though, as we now know, a mistaken thought to picture the chemical forces, which showed themselves in putrefaction, as set free by death from the controlling influence of a higher antagonistic power. No longer subdued by the mysterious vital forces which had fled from the deserted carcass, oxygen was free to burn, and the whole laboratory of nature to destroy the organization which while living had defied the chemical forces to touch it. Pure vitalism in this pronounced form had been sapped by work long prior to Dr. Bastian's. One after another, processes which are ever going on within living organisms have been proved to be as strictly chemical as any that can be seen in the world of dead matter; and in the face of the overruling faith in simplicity and continuity which has been the pole-star of all modern research, it became day by day more difficult to resist the conviction that the powers by which life is sustained would sooner or later resolve themselves into special modes of the physical forces which mould and regulate the universe. Almost all inquirers at the present day have got so far as to recognize in the vital forces a mode of chemical or molecular action and to smile at the fancy which translated the apparent antagonism of life and death into an assumed antagonism of distinct and hostile forces. The unity of nature has no harmony with Manichean dreams. But, vitalism proper having gone dead, a modified theory rose from its remains. Distinct vital forces were no longer called for to keep malefic chemical affinities in check; but it was strongly insisted that the marvellously complex operations which go to maintain the existence of a living organism could only be initiated as a development of pre-existing and still continuing life. *Omne vivum ex vivo* was proclaimed as a sort of "No Surrender" cry, independent of evidence, and superior to facts. As a possible hypothesis, which happened not to clash with the most palpable facts of everyday experience, it was admissible enough until disproved. But as an *a priori* doctrine it never had much to recommend it, and as an induction from observation it has of late years only held its ground, as long as it has, by the steady refusal of its advocates to look at any evidence which promised to be adverse. Dr. Bastian has proved strong enough to break down this prejudice, and to force a hearing for a sounder philosophy.

The broad result of this part of his work is to prove that the change by which food is converted from dead to living matter may, under favourable conditions, go on as well in a mass of decaying weed, or even in a chemist's retort, as within the tissues of a living body. Reproduction, Dr. Bastian tells us, is discontinuous growth. *De novo* origination, he might have added, is equally discontinuous growth in a slightly different sense. How and why particles of dead matter, whether in the shape of food or as the matrix of new organisms, take on them the functions of living protoplasm, neither Dr. Bastian nor any one else is likely at present to teach us. That they do so—by virtue of some potential vitality we may say, if we choose to veil our ignorance in such a phrase—we know as a fact, and that is all that we can be said actually to know at present. Something, however, there is to be learned as to the conditions under which the process is initiated and continued. Mobility of constituent atoms, either the consequence of complex molecular constitution, or induced by the contiguity of living protoplasm, comes out, if not as the determining cause, at any rate as the ordinary concomitant, of life and growth. Nothing can well be more complex than the molecule of one of those colloid substances which form the basis of organic tissue, and out of which Dr. Bastian has so readily succeeded in obtaining the evolution of life *de novo*. Instability is of their essence. Violent contrast between its constituents is almost always one indication of the facility with which a compound will assume new forms, and no contrast can be more striking than that between the persistent cohesiveness of the atoms of carbon, the intense affinities of oxygen, the chemical sluggishness of nitrogen, and the volatility of hydrogen. The violent changes to which nitrogenous compounds are subject, as witness nitro-glycerine and other explosives, illustrate this. Hydro-carbons display analogous mobility, and when complexity of constitution is added to the account, it is no wonder that substances, each molecule of which is made up by some mysterious collocation of hundreds of atoms of the four organic elements (as is the case with albumen and other colloid substances), should exhibit a facility of assuming new forms and modes of existence which is seldom displayed by less complex bodies. So again we may readily, if somewhat obscurely, conceive the sort of influence by which food in the course of assimilation is prepared for the mighty change from un-life to life. The mobile atoms of the living protoplasm (the more mobile as being still part of an actual organism) may well be imagined as imparting mobility to the dead matter which is brought into intimate contact with them.

The whole theory of living and dead ferments throws a flood of light upon this side of the subject, and helps us to picture, vaguely, it may be, but not wholly without scientific warrant, the sort of action by which food is predisposed to enter upon living functions. We know that such simple things as mere binary compounds can be thus fitted for life by the proximate influence of vegetable protoplasm. We know, too, that the infinitely more complex and mobile substances which plants produce are influenced in like manner by the presence of living animal matter, which seems powerless to force the more stubborn binary compounds into union with its own highly organized components. Dr. Bastian, again, has taught us how largely dead animal ferments, such as cheese, increase the facility of change to which the *de novo* origin of living things is due, while throughout his experiments we trace the general law that complex mobile compounds are those in which the evolution of life is most commonly observed. It still remains an open question whether mineral salts, as distinguished from organic remains, are capable of developing into life, but the invariable absence of bacteria and other indications point at a reluctance to assume the forms of life, or at any rate, of animal life, such as one would naturally look for from bodies so constructed. Whatever may be the issue of this last class of experiments when fully worked out, it is not likely to disturb what seems to be the general law, that complexity of molecular structure and inherent mobility are conditions favourable to the evolution of life. We must not, however, forget the simple character of the food of plants, and need not despair of ultimate success in observing an independent evolution of life even in solutions of corresponding simplicity. We have striven in this imperfect outline of almost inscrutable processes not to wander from the simplicity of nature, but what a marvellous world it is that seems to be revealing itself! In contemplating it we may well pardon almost any amount of impulsive scepticism.

Can such things be  
And overcome us like a summer-cloud  
Without our special wonder?

Coupling the sort of considerations on which we have been dwelling with the fact that creatures of primordial simplicity are absolutely swarming over the whole face of the earth—with the further fact that evolution must have been at work for countless ages, thinning out and using up for higher purposes the simple products of original vitalization—with the further fact that the forms of life which develop *de novo* out of the remains of vegetable matter, are endowed with a Protean power of modification in a multitude of seemingly capricious directions which, if it had not been proved, would have seemed almost incredible—the mind revolts from what till lately was the accepted theory, that every monad, bacterium or torula to be found upon the earth was the unchanged descendant of a similar creature which sprang into life millions of ages ago, or, as some high authorities would say, dropped alive upon our globe with the burning fragments of some exploded planet, and transmitted to its infinite multitude of descendants, not only the parental tendencies, but a capacity to resist the law of evolution; a sort of cosmical conservatism which would be more startling in these days than a premature revelation of Darwinism would have seemed to the most orthodox of our scientific progenitors. Contrast with such wild fancies the sort of outline of the origin and progress of life-evolution which Dr. Bastian's investigations suggest.

Life we are taught to conceive as springing up at all times and in all places from matter potentially living and capable of evolving actual life whenever the environing conditions are adequate to excite the unknown mysterious molecular actions and properties to which the outward manifestation of vitality is due. Thus we have an unceasing fount of new primordial forms of life replenishing the earth in the place of those which have developed into higher existences. These primordial forms, we are told, exhibit a capacity for rapid, various, and complex evolution more startling even than the *de novo* origin of torulae and bacteria. From myriads of myriads of such primordial forms we are invited to imagine trees of life perpetually springing and developing multitudes of branches, protistic, animal, vegetable, vertebrate, and so on, in some instances attaining a higher, in others a lower grade, under the action of all the laws which govern evolution, and so filling up the voids caused by the disappearance of species, and always substituting the forms which possess the greatest fitness to endure the varying changes in the conditions of the earth.

If this is anything like the scheme of nature, we might expect to see under our eyes countless multitudes of creatures of every class, beginning with counterparts of the simplest existences which have been traced in the geologic record, and ascending to the highest forms which life has assumed upon our globe. We might expect to watch the transition from the dead to the living as plainly as we see the passage from the living to the dead. We might almost foretell the rapid march of evolution in the earlier developments of primordial life. We might anticipate the existence of approximately parallel branches of evolution resulting in beings of analogous qualities which yet give evidence that they are not immediate members of the same individual family. All these and such like images of the past and the present are called up to the mind at once by the mere enunciation of Dr. Bastian's theory of the origin of life. Must we not say?—

This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonizes charmingly.



Is it not a poem of nature written on the face of creation for mankind to read? For all these things that we have seemed to dream about are what any one who chooses may see with his own bodily eyes.

We cannot now speculate on the visions of the future which such investigations set before the mind, but there is much in the whole picture to provoke strange fantasies of the impersonality of life, and to rouse vague thoughts of the ultimate reconciliation of Pantheistic philosophy with the Theistic idea. For the present it is enough to note a great stride taken in biological science, and to leave the philosophy of the future to make out what it may from its newly won stand-point.

#### LIFE OF HAWTHORNE.\*

HAWTHORNE, as is well known, left directions that no formal Life of him should be published. Such orders should be respected; and it is easy to imagine reasons which might have decided Hawthorne to give them. His almost morbid shyness was probably shocked by the mode in which ordinary biographers pander to the curiosity of the "many-headed beast"; his imagination was too vivid and spiritual in its tendencies to allow him to take refuge in that posthumous insensibility of which coarser natures are capable; and a man so much given to elaborate analysis of motive and character would probably have a powerful sense of the blunders too likely to follow any attempt to penetrate the secrets of his retiring nature. At any rate no one can regret that a great writer in the native land of Interviewers should shrink from being cross-examined before a prying public after his death. We were therefore prepared to look with some suspicion upon the "Memoir" now published by Mr. Page. We must confess, however, that on examination we find little reason for objection upon this score. Mr. Page explains his motives in the following words:—"The circumstance that I have had access to several American magazines, hardly of recent date, and to the various American editions of Nathaniel Hawthorne's works, has enabled me to trace out several short stories and sketches of his which, though acknowledged by him, have never been reprinted here or given to English readers." Mr. Page has therefore collected them, and prefixed to them an expansion of a memoir which he had previously written. Perhaps there is a slight flavour of bookmaking about the work thus put together. Of the Memoir proper, we can only say that it relates facts which are pretty well known already, and scarcely professes to throw new light upon them. We do not complain of it as a breach of Hawthorne's directions, for it does not profess to be anything more than such a narrative from the outside as might be easily written without recourse to any private sources of information. The story is fairly though briefly told, and nothing more need be said about it. The new fragments of Hawthorne now introduced to English readers are of unequal interest. Mr. Page does not tell us from what sources they are derived. One or two of them are simply old bits of New England history retold, and told pleasantly enough, but without any remarkable power. The longest fragment, called "The Virtuoso's Collection," is a fanciful and characteristic, but not to our mind a very good, specimen of Hawthorne's peculiar style. The mysterious virtuoso possesses, amongst a long catalogue of other objects of interest, the shoes of Fanny Elssler and of Thomas the Rhymer, and the brazen shoe of Empedocles which was cast out of Etna. Anacreon's drinking-cup stands by one of Tom Moore's wine-glasses and the bowl of Circe. There is the cup from which Socrates drank the hemlock, and that which Sir Philip Sydney put from his dying lips for the benefit of the dying soldier. There are the tobacco-pipes of Raleigh, Dr. Parr, and Charles Lamb, and the first calumet that was ever smoked between a European and an Indian. There is a long catalogue of such quaint suggestions, which we may fancy to have been put together after Hawthorne's visit to the old curiosity shop in Warwick, described in *Our Old Home*. The conclusion, which certainly shows a touch of Hawthorne's higher power, reveals the virtuoso himself as the Wandering Jew; and the peculiarities of that remarkable personage are delicately and forcibly touched in a few sentences. Besides this story there are a few others which are interesting, chiefly as having suggested some of Hawthorne's later writings, and showing the process by which they were worked up. "The Notch of the White Mountains," for example, contains the raw materials of the striking fragment in *Twice-told Tales* called the "Search for the Great Carbuncle." And, finally, there is a really characteristic story of an old witch who makes a scarecrow out of a pumpkin, a few old clothes, and a stick or two, and then endows him with life and sends him forth to astonish a neighbouring village in the likeness of a distinguished cavalier from foreign parts. This fantastic fragment is to our taste the best bit of the volume, and readers familiar with Hawthorne's method can easily imagine how he elicits ingenious meanings from the queer symbol he has selected.

To all this, however, it must be added that the Memoir is followed by a criticism of Hawthorne as a writer; and the criticism, though we should be inclined to dissent from particular sentiments, is, on the whole, very well written, and exhibits a discriminating enthusiasm for one of the most fascinating of novelists. We will venture to add one or two remarks upon the characteristics of Hawthorne's genius suggested by Mr. Page's observations.

The most obvious remark which occurs upon reading Hawthorne's novels in connexion with his life concerns the skill with which he gradually worked up all manner of incidents which occurred to him, or of anecdotes which he had read, into the structure of his novels. Mr. Page traces the origin of some of his most remarkable scenes, and others might easily be added. Thus, for example, the kernel of his latest romance, *Septimius*, is to be found in a story told to him by Mr. Lowell of two English soldiers who were killed at Lexington, and one of whom was massacred by a young New Englander employed in chopping wood near the scene of action. Hawthorne speculated curiously on the motives of this young ruffian, as a hasty critic would call him, and set down the action to a "nervous impulse . . . betokening a sensitive, impressive nature rather than a hardened one." He tried to follow the boy in his subsequent career, and pictured his soul as "tortured by the blood stain" for the rest of his life. "This one circumstance," he says, "has borne more fruit for me than all that history tells of the fight." *The Blithedale Romance* may of course be traced back to Brook Farm. The origin of *Transformation* is to be found partly in that singular character, Thoreau, who had something of the same power over animals as is attributed to Donatello. The fancies thus suggested afterwards crystallized round the Farm of Praxiteles, and a more tragic interest was imparted into the story by the sight of the dead monk in the church. *The Scarlet Letter* was suggested by an old record found by Hawthorne in the Custom House at Boston; and many little touches were derived from chance sights picked up in the streets or on his various wanderings.

In all this, though curious, there is nothing peculiar to Hawthorne. Every powerful novelist really draws upon his experience for the materials of his fictions, though the original fact may be so transfigured in the light of the imagination as to be scarcely recognizable. The speciality of Hawthorne lies in the peculiar train of thought suggested to his speculative intellect. His works, says Mr. Page, are "great allegories, in which human tendencies are artistically exhibited to us." The expression is perhaps rashly thrown out, for we should say that that is precisely what Hawthorne's stories are not. In one sense it may even be said that the most marked peculiarity of his better stories is the absence of allegory. Hawthorne was in fact far too genuine an artist to indulge in that frigid and repulsive mode of setting forth his ideas. Each of his stories suggests many theories, and some one prominent theory; but he takes good care to keep to the concrete fact and not to give a thin embodiment of abstract doctrine. Some of the earlier experiments, as Mr. Page truly remarks, are "peculiarly abstract," and as a rule they are correspondingly uninteresting. The secret of his power, as he gradually discovered, lay in his keeping a firm hold upon actual or possible realities, and never sacrificing the artistic merits of the story to the necessities of a theory. His characters and their fate suggest innumerable problems; but they are never made formally to point a moral after the fashion of the so-called novelists who are merely masquerading philosophers. The evils of morbid and solitary musing may be illustrated from many of his stories; but it is because he is, for excellent reasons, fond of describing characters of the meditative and retiring type, not that he wishes to embody any good set maxim upon the subject in the workings of the story. This explains what Mr. Page calls Hawthorne's "realism." As an instance of this, Mr. Page says that one of his French translators mistook the *Journal of an African Cruiser*, which he edited, for a product of his imagination. We venture to guess that the most probable explanation of the blunder is that the Frenchman had never seen more than the title of the book. But it is quite true that Hawthorne gives descriptions of external facts with a minute accuracy worthy of Defoe. The difference between them is that every fact which Hawthorne notices suggests to him, and consequently to his readers, a theory or a sentiment; whereas Defoe simply gives the fact, and thinks no more about it than a compiler of blue-books. The essence of Hawthorne's power is this singular fertility of suggestion. He values external facts for their imaginative influence, but he always starts from the fact, and not from the abstract truth. He is a unique combination of the poetic and the speculative tendency, because he never, like so many other writers, sinks the poetry in the speculation. He thinks, as it were, in concrete images, not in abstract propositions.

And thus it is very true, as Mr. Page says, that "all his works are the biographies of moods and experiences." The autobiographical element is unusually powerful in Hawthorne's writings. He tells you what he has seen, but he contrives to make you see it through the spectacles of his peculiar temperament. We have the singular sensation in reading him that we are looking at the commonest possible objects, observing the moss on an old manse, and the commonplace details of life in a Yankee village, and yet looking through a strangely coloured medium. When Scott describes Dandie Dinmont, we are charmed by the amazing vivacity and power of the portrait; but we feel just as we should have felt on meeting a border daleman in real life. When Hawthorne describes a Yankee farmer with almost equal vividness, we find ourselves unexpectedly drawn into singular musings about the influence of hereditary tendencies, the mixture of good and evil in the world, the comparative advantages of the active and the meditative temperaments, and all manner of allied speculations. When we have put the book down and withdrawn from the magic atmosphere, we begin to reflect on the curious intellect which has thrown so novel a light over familiar objects. And thus indirectly we be-

\* *Memoir of Nathaniel Hawthorne*. By H. A. Page. London: King & Co. 1872.

come familiar with Hawthorne himself, and become more interested in his private idiosyncracies than even in the speculations which lie so much out of the ordinary track, and which, to say the truth, are sometimes of no great intrinsic value. A good deal is of course said, as is always said in such cases, of Hawthorne's wonderful "knowledge of human nature"; and we are told how criminals used to apply to him for spiritual consolation after reading *The Scarlet Letter*. Any man who shows his own heart attracts sympathy; and we venture to think that Hawthorne, like most other people, and even more than most other people, shows far greater familiarity with the workings of his own mind than with those of other men's. He is not at his best when describing men from without. Hollingsworth or Judge Pyncheon are really feeble portraits, in spite of what Mr. Page says for the former, when put by the side of Coverdale and Clifford, who correspond more distinctly to moods of his own. He is, indeed, a good observer of other men, and describes very accurately how they affect him; but his sympathies are limited as well as keen, and we seem less to know how such men as Hollingsworth really felt than how he affected the more sensitive and less self-confident people on whose toes he trod. Hawthorne's "cynicism" means the same thing. He is a quiet and timid nature, and shrinks from exposing himself to strong emotions or taking part in the rough battle of life; and therefore he gives us the impression of looking on rather unsympathetically at the more active performers. He resists the temptation to enthusiasm, and is not sorry to detect any selfishness which underlies the energy of more heroic combatants. Finally, Mr. Page is anxious to tell us that Hawthorne was a genuine believer in Providence, and that, had he been as "sceptical of it as he was of men, he would have been helplessly melancholy." He is, thinks Mr. Page, "a fatalistic optimist." "His morality is of the noblest. It is the consecration of unselfishness." This and much more is well, and we doubt not, on the whole, truly said. We do not know what was Hawthorne's religious creed, or whether he ever put it into definite formulas. He was, however, a very kindly man, who liked to think well of his fellow-creatures, and employed his curious speculative ingenuity in suggesting good motives even for the worst of them. We should have inferred that a mind so much given to asking strange questions was fundamentally sceptical, and that he preferred suggesting problems to finding solutions. We should venture to doubt whether he had any very definite views about Providence; his imagination was too powerful and too pure to allow him to regard materialism, which, by the way, includes what is now called spiritualism, with anything but disgust; but he seems to us to have looked upon the world as an intensely interesting, but hopelessly intricate, problem; to have wished for the best, without any strong faith or definite opinion as to the result; and generally to have preferred those virtues of quiet benevolence and quick sympathy which are most congenial to an amiable and retiring nature.

#### SIR JAMES SIMPSON'S ARCHEOLOGICAL ESSAYS.\*

SIR JAMES SIMPSON was another member of the class—of which we may say that Dr. Prichard has in late times been the chief—of medical men who to eminence in their own profession have added a keen taste for knowledge of other kinds. In Sir James Simpson's case indeed the union of professional and general knowledge took a peculiarly happy turn in the production of pieces bearing on the antiquities of his own profession, which none but a man skilful in that profession could have written, but which still are not too technical to be both intelligible and interesting to those who have no special medical knowledge. The pieces are arranged in two volumes; the first containing the general archeological papers, and the second those which have more or less of a special medical character. Of the former there are five, of which we perhaps instinctively turn to the only unsound paper, and yet a very ingenious paper, in the whole collection. This is that which is headed "On the Cat-stane, Kirkliston." This illustrates a weakness which is often found in others besides Sir James Simpson. A man will sometimes have two standards of criticism. When there is no reason to the contrary he will apply the soundest and strictest reasoning, he will see through sophisms without hesitation and will expose them without mercy, and will altogether make a clean sweep of whatever does not rest on rational evidence. Yet he will sometimes have some local or personal crotchet, some little cherished belief which he sticks to at all hazards, and which he will defend on grounds of which he would be himself the first to see the flimsiness if any one else brought them forward as arguments in support of any other position. Any one who was at the Truro meeting of the Cambrian Archeological Association in 1862 will remember the havoc which Dr. Simpson—he was not then Sir James—made among the local Cornish antiquaries, who of course had a vast deal to tell their visitors about Phœnician settlements in their own peninsula. We find that ten years ago (*Saturday Review*) September 6, 1862, we recorded Dr. Simpson's chief performance at that meeting in a short, but we venture to think a terse, shape. "At last a canny Scot who could reason came

to the rescue, and sent the Phœnicians packing." This, it must be remembered, was in answer to people who talked about Ptolemy Necho, and who fancied that all Phœnicians must have come straight from Tyre and Sidon. Since those days the Phœnicians have looked up somewhat, but it is because they have provided themselves with arguments of quite a new kind—with scientific arguments, or at least presumptions—and because they no longer rest on mere old wives' fables, and on a passage of Diodorus which, whatever it means, has nothing to do with the matter. Perhaps both Sir James Simpson, if he were still alive, and others as well, would look more favourably on the Phœnicians now than they did then; but that in no way alters the state of the case between them and their adversaries, as the case then stood. They did a true verdict give according to the evidence. If quite another set of people have since found out quite another kind of evidence, that is another thing altogether. But some who then heard Sir James Simpson upset the Phœnicians, or at least the Cornish votaries of the Phœnicians, and who followed his clear and scientific expositions of many points among the primeval antiquities of Cornwall, whispered one to another, "Can this be the same man who believes that in his own country he has a stone on which the great-grandfather of Hengist, the own grandson of Woden, is commemorated in a Latin inscription?" But so it was. Sir James Simpson, critical and scientific everywhere else, kept a little unscientific corner of his mind in which he believed in the Cat-stane of Kirkliston. And really when we read through his paper, and mark the wonderful ingenuity with which he argues in favour of an absolutely impossible conclusion, we are for the moment half inclined to believe too. We give the same sort of temporary belief to Witta the son of Wecta which we give to Zeus and Athene when reading the *Iliad*, and to Mahomet when reading the *Koran*. And we allow with Dr. Stuart, in his preface, that it is easier to object to Sir James Simpson's interpretation than to give any other interpretation instead. The stone has an inscription which has been read in different ways, but which Sir James Simpson reads "In oc tumulo jactit Vetta F. Victi." The only real doubt seems to be about the letter which is here read F—of course for *filius*—and the last letter of the last word, where Dr. Daniel Wilson and others read an R instead of an I. Now we fully grant that it is much easier to say that this cannot be the tomb of a grandson of Woden than to say whose tomb it can be. But this is always an unfair line of argument; if we really want to know anything, we must be satisfied with not knowing a great many things. And if we can show an explanation to be palpably wrong, it is no answer to retort that we are not prepared with any explanation that is palpably right. There is no doubt that the monument is one of a class of what we may call debased Roman monuments, whether they are before or after the actual withdrawal of the legions. There are several such in Wales. But no one in Wales ever tried, because no Welshman had any temptation, to make them out to be memorials of the Saxon invader. Within that part of Northumberland which is called Lothian, if Sir James Simpson had wished to make out that he was himself the lineal descendant of Witta and Woden, his ambition would have been far more reasonable than that of the people who give out that they are descended—by what fathers it seems not to matter—from aunts, nieces, and grandmothers of William the Conqueror. Now it calls for some faith to believe in Witta and Wecta at all—unless indeed we are of that sect which holds that Woden founded St. Werburgh's Abbey—and it may perhaps be a fair compromise between belief and unbelief to draw the line at Hengist and Horsa. But, if there was a Witta the son of Wecta, his appearance in Lothian is quite as likely as his appearance anywhere else. We know that there was a time when

Orcades; "maduerant Saxone fuso

and Witta, if there was any Witta, may perfectly well have died in trying to hinder the elder Theodosius from winning back the province of Valentia. But if he died in such a strife as that, is it likely that any one would set up a stone to him with a Latin inscription? If the Romans set it up, it would seem to show a most unexpected fit of generosity in the way of mourning a defeated enemy, and a still more unexpected knowledge on their part of the pedigrees of the Teutonic invaders. And if the Saxons, or Jutes, or whoever they were—we cannot be particular just now as to a tribe or two—set it up themselves, how on earth came they to commemorate their hero in the tongue and character of the conqueror? Is there any parallel case anywhere either of a Roman commemorating a conquered enemy, or of a Teutonic chief of those ages, or for many ages after, being commemorated in a Latin inscription? As Sir James Simpson shows the inscription the "Vetta" seems perfectly plain. The "Filius Victi" is by no means so plain. By Sir James Simpson's own showing, in the passage of Ammianus which he himself quotes, there was a tribe of Picts called Vecturones. Is it not far more likely that we have here the key to the inscription rather than in the genealogy which tells us that "Witta was Wecting"?

In the essay on the Cat-stane Sir James Simpson shows signs of a fault which appears in some other of the papers—that is, the overloading his own argument with a great deal of matter the connexion of which with the main subject is very doubtful indeed. Procopius's description of Britain has really nothing to do with the Cat-stane, and if Sir James Simpson had forbore quoting it, he would also have escaped speaking of the author as "Secretary

\* *Archeological Essays*. By the late Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., M.D. D.C.L. Edited by John Stuart, LL.D. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1872.



to the Emperor" Belisarius; and such speculations as these are much too deep for us:—

Hengist was in all probability past the middle period of life when he came to the Court of Vortigern, as he is generally represented as having then a daughter, Rowena already, of a marriageable age.

But the belief in the Cat-stane, and the belief in Rowena which seems to have gone along with it, must have been almost the only unscientific foible in which Sir James Simpson indulged himself. Even this paper, as we have said, is highly ingenious, and the rest are of a high antiquarian character, only, as we have already hinted, sometimes somewhat crowded with matter. The other pieces in the first volume, that which is supposed to deal with matters of general antiquarian interest, are four. The first is an Inaugural Address delivered to the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, under the title of "Archæology; its Past and Future Work." Papers of this general kind must always have a certain degree of sameness; but that of Sir James Simpson, delivered in 1860, shows that he was fully up to the latest lights of the time, though it is curious to see how, even twelve years ago, the results of comparative philology were still spoken of as something new, as something which the speaker himself had fully grasped, but which was still to be insisted on rather than taken for granted. But this inaugural address is all the better for being of a strictly local character. Sir James Simpson starts and suggests an intelligent treatment of a vast number of purely Scottish antiquarian questions, and he shows how in Scotland, as well as elsewhere, the antiquities of the country are, or at least were twelve years ago, constantly perishing through mere wanton carelessness. Yet it is cheering to read, though it is rather a hard case of visiting the sins of the father on the children, that in an election for a Scottish county—he does not say which—a candidate was rejected because one of his forefathers had wantonly destroyed a monument of national antiquity—he does not say of what kind. On the other hand, we get a picture of the state of things in the Isle of Lewis—but remember it is twelve years since—which we recommend to the notice of Mr. Tylor:—

Among the people of the district of Barvas, most of them small farmers or crofters, a metal vessel or pot was a thing almost unknown twelve or fourteen years ago. Their houses have neither windows nor chimneys, neither tables nor chairs; and the cattle and poultry live under the same roof with their human possessors. If a Chinaman or Japanese landed at Barvas, and went no further, what a picture might he paint, on his return home, of the state of civilization in the British Islands!

Presently he goes on to tell us that cocks and even oxen are still sometimes sacrificed in some Highland districts to procure recovery from certain diseases. A friend of Sir James Simpson's own "was in early life personally engaged in the offering up and burying of a poor live cow as a sacrifice to the Spirit of the Murrain." Another custom vouched for by Sir James Simpson as going on within his memory was, on taking possession of a newly bought property, to fence off a small triangular corner with a stone wall, which, by the name of Goodman's Croft, was "an offering to the Spirit of Evil in order that he might abstain from ever blighting or damaging the rest of the farm." He goes on to remark, as if foretelling the appearance of a science which has arisen even later than the delivery of this address,

As the paleontologist can sometimes reconstruct in full the types of extinct animals from a few preserved fragments of bones, possibly some future archæologist Cuvier may one day be able to reconstruct from these mythological fragments, and from other sources, far more distinct figures and forms than we at present possess of the heathen faith and rites of our forefathers.

Another piece in this volume deals with "a stone roof building in the island Incheolm, an island in the Frith of Forth," which it needs no great amount of Gaelic to recognize as an island dedicated to Columba. There Alexander the First founded an abbey of regular canons in memory of his being driven to the island by a storm, when he was hospitably entertained by a hermit who lived there and owned a small chapel. That small chapel, there seems every reason to believe, is still standing, and it belongs to the same class as those very early buildings of which there are so many in Ireland and so few anywhere else. Sir James Simpson goes most fully into every detail of the architecture—if we may so call it—and the history of the little building, and his account is further enriched by a number of notes by Dr. Petrie. Another paper is on Scottish charm-stones, which again preserve some curious forms of superstition. Last in the volume comes a paper headed "Is the Great Pyramid of Gizeh a Metrological Monument," in which Sir James Simpson deals with the wild theories of Professor Piazza Smyth, on which we had our say some years back (*Saturday Review*, September 3, 1864). But we fear that we yielded to the temptation of laughing at the doctrine that all kinds of evils were to happen to soul and body if we exchanged the precious inheritance of the British inch—not Incheolm, the holy island of Columba, but the familiar measure of length—for any of the metrical devices of atheistic France. On the other hand, Sir James Simpson boldly grapples with the Astronomer Royal for Scotland on his own ground, and, as far as we can venture an opinion on so abstruse a matter, he seems to us to show that Professor Smyth was wrong in the measurements which are at the root of the whole thing, and that the wonderful vessel which was to prove so much is, as might be expected, a sarcophagus. It is wonderful to see how gravely Sir James Simpson goes through the whole argument, though his gravity is ever and anon relieved

by a touch of quiet humour: No one could go through the whole thing without laughing.

The second volume contains pieces which have more or less to do with Sir James Simpson's own profession. It is always a gain when men who are eminent in any calling will give an intelligent eye to the antiquities of that calling. Thus Sir James Simpson has a paper on the question "Was the Roman army provided with medical officers?" He quotes a good many inscriptions in memory of officers of this class, but they seem to show that it was only in somewhat late times that they were recognized. Another paper is a most minute examination of the history of "Leprosy and Leper Hospitals in Scotland and England." Sir James Simpson here goes fully into the medical history of the disease, its former prevalence, and its almost complete disappearance. Among other things he shows that it lasted longer in Scotland than in England. He also goes with no less care into the history of the foundations made for the sufferers, one of the commonest forms of bounty in the middle ages. The last essay is "Antiquarian notices of Syphilis in Scotland," some of which are exceedingly curious, showing the strange and sometimes ludicrous mistakes which were made before the real nature of the disease was found out.

Altogether the collection shows Sir James Simpson in the character of a real student, and each of the other pieces makes us wonder more and more that their writer could have believed in the Cat-stane. That writings showing such a mass of really hard study on various subjects could have been put together during the intervals of a busy professional life illustrates the truth that it is those who have most to do who most easily find time to do anything.

#### LORD ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR ON TRADITION.\*

LORD ARUNDELL writes with perfect honesty, and his book has the great merit of leaving the reader under no uncertainty as to his meaning and purpose. This purpose is to prove that the earlier chapters of Genesis contain not merely the ideas or traditions of the Jewish and other Semitic tribes and nations as to the creation and dispersion of mankind, but the genuine history of events as they occurred; and hence that they establish the fact of the origin of mankind from a single pair, the forfeiting of their primeval inheritance by the eating of a forbidden fruit, the destruction of the whole race, with the exception of one family, by a universal flood, and the growth of all existing nations from the three sons of Noah. To establish this position, it is necessary further to prove that all the traditions and myths which have at any time been circulated amongst mankind on these subjects are either reflections or deprivations of the history of the early chapters of Genesis; and the conclusion follows, not merely that the Jewish or Semitic traditions are the oldest in the world, but that they have a character wholly distinct from that of all other traditions, and are actually the source from which these other traditions have flowed, and apart from which they could never have come into existence.

If these conclusions can be maintained, all the controverted questions of ethnology, mythology, and many other so-called sciences are at once set at rest. The undoubted origin of all mankind from a single pair, separated by a few generations from the pair who become virtually the second sole source of existing humanity, makes it useless to waste time on the speculations or researches of Mr. Darwin. The evidence furnished by the Jewish tradition that barbarism and savagery, polygamy and polyandry, and all other customs which shock and disgust the civilized world, are the result of depravation and degradation, at once closes the door on all who venture to think that the early history of mankind may have been one not of degradation, but of advancement, and that it is worth while to see whether ascertained facts tell for this position or against it. The indubitable proof that the idea of law is an eternal principle implanted in man by the divine will, of which that law is the expression, makes much of the toil spent on the science of jurisprudence a mere waste of time. In short, Lord Arundell's work is one of prodigious compass, and practically not merely covers the greater portion of the field of human knowledge, but defines the conclusions to which alone that knowledge points.

A work with such a scope and purpose must be intended either to challenge examination or to demand submission. If the latter were its object, it must be classed with such writings as the Syllabus of Pius IX., and put aside as quite beyond or beneath scrutiny and criticism. To the authoritative decision whether of the origin of man from a single pair, or of the personal infallibility of the Pope, the critic, as such, can take no objection. All that he needs to say is that he is not concerned with the decision or with the authority that enforces it. But Lord Arundell has no such design. Without disguising his own belief or withholding the expression of his regret that that belief should be rejected, and of his conviction of the evils and dangers involved in its rejection, he addresses himself strictly as a man of science to men of science. His aim is to prove his point by dint of actual evidence, and thus to secure their adhesion to his conclusions and to the method by which he has reached them. A controversy at first sight interminable is thus brought within comparatively practicable limits. We may regret with Lord Arundell the rashness, not merely of

\* Tradition, principally with Reference to Mythology and the Law of Nations. By Lord Arundell of Wardour. London: Burns & Co. 1872.

"those who refuse the light of Scripture and tradition" (p. 177), but of those who refuse any light whatever; and with him we believe that "even among those who reject the authority of divine revelation there may still be some who are wearied in the arid wastes, and who would gladly retrace their steps to the green pastures and the abundant streams" (x.). But, taking him on his own ground of strictly scientific discussion, we have to be on our guard against phrases which may turn out to be two-edged swords, and to enforce one set of conclusions while they ostensibly seek to enforce another. The Bishop of St. David's doubtless wishes as sincerely as Lord Arundell to see the authority of Holy Writ "sustained against the aggressive infidelity of the day"; but Dr. Thirlwall has said plainly that Christianity is no more concerned with the incidents related in the early history of the Jewish nation than with the incidents recorded in the traditions of the Roman Kings, and probably he would not place in a different class the traditions of Cain and Lamech.

There is, however, happily no need even to touch on topics involving differences of opinion, when the whole matter is resolved into the single question whether the traditions of the Book of Genesis are or are not the source of all traditions relating to the origin and early fortunes of mankind which have existed in any age or country. On this hypothesis it is obviously insufficient to argue that the Jewish or Semitic traditions are as old as the Aryan, or even that they are older. In either of these cases they might yet have a common source, and we should be as far as ever from proving that the former furnish the source and materials for the latter. We must, therefore, have clear and positive evidence of this fact; and with this evidence all controversies on the subject at once come to an end. But it must be remembered that all sciences rest, or profess to rest, on a sound basis of fact, and to be built up on a systematic framework. Whatever may be the value of the conclusions reached in the provinces of Comparative Philology and Mythology, no one can have the least difficulty in describing the method by which they have been reached, and the rules which, according to that method, must be followed. We have taken the two sciences with which the nature and purpose of his work bring Lord Arundell into the most frequent contact or antagonism; and the only matter of any importance is the mode in which philological evidence is to be used. It cannot be necessary to waste words in maintaining that the science of language has grown up by dint of a minute scrutiny of all forms of speech, and of the laws of sound which determine its growth and its variations, and that this scrutiny leaves no room whatever for haphazard guesses and conjectural theories. The result has been the classification of all dialects according to their affinities; and the attempt to establish any conclusions in defiance of this method must be dismissed as childish folly, unless it be made with the definite purpose of showing that the method itself is unsound. We are not called upon to listen to the man who may tell us now that the stars are lamps lit at night and put out in the morning, unless he means to give us scientific proof that the theory of Xenophanes is sound, and the system of Copernicus and Newton an absurdity. The assertion that the heaven is a solid vault, and that therefore the hypothesis of Xenophanes is correct, and that of modern astronomers false, would scarcely be taken as adequate evidence of its truth; but when we turn to the evidence for Lord Arundell's conclusions, we are bound to confess to a certain feeling of amazement at finding that the testimony on which we have to rely is much of the same kind. At the least, we have the satisfaction of finding ourselves amongst old friends. If we had been left to deal with the mere unsupported statement, we might have been startled at learning that the common origin of mythology is "curiously" illustrated by the fact that the mythology of Greece is "equally well traced to Assyria and Egypt" (p. 164). We might have thought of the old devices which beguiled the simple mind of Herodotus, and led him or others to believe that the name Athênê was nothing; but a transposition of the Egyptian Neith; but our surprise ceases when, by way of proving this hypothesis, we are bidden to turn "to Professor Rawlinson's identification of Nergal with Mars," and to remember that the name Nergal "is evidently compounded of the two Hamitic roots 'nir' = a man, and 'gula' = great." In Mr. Rawlinson's opinion it is not less evident that the Semitic "nir" is the same as the Greek *νήρ*, with the omission of the initial vowel; and no injustice has been done to him by those who have said that on this principle the Hamitic "gula" is the same as the Greek *μεγάλα*, the first two letters only having dropped off in the former. But this is not enough. Lord Arundell goes on to quote Mr. Rawlinson's words:—"It is probable that Nergal's symbol was the man lion. Nir is sometimes used in the inscriptions in the meaning of lion, and the Semitic name for the God himself is 'aria,' the ordinary term for the king of beasts both in Hebrew and Syriac. Perhaps we have here the true derivation of the Greek name of the god of war, 'Ares,' which has long puzzled classical scholars." In justice to Mr. Rawlinson we must mark that this wonderful statement is advanced simply as a conjecture, although he may claim for it the ingenuity which he ascribes to Herr Goldschmidt's reconstruction of Assyrian chronology; but Lord Arundell, not content with giving the guess as a certainty, adds:—"The connexion of Nimrod with Nergal in the Assyrian mythology, of Nergal with their planet Nerg, and of the Semitic name of the god 'Aria' with the Greek *Arê* and the Latin Mars must, I think, form a chain of evidence destined to embarrass Mr. Max Müller and Mr. Cox" (p. 165). They are probably accustomed to such embarrassments

long ago. The burden thus placed on them is not greater than that of Mr. Rawlinson's wonderful theory that the English "lady" is the Phrygian *lada*, and that our "dame" is derived from the Phrygian *dav* or *dam*. The framers of the Phrygian language were doubtless prophets, and adopted as their name for mistress a word which they foresaw would in English be shortened from the Latin *domina*, while the makers of English, not content with their lass, cut off the terminal vowel from lady, and turned it into lad. If for "hope" we substitute "our senses," we might put up Dante's motto for the gate of hell at the entrance to Mr. Rawlinson's labyrinth; and we must either refuse to be led, or resign ourselves to our guide when we are told "that Janus is called Eanus by Cicero, which may perhaps have analogy with Hea and Hoa, and with Eannes and Oannes, although Cicero derives it from 'eundo'" (p. 221).

Now all this may be very shortly dealt with. We have certain gods or mythical beings called in Greek *Ares*, *Aloudai*, *Moliones*; in Latin, *Mars*; in Sanskrit, *Maruts*; in German, *Miölnir*. All these are crushers or pounders; and we have an Aryan root *MAR*, *MAL*, meaning to pound or grind. From this we have the Greek *μᾶλιν*, the Latin *mola*, the Irish *meile*, the English meal and mill. We have also the old Greek form *μάλινον*, which the loss of the initial consonant left as *άλινον*, ground corn, as with *μάσχος* and *δσχος*. At the least, then, we are not rushing off into Phrygian or Maori, or any other language belonging to a wholly different family, when we say that *Ares* and *Aretê*, strength or virtue, i.e., the power of crushing, belong to the same group of words with the Latin *mors*, and *mora*, the death and delay which grinds and wastes, and morbus, the disease which crushes men. As to Janus, we have the forms *Januspater*, *Dianus*, *Diana*, and with these *Διός*, *Διφα*, leading to the Latin *divinus*; and again with the Greek *Zeus*, we have the Vedic *Dyaus*, from *dyu*, to shine; and by the side of these we have *dj* passing into *j*, Jupiter, Janus, Juno, or *dj*, as in the Djovis of Oscan inscriptions, and the old Italian deity *Vedjovis*, *Vejovis*. All this certainly looks like evidence; all are various forms, seemingly, coming from the same root and found in languages closely allied; the whole process is carried on in obedience to definite rules or laws, and no room is left for unsupported guesswork. It is possible that some of the links in the chain may be unsound, or even that the conclusion may be untenable; but the evidence is at the least accessible, and is in itself not liable to change. Mr. Rawlinson's philosophy has no rules or laws; and Lord Arundell, when he adopts it, must be judged like the master whom he follows. We might fairly add that the philologists to whom he is opposed are as ready to confess themselves in the wrong, if they are shown to be so, as they are to believe themselves in the right; they have in short no antecedent prejudice in favour of one conclusion rather than another, and the fact being proved, they are willing to hold that Sanskrit is derived from the Hebrew, or that the Greek myths of Herakles are borrowed from the story of Samson. But unless they are prepared to throw aside all scientific method, they must protest against the process which connects Hamitic, Phrygian, Greek, and Latin words at random, and which makes one personage stand for another by the device called identification. Thus Noah is by Lord Arundell identified with Deukalion, and again with Saturn, with Nin and Nebo and Atlas, with Dionysos and Bacchus, with Kekrops, Erechtheus, and many others, on the ground that the traditions of these several personages have something or other in common. The story of Oidipous and Perseus is the story of Lamech, who kills Cain by mistake:—"Oedipus was the son, as Lamech was the grandson, of one who had supplanted his brother; both kill their respective progenitors, and in the casual encounter in which in both instances the tragedy occurred two persons were slain. In this there is a fair outline of resemblance" (p. 178). Readers of Sophokles will remember the picture which Oidipous draws of the old man with his charioteer and attendants, and his emphatic assertion that he slew them all. Thus even in this insignificant point the resemblance fails, while no notice is taken of the cardinal incidents of the myth, nor is any attempt made to compare the myth with similar traditions of other tribes or nations. But when stress is laid on the persistency and exactness of family and local traditions (p. 116), the matter is brought to a point where we may join issue on the fact. The exactness must be proved by evidence somewhat more cogent than that which Mr. Blackie adduces in the tradition of Scarborough, which states that the castle was taken by Cromwell, who was never there; but, in truth, it is well known that in the popular traditions the Cromwell of the time of Henry VIII. is confused with the Cromwell of the civil wars of the seventeenth century, and deeds are ascribed to both which belong less to themselves than to the Puritans of the days of Elizabeth. Local tradition has no real persistency and exactitude; but it is unnecessary to go further into the subject. Lord Arundell writes with as much ability as the fetters which he has imposed on himself will allow. He has brought together a large store of ascertained or alleged facts, and his arguments against the sweeping theories of other thinkers are urged with a force which sometimes recoils against his own. Mr. MacLennan holds that all tribes were originally exogamous, and that their exogamy was accompanied by the slaughter of their own female infants. Lord Arundell puts this aside as an impossibility, on the ground that mankind itself must thus have soon been exterminated; but when he asserts that man has implanted in him the sense of an unalterable moral law, and that he is represented as monogamous in the Book of Genesis, which "exhibits mankind as beginning with a single pair" (124)



he forgets that on this hypothesis they must have begun with incest, and perhaps that the other men whom Cain is afraid of meeting in his exile are apparently not the children of Adam and Eve. At the utmost, his argument can but show that the Semitic traditions on the subject are the oldest. It is not easy to see that he has made much way towards proving even this, or that the establishment of this point would make it necessary to ascribe an exceptional character to these traditions.

#### EPITAPHS.\*

IN an age which worships utilitarianism and produces vast quantities of superficial literature, it is no wonder that Latin epitaphs should be out of fashion. Their neatness often atoned for want of novelty, but vernacular inscriptions, seldom either novel or neat, are now preferred. Formerly epitaph-writing was a distinct branch of literature, success and eminence in which were perhaps the result of a special gift, though fair proficiency was not uncommon. At the present time, however, the art has fallen into such decay that it might not be amiss if English composition in our schools were varied by exercises in English epitaphs as well as in English epigrams. If such an exercise were introduced the volume before us could hardly be recommended as a text-book. It is too palpably compiled in haste, and as for collation, it rarely presents a good or memorable epigram in other than a marred and mangled form. Like most other books of the kind it possesses a certain amount of interest, and may serve to amuse and beguile a leisure hour, but, looked upon from a scholarly point of view, its merits are singularly microscopic; and the wonder is that, with such collections as those of Hackett, Le Neve, Pettigrew, and even Booth within reach, any compiler should have failed to produce a better and more trustworthy book. Mr. Loaring, we suspect, has seldom personally put himself in the place of the "traveller" whom headstones and tablets entreat to "stay," and, failing this, the least he could have done would have been to bestow pains upon procuring the most accurate printed versions of the inscriptions. His classification, sound in principle, is not recommended by uniform observance, and his introductory chapter on the obsequies of all nations has apparently been compiled from articles on sepulture in various encyclopædias, and bears obvious marks of a sieve-process by which all *minutia* and detail have been strained away. The book may be opened in many parts with a fair chance of finding interesting matter; but the looseness and inaccuracy of the introduction are enough to discredit the work. What, for instance, can be the good of such a vague and slipshod statement as that with which the introduction sets out, that the scholars of Linus lamented their master in a "kind of mournful verses called from him *Ælinum*, and afterwards *Epitaphia*, because they were sung at burials and engraved upon sepulchres, which may be called *Monuments à memoria*," &c., unless it be to warn the reader off this portion of the volume? It may be doubted whether the *Æthiopian* mode of sepulture has much to do with the history of epitaphs; but a writer bent on airing his second-hand knowledge as to their use or non-use of glass coffins might with advantage have consulted Smith's *Dictionary of Biography* before citing "Ctesias of Cnidos" to controvert the statement of Herodotus. "Ctesias of Cnidos," we suppose, is meant. It is stated that, "when the grave of Prince Arthur, in the Abbey of Glastonbury, was opened by command of Henry II., Giraldus Cambrensis, who was present, beheld the bones of that monarch lying in the trunk of a tree with his sword on one side of him, and his beautiful Queen Gueniver on the other"; but it must be presumed that not Prince Arthur, but King Arthur, is here referred to. We have also Isle of Avalow for Avalon. In p. 10 we are informed that in the Russian Church a passport signed by the bishop and clergy is placed between the fingers of a corpse, and that after the funeral the mourners return to the home of the deceased "to indulge in affliction and brandy for forty days." A *prima facie* objection to this statement is the very small fact that the Russian drink is whisky (or Vodka) and not brandy; and if we pursue our research into the accuracy of the statement, we may learn from Romanoff's *Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church* that the document is not a *pass-port* but a *prayer*, that it is limited to those who are of an age to go to confession, and that the "forty days" of drinking dwindle into the "fortieth day" after the funeral, when a table is made of the grave-mound, and cakes and whisky are set thereon for the dead. The mourners sip a little of the liquor and say, "The Kingdom of Heaven be his; he loved a drink, the deceased!" The introduction, however, has really nothing to do with the rest of the book, and so we will endeavour to do justice without prejudice to the four chapters of epitaphs.

There is a great charm in a succinct epitaph, though the samples of extreme brevity which are scattered over this volume are not all of them to be recommended for imitation. Mr. Floyer's estimate of his deceased wife, "God hath chosen her as a pattern to the other angels," may be elegant, but savours of presumption. The inscription over a pauper's grave, "Thorp's corpse," may be "witty and grotesque," but it is certainly brutal. We fail to see the fun of inscribing "She never told

her love" over a deceased infant, though it is set down in the "witty and grotesque" chapter; and the allusion in the epitaph on Grose the antiquary, "Death put an end to his *views and prospects*," should have entitled it to a place among the professional epitaphs which compose the second chapter. On the other hand, the epitaph which Cecil Clay, Lord Chesterfield's counsellor, wrote for his mural tablet—namely, the ciphers CC, and "sum quod fui," in punning allusion to his names—ought to be transferred from the chapter on professional inscriptions to that on the grotesque. "Quod sumus, fuimus," by the way, is the motto of the families of Weare and Ware. On Bloomfield the poet's tomb, after the name and dates, is inscribed the line,

Let his own native wood-notes tell the rest.

No laboured quatrains could pay a more appropriate tribute. For complimentary brevity in allusion to a man's profession we know nothing better than the epitaph on the player—"Exit Burbage."

Severe criticism would tend to reduce the chapter of "Elegant Epitaphs," though it gives many old friends, such as "Forgive, blest shade," "Ere sin could blight," and the epitaph by Leigh Richmond, "This lovely bud so young and fair," which is, however, a variation of the one last mentioned, said by Pettigrew to be referable to Donne. Bishop Butler of Shrewsbury turned it with exquisite grace into Latin:—

Ante malum quam te culpâ maculaverat, ante  
Quam poterat primum carpere cura decus,  
In coelos gemmam leni mors transtulit ictu,  
Inque suo jussit sese aperire solo.

Burns's epitaph on Miss Jessie Leavors, and that on a babe, "The cup of life just with her lips she pressed," &c., are also here, but the latter is said to be commemorative of a child of seven years, Maria Scott, in Ely Cathedral, whereas Pettigrew refers it, with more probability, to an infant, Frances Soame, at Wisbeach. There is no real elegance, but only a maudlin mixture of conceits and "non sequiturs," in the epitaph on the youth who got his death from bathing after coursing:—

With ravish'd breast o'er meads he did pursue  
The started hare which thro' the landscape flew.  
By which pursuit his heart oppress with heat  
Plunged in the stream which nature thought so sweet,  
But soon the stream a change to nature gave,  
And plung'd this youth deep in the silent grave.

Of a much truer and older type of monumental poetry is that said to have been found among the ruins of Melrose Abbey:—

Earth walketh on the earth,  
Glistening like gold.  
Earth goeth to the earth  
Sooner than it wold.  
Earth buildeth on the earth  
Palaces and towers;  
Earth saith to the earth,  
All shall be ours.

And we can appreciate the "conceit," which is really not overforced, in Colonel Thomas Scott's epitaph to his young wife, Grace Scott, who died in 1645, at the age of twenty-three:—

He that will give my Grace what is hers  
Must say that *he* [death?] hath not  
Made only her dear Scott,  
But Virtue, Worth, and Sweetness, widowers.

Worthy of perusal, though not of quotation, is an epitaph said (p. 79) to be set over three infant children at St. Edward's, Salisbury, consisting of eleven verses unequally divided among the sleeping babes. It is very high-sounding and big-worded nonsense, and was probably put together to gratify ignorant parents who would account "omne ignotum pro magnifico." There is an old and odd inscription upon the untimely death of a child which is given thus correctly by Camden ("Remains concerning Britain")—

As careful nurses to their bed do lay  
Their children, which too long would wantons play,  
So to prevent all my ensuing crimes,  
Nature, my nurse, laid me to bed betimes.

Mr. Loaring, by an inadvertence not uncommon with him, prints this epitaph twice in twenty-four pages, and for "ensuing," substitutes in the first instance "enticing," in the second "evening." Both misreadings spoil the point, and the printing of the second version in eight verses makes more conspicuous the compiler's inability to appreciate metre and rhythm. That he is but imperfectly up in modern English poets may be inferred from his quoting Lockhart's epitaph on Thomas Maginn, LL.D., at Walton-on-Thames. The genial doctor has been dead but thirty years, yet here is one who knows not that his Christian name was William.

Some of the professional epitaphs deserve notice for their drollness. The following, which strives to make the best of both worlds, is a fine example of filial solicitude:—

Beneath this stone, in hope of Zion,  
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion.  
His son keeps on the business still,  
Resign'd unto the heavenly will.

There is a parallel to it of longer dimensions, "On a Quack":—

I was a quack, and there are men who say  
That in my time I physick'd lives away;  
And that at length I by myself was slain  
With my own drugs, ta'en to relieve my pain.  
The truth is, being troubled with a cough,  
I, like a fool, consulted Dr. Gough,  
Who physick'd me to death, at his own will,  
Because he's licensed by the State to kill.

\* *Epitaphs, Quaint, Curious, and Elegant; with Remarks on the Obsequies of Various Nations.* Compiled and Collated by Henry James Loaring, Author of "Common Sayings, Words, and Customs." London: William Tegg.

Had I but wisely taken my own physic,  
I never should have died of cold and 'tisick.  
So all be warn'd, and when you catch a cold,  
Go to my son, by whom my medicine's sold.

The "witty and grotesque" chapter, however, will be most popular, though into it are foisted some epitaphs which do not match their company. That pretty one on "Sir Albertus Morton and his Wife" is dished up, in how slovenly a fashion our readers will judge for themselves, as an epitaph "On Two Lovers":—

The first deceased: he for a little tried  
To live without her: liked it not: and died.

It seems to have been not enough to misplace this touching couplet, it must be misprinted too. Probably the compiler would call this epitaph, which we cull from Pettigrew, grotesque likewise. It is on a lady who died at the age of twenty-seven years:—

She'd no fault save what travellers give the moon;  
Her light was lovely, but she died too soon.

To do Mr. Learing justice, however, his third chapter contains a good sprinkling of jocular epitaphs, such as that on Betty 'Oden, "who lived no longer, 'cos she cooden"; that which recites that, besides the youth to whom the headstone is erected,

Near this place his mother lies,  
Likewise his father, when he dies.

and the kindred Hibernicism:—

Underneath this sod lies John Round,  
Who was lost in the sea and never was found.

There is also one on Martha Snell:—

Poor Martha Snell; her's gone away  
Her would if her could, but her couldn't stay.  
Her'd two sore legs, and a bad-ish cough;  
But her legs it was as carried her off.

Among the miscellaneous epitaphs which conclude the volume we have space to note but two. The first is that of "Nicholas Hookes" in the chancel of Conway Church, where we saw it last summer. It is curious as bearing on the question of the hereditaryness of a numerous offspring, and recites that "Nicholas Hookes was the one-and-fortieth child of William Hookes, Esq., by Alice his wife," and was himself "the father of twenty-seven children." He died in 1637. By a strange bungle the same account is given over again, in slightly altered words, at p. 231, about Nicholas Hooker of Aberconway, Carnarvon; and the repetition is the more blameworthy as it might lead casual readers to doubt the existence of such a record, which however really does exist. It is more excusable perhaps to have set down the inscription in old Norman characters in the aisle of Morthoe Church, Devon, as recording the name of Sir William de Tracy, Becket's murderer (p. 222); but local research would have led the compiler to discover that the monument and inscription more probably relate to a William Tracey, a priest, who died there in 1322, and who, in the customary language of the period, would have been called Sir or *Syre virtute officii*.

#### WIMPFEN AND DUCROT ON SEDAN.\*

THE work of General Wimpffen, given to the world ostensibly in consequence of his official reports having been suppressed, goes far beyond the limits which its brief title indicates. One can hardly wonder that the General's defence of himself has had such little weight with the public, when we see how he has overlaid it with extraneous matter and long records of deeds which have little interest, or are better told elsewhere. The fatal 30th of August was on the wane when the General reached his destined command, the V<sup>th</sup> Corps, then in full flight from its surprise at Beaumont. Within less than forty-eight hours afterwards the army of which it had been formed was hopelessly beaten and its surrender decided. His whole connexion with the greatest military disaster since Cannæ is comprised in less than two days, and, so far as we can see after perusing them, the four hundred pages in which he tells his story might have been advantageously reduced to less than forty. We pass therefore absolutely over the first sections, in which the General narrates at full length his by no means fortunate Algerian expedition of 1870 from Oran, and follows this by sketches of the leading personages of the war and of its events prior to Sedan. A Frenchman's views of great Germans whom he only knows by hearsay would seldom be worth serious examination, and a French narrative of the days of August, in which such phrases as "on dit" and "assure-t-on" play prominent parts, is hardly worth studying now that genuine histories of the events are to be met with.

Of the more personal parts of the work it may be said in brief that two leading ideas were in the author's mind—the wish to frame as heavy an indictment as his means allowed against Ducrot and his patron Marshal MacMahon (who is repeatedly charged with something more than a prejudice against Wimpffen), and the natural desire to clear his own name from a share in the general disaster of the 1st of September. There can be no doubt, after a comparison of his work with that of Ducrot, which may be called the counter-plea to it, of what that share was. It may be recapitulated briefly thus, from Wimpffen's own statements, which are uncontradicted in the main particulars.

The General arrived at the army on the 30th with a special order from Count Palikao, authorising him to assume the command in case of anything happening to the Marshal. Added to this, he was the senior officer present next to MacMahon; while the only claim which Ducrot had to take up the chief authority rests entirely on the Marshal's verbal order given when he was wounded. Now we do not believe that the military practice of any country in the world would authorise a wounded general-in-chief to name his own successor unless he held special powers to do so. That MacMahon had none such is perfectly apparent from the terms of Palikao's order to Wimpffen, not to mention that the legal claim to such power is nowhere made on the Marshal's behalf. The Emperor, "ce prince" as Palikao contemptuously called him in lamenting to Wimpffen his still encumbering MacMahon with his presence, did not choose to interfere with the matter by any sudden exercise of the executive authority which he had voluntarily laid down. Hence it seems beyond any doubt that, however great the inconvenience, Wimpffen, though a perfect stranger to the army, had an absolutely legal right to take command of it as soon as he learnt the Marshal's condition. But surely it is equally clear that, if he voluntarily declined the responsibility of at once assuming the command, he had no right to step in afterwards and interfere with what Ducrot was doing. And yet this is exactly what he lets us plainly know was his course of conduct, though he ill explains what led to his change of views, a change with which it is probable a natural indecision must be credited. His own account is that he was at first possessed with the belief that Ducrot might better than himself carry out the Marshal's design, whatever that might have been, and that he decided to intervene only when he saw Ducrot withdrawing the troops towards the Mézières side, "an operation which appeared most dangerous." This was about half-past eight, the Marshal's calamitous wound having been reported to him soon after seven. And having given these figures to judge himself by, he proceeds to explain his plan of breaking out in the opposite direction, "which at least would not give the army over to the enemy without having exhausted all of hope left in the chances." He went forward in its execution, saw the disheartened state of Douay's staff and men, and exclaims, "How did I not then regret not having assumed the command as soon as I had the power, as soon as I learnt the Marshal's wound!"—a phrase which sufficiently condemns his own project, as well as his resolution so late to take the full responsibility of it.

The utter hopelessness of his plan has been thoroughly exposed long since by French as well as other writers, and is now admitted by probably every one in the world but General Wimpffen himself. This is so notorious that we may spare ourselves useless discussion, and pass to the crisis of the affair, the appeal of Wimpffen some hours later to the Emperor to let a way be cut for him through to the south-east, and the hoisting of the white flag, which was the only reply he received. Nor is it necessary to dwell long on this episode, or to raise—as some writers have rashly and unnecessarily done—a new jibe at the expense of the fallen monarch, because his only interference with military matters that day was to order the surrender. On the contrary, any one who critically reads Wimpffen's own account of the condition of things soon after he sent in his proposal will convince himself of its utter madness, and of the necessity which lay on the Emperor to spare his unhappy army any continuance of their useless butchery. This once said, we confess that to spend more labour on Wimpffen's narrative is but waste of time. In simple truth his share in these events is shown from his own text to have been far less than had been supposed before. He joined the army to supersede De Failly, after that general's Corps had suffered so as to be hardly worth placing in line of battle. MacMahon did, indeed, make it a mere reserve within the works. He was taken very little notice of on the following day, the 31st. Very early on the 1st of September he might have legitimately assumed the command, but, hesitating or unwilling to derange plans made before, he suffered his powers to remain dormant until the morning wore considerably on, and the battle was pronounced. Then he stepped in to stop Ducrot's too late attempt to get out west of the iron circle which was closing on the army, and, having stopped it and declared his powers, proposed a new scheme, which no one but himself approved, and which was abandoned almost at the outset. His loud denunciation of the surrender and his talk of holding out for terms have never imposed upon the world, and only serve to prove that a soldier of some experience, though brave and honourable, may be an extremely bad judge of what soldiers can or cannot do when matters go against them. As to his own final plan of personal escape for his sovereign, "My detractors," the General says, "have called this noble enterprise a folly." We confess to being entirely on the side of the detractors.

Well worded, clear, and compact, the work of General Ducrot, as a literary production, is as much the antipodes of Wimpffen's as are its author's notions on the events of the day. What they were has been already indicated in our remarks on the other. During Ducrot's brief command, which appears to have actually extended from seven to nine a.m., his efforts were concentrated on the one hope of retreat on Mézières. But the Prussian XI<sup>th</sup> Corps had before this put its advanced guard across the Meuse at Donchéry, and the mass of the Crown Prince's artillery actually barred the French way to the west. Thus much Ducrot himself admits. It becomes, therefore, a simple question of probabilities as to whether he could have cut his passage out by Illy towards Mézières with

\* Sedan. Par le général de Wimpffen. Libr. Internationale, Paris.  
La Journée de Sedan. Par le général Ducrot. Paris: Dentu.



this artillery opposing him, and part of a Prussian corps close to his flank, with enormous supports pressing up. We confess that it seems to us singularly improbable, as it did to Blumenthal, doubtless, when he pressed on all the artillery at his command into that exposed position, trusting, as he told General Ducrot two days later, to the known discouragement which had seized the French, the natural consequence of their bad handling and ill fortune. Indeed Ducrot himself appears fully sensible of the difficulty attending his shortlived project; for he adds, after recapitulating its chances, the significant words, "Finally, as a resource *in extremis*, there was Belgium behind us." In comparing, however, this design of his, frustrated by Wimpffen's appearance on the scene as commander, with that avowed though not seriously pushed by the latter, Ducrot's has not merely such advantage as is lent by the faint show of possibility, but, had it succeeded in even a small part, such troops as got round towards Mézières would have been saved to France; whereas to have carried the whole army towards Carignan, as Wimpffen desired, would have but given it over as completely as ever into the power of the superior forces wielded by Moltke.

In leaving our comparison of these Apologies, it is but just to remark that they are at one in an important point, the extraordinary blindness of Marshal MacMahon on the 31st to the coming danger. Wimpffen points out, what is true enough, that the Marshal's dispositions indicate plainly his belief that he had at that time only a moderate number of Germans west of the Meuse to deal with. Ducrot declares that he carried out his own share of the fatal orders of that day to concentrate round Sedan "avec un véritable désespoir." Long since we undertook to show from earlier sources that MacMahon's quiescence was not merely fatal, but that it can only be accounted for by his most inexcusable ignorance of the enemy's true forces and positions. The delay at Sedan whilst the road was still open along the frontier westward will hereafter stand in military records as the most striking example to be quoted of the disadvantages a general is under whose staff have been wanting in their first duty, the reconnoitring their adversary to good purpose. Courage and tactical power can never be trusted in such a case as MacMahon's on the Meuse to redeem what want of foresight has lost.

We have limited our study purposely to the special points on which the two narratives before us meet. Were we to extend it to the broader strategy of the campaign, it would be mainly to point out that here MacMahon is judged by his assailant as unfairly as he is justly in regard to the halt at Sedan. For General Wimpffen has taken some pains to show that the march to the Meuse from Rheims need not have occupied more than four days (24th to 27th), and he charges on the Marshal its delays, and the consequent failure to slip past the Crown Prince. Like some other French writers who should know better, he ignores the simple fact that the Prince of Saxony's Fourth Army of three full corps barred the way long before any urgency of march could have brought MacMahon to the passages of the Meuse. This he should have known when he wrote, even if he were wholly ignorant, as he probably then was, that the delays and counter orders of the Army of Châlons were due not to its chief's indecision, but to the same blundering imbecility of Palikao's which had devised its march. Time has had its revenges already, and the rash and ignorant Minister has sunk into the obscurity which he deserves, whilst France honours in the one trusted General whom her soldiers obey unmurmuringly the chivalry and patriotism that have come forth untarnished even from the disaster of Sedan.

#### MEMOIRS OF MRS. LÆTITIA BOOTHBY.\*

**LÆTITIA BOOTHBY** is one of those books which read more like an echo of things already said than as an original utterance. It ploughs ground that has been tilled before; and its merits are thus chiefly those of imitation. Hence story, style, and characters alike want the freshness of creation, and carry a certain used-up air with them that does the author injustice. It is a book purporting to be written in the flowered-waistcoat and periwig days, when Dr. Johnson snubbed little Thrale, and little Thrale took her punishment with a laugh; when fine ladies went in glass coaches to Ranelagh, and pretty gentlemen were pinked in lonely places; when lovers addressed each other, now as Strephon and Chloe, now as Sir and Madam; when strange oaths garnished loose talk, and loose talk betokened kindred action. And this trick of style alone, deficient as it always must be in absolute fidelity and spontaneity, gives a certain forced and masquerading character to the Memoirs of which the reader soon wearies. Besides, it is overdone. Even in its own way the Sirs and the Madams and the stiff conventional phrases are in excess of nature. It is buckram and powder run mad; and one longs for a little breathing space, if only for a moment, when the laces might be loosened and just a semblance of freedom allowed.

The story is not a pleasant one, nor yet complete, save in its outlines. It gives us very little of the real inner nature of Mrs. Lætitia; and of course it cannot present so definite an objective portrait as if it had been told in the third person. We see her throughout as an artful, pretty, unscrupulous little jade, who, whether she is coldly criticizing her father or planning to deceive her benefactress, or, again, hesitating between her passion for her

pretty gentleman and her chances of bringing her elderly admirer to her feet, is always the same—heartless, selfish, and intriguing. But there is not enough motive given, not enough complex working of her mind described, as the story goes on. Somewhere beneath her sække she has the germ of a conscience, as is proved by the shadowy sequel; yet we never see the faintest stirring of moral doubt or hesitation as she rushes blindly on in her bad career. The "necessity she was under of making her fortune by her own arts" is not reason enough why she should endeavour to make that fortune by sin and cruelty rather than by truth and nobleness. She had the choice; and there should have been more direct indication of the nature which led her to evil rather than to good. Nor is the boundless villany of Mr. Bracebridge sufficiently accounted for. All through, until the end, he seems to be merely a gay young spark who is not to be so very much censured if he does make love to the pretty little attendant on his blind mistress. To be sure he is deceitful, and too apt in the double part he plays to be of a fine quality of mind; but if it had been only that—only the insincerity which an unsuitable engagement seemed almost to force upon him—the severest moralist might have found a word of forgiveness for him. But when the reader comes to the letter of explanation at the end his breath is taken away. It is like a violent and unexpected wrench; like a glaring bit of colour thrown in at random among sober greys and browns, with nothing to lead up to it, and nothing to tone or balance it. Naturally, we do not expect him to prove a saint, seeing that he can condescend to duplicity when so minded; but no one could foresee that he would turn out such an unredeemed villain. This abrupt mode of narration is inartistic and clumsy. It revolts one's sense of truth to nature as well as of justice, and violates the canons of art in ignoring the law of growth and development. It is crude work and a slipshod method, and weakens our interest both in the story and the characters.

Mr. Boothby, Lætitia's father, is an imitation, with additions, of old Costigan. A drunken, ragged tavern-haunter, dissolute, dishonest, and poor, he sinks from bad to worse, from poverty to penury, and from vice to crime. He is at the lowest ebb of his fortunes when he chances to do Mr. Bracebridge the not inconsiderable service of saving his life. In gratitude for this, Mr. Bracebridge informs Mr. Boothby that he is betrothed to a young lady who will have ten thousand pounds on the day of her marriage; that she is blind; that he is of too proud and nice a disposition to owe his fortune to his wife, hence he delays his marriage; and that she is in want of a lady companion to take the place of one who has just left. By which we learn that a pretty gentleman of the year 1771 was vastly more communicative to a dissolute old sinner of Mr. Boothby's stamp than in all probability a "swell" of a hundred years later would be. The immediate consequence of the interview and the confession is that Miss Boothby is engaged by Dr. Aston to be his blind daughter's companion; and that Mr. Boothby is well satisfied to be rid of his daughter so cheaply. Her first appearance at Wimpole Street, where the Astons live, shall be given in her own words:—

It being twenty minutes after three, I took care to decently apparel myself in a black silk sække, ruffles, and black gloves which had been my mother's, and sallied forth, taking the direction of Wimpole Street, where Dr. Aston had his residence. On arriving at the house I knocked with a steady hand; I was not conscious of any dismay; nor was there need to recollect my energies. Nature had gifted me with a face which could look as dumbly as any countenance of marble; I had a steady mouth, and a prodigious control over my eyes, having often for my diversion studied parts before the pier-glass; wherein I discovered that no actress could excel me in communicating fire or languor, pathos or joy, melancholy or gratitude to my gaze, without any corresponding emotion diverting my mind from the schemes it might be rehearsing.

Once installed, her artful ways and wooden face make her mistress of the situation; but though the astute reader may suspect that she will get up an intrigue with Mr. Bracebridge, none of those artistic little signs and touches are given which prepare the way for and brighten the interest of the dénouement. It is all sudden bloom and blow, catastrophes without preparation, and a general sense of rawness as the result. The character of Miss Aston is very tenderly touched. She loves her worthless gallant with touching fidelity; and the very obstacles raised to her marriage by his affected pride and honour—though in reality they are caused by the fear of certain disclosures anything but honourable—endear him to her still more. We are made to feel the helplessness of her want of sight in an almost pathetic manner. Pure and gentle, she is deceived and betrayed by those she loves most; and the loveliness of her character is best shown by the sorrows she endures and the sweet forgiveness she accords. The character, too, of my Lady Ringwood is well drawn, if of a hackneyed type. Shrewish, and for ever lamenting the decadence of the age since the time when she was young and all things were in their prime, sharp-eyed and sharp-witted, she might, it seems to us, have had the penetration to see through the pretended airs and graces of the young Miss introduced among them. It is made evident that the two do not harmonize; but my Lady seems to have no suspicion of the viper they have caught in the daughter of the man who saved Mr. Bracebridge from assassination; and their wars together are rather of the wordy kind, and such as are natural between lively youth and sour old, than those between dishonesty and discrimination. Before the end came she ought to have been shown as suspicious and clear-sighted, if without proof, and as giving warnings that fell unheeded; for, naturally clever and secretive as Mrs. Lætitia Boothby is, and anxious to conceal her

\* *Memoirs of Mrs. Lætitia Boothby.* Written by herself. Edited by Clark Russell. London: King & Co. 1872.

sudden passion for her mistress's lover, she must have betrayed something, especially to such a woman as my Lady Ringwood. The passion that springs up between Mr. Bracebridge and herself is indeed sudden. At their first interview in Wimpole Street, when Mr. Soame Jenyns (coarsely drawn) dines at Dr. Aston's, and she plays a piece by Corelli which she had by rote, she dares not raise her eyes when Mr. Bracebridge compliments her, "lest they should discover more than was proper they should reveal." On the second interview, when she contrives that he shall find her in the library, "in an elegant armchair, seated in a pensive attitude, with a handsome volume upon her knees," they go so far as to conceal the fact of their *tête-à-tête*, waiting Miss Aston's arousing; and meet again by stealth before he leaves, with an assignation planned for the morrow. Now in what light are we to read the young lady's character? If she is, as is more than once asserted, mainly ambitious and intriguing for her future fortune, she would scarcely have gone on so fast, knowing that this was the very way to imperil her success. If she was in love with the pretty fellow, however low and common the quality of her affection, it was so far honest, and the deepest stain is taken from her duplicity and ingratitude. But in this case, how does she so soon come to the knowledge that she had rather fancied herself in love than been really so? Anyhow, the suddenness of the intrigue between them is as untrue to nature as it is disagreeable in circumstance; and the elaborate mode of expression, the stilted exaggeration of phrase in which they confess their mutual passion and try to gloss over their mutual vileness, helps to make their headlong action only the more violent. No touch of latent conscience at the moment betrays the possibility of Mrs. Lætitia Boothby's future conversion when she falls on her knees and prays, after Miss Aston has replaced the ten pounds her father stole. It is to the end in her eyes simply a permissible intrigue that failed in its issue—a bold stroke for fortune that fell short of its object; yet, when she writes her Memoirs, she is supposed to be "a virtuous and upright woman" who had sinned, suffered, and repented. This being so, how then does it come about that, in the next chapter to the one wherein she narrates how she agreed to meet Miss Aston's lover, and how she desired to draw him away from her to herself, she says, writing in the days of her virtue and reformation, "Yet I would have the reader know that if I don't attempt to justify my behaviour, 'tis not because I have no excuses to offer, but because I do not choose to believe I stand in need of extenuation"? She then falls foul of the world and its morality—the pitiful art of those who do wrong—and ends her monologue on her own infamy by the exclamation, "Surely a thief cannot be concerned by the opinion of a thief!" This might have been the sentiment of a diary, but not of a retrospect; and it makes the heroine's character chaotic and her reputed conversion more than problematic.

Of how Mr. Bracebridge and Mrs. Lætitia fare in their intrigue, and what comes of it, we will give no hint further than to say that strict poetic justice is done on the sinners, if also, dragged down into their ruin, the poor blind saintly victim suffers as acutely as they. We would sum up by saying that the story needs more careful elaboration. With keener psychological insight, and a more artistic method, the book might have been made meritorious enough; but it lacks critical judgment, and a certain sense of coherence. Vivid enough too in some parts, others are left undetermined and sketchy; and there is throughout that central want of sufficient motive which we have indicated above. Still the book is clever and ingenious. We confess that we do not care so much as some for these verbal pictures of a bygone age; but that is a matter of taste. At any rate no one can make a satisfactory picture of a long past period who is not imbued with the sentiments of the time of which he treats, as well as able to reproduce cleverly its style and language. It is weighting himself very heavily when an author undertakes such a feat; and on the whole it is no wonder that Mrs. Lætitia Boothby's editor comes sometimes to the ground, if at other times he maintains a fair elevation.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

WE cannot but regret that some of the finest among the gift-books of this season should have been sent to us so late as not to allow us to mention them in our earlier notices. No doubt in the case of those works which are illustrated by photography the miserable state of the weather has proved a sad hindrance. During the last three months there can have been but few hours bright enough for what is called printing off. We trust that our readers will not have bought all their Christmas presents yet. If so, we can only beg them to look through our list, and see what suitable gifts they will find for the New Year. Some of the books before us indeed are so tempting that we should be inclined to rank them far higher than gift-books, and call them rather books to keep.

*The Works of Correggio at Parma* (Bell and Daldy). Few, if any, of the Christmas books of this year can compare with this work either in the magnificence or the care with which it is brought out. We have the celebrated engravings of the works of Correggio at Parma by Paolo Toschi, admirably reproduced in photography by Mr. Stephen Thomson. So finely and on so large a scale are these photographs executed, that they go very far

indeed to give all that can be given in the original engravings. In fact, it is by no means at the first glance that every one would find out that they are not engravings. Mr. Louis Fagan of the British Museum has given a short and interesting account of each picture, while the paper and the type are all that could be desired. While he points out how much Sir Joshua Reynolds owed to Correggio, he might have shown how happily Goldsmith represents the "coxcombs" when talking to our great painter, introducing his still greater master:—

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

Scarcely less admirable is *Wedgwood and his Works*, also published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy. We have here autotypes of a selection of the best works of the great potter, together with "a sketch of his life and the progress of his fine art manufactures by Eliza Meteyard." With all who delight in collecting Wedgwood ware this book will find an eager welcome, while to every one who has any artistic taste it cannot fail to commend itself by the beauty of the illustrations. We cannot however agree with the author when she says that "Nature, through that most beautiful of modern artistic processes, the autotype, has been a faultless limner." Photography may be "a faultless limner" when it is used to reproduce a flat surface, such as an engraving, but when it represents bas-relief, and still more when it represents a vase, it is by no means faultless. For the parts that are nearer and those which are more remote cannot be in focus at the same time. This is, we think, clearly shown in the first illustration in the book, the autotype of Wedgwood's copy of the Portland Vase, where one part of the vase is as sharply represented as another part is blurred over.

*The Dramas of Æschylus* (Bell and Daldy). This handsome folio volume contains Miss Swanwick's translation of Æschylus, with thirty-three illustrations from Flaxman's designs. It is interesting not only in itself, but also as a companion volume to *Wedgwood and his Works*, where also we have given us many of Flaxman's designs.

*Turner's Picturesque Views in England and Wales* (Bell and Daldy). We have here two elegant volumes containing Turner's well-known views of castles and abbeys, and his landscapes reproduced in permanent photography. While these photographs are doubtless far inferior to the best engravings, they are nevertheless, seeing that they are taken from early impressions, far superior to engravings that have been taken when the plate is already much worn. Messrs. Bell and Daldy in these works, as well as in their *Correggio* and their *Wedgwood*, seem to us to have obtained results in photography which have scarcely ever, if indeed ever, been obtained before.

*Art Gems* (Sotheman and Co.) Far surpassing, however, in point of interest anything that the most careful photography can do, is "this series of thirty high-class engravings from pictures by the most eminent painters ancient and modern." It is brought out under the direction of M. Edouard Lièvre, and contains not only an admirable series of etchings, but also interesting notices of the artists and their works. Without doubt it holds the first place among all the books of this year which are given up to engravings.

*Court Beauties of the Reign of Charles II.* (Hotten). This is called a Presentation Edition. It is, we presume, at the same time a republication, as the accompanying memoirs are written by Mrs. Jameson, and as the engravings look rather worn. Nevertheless, the memoirs, though not new, are still interesting, and the whole book is so handsomely got up that we are quite ready to admit that it is admirably adapted for presentation.

*Our British Landscape Painters*, by William B. Scott (Virtue and Co.) Mr. Scott gives us in this volume sixteen engravings on steel as specimens of our chief landscape painters, with a preliminary essay and biographical notices. The preliminary essay we do not find so interesting as Mr. Scott's writings generally are. The biographical notices are fairly well done. The engravings are interesting, but certainly not new.

*The Home Affections Portrayed by the Poets*, selected and edited by Charles Mackay (Routledge). "These selections have been made in one spirit and with one object—the exaltation of the domestic affections." They take in a wide sweep of poets from Burns to Mr. Tupper. They are illustrated with one hundred engravings, drawn, as we are carefully told, by eminent artists. It would seem that one of them, Mr. Millais, is not yet eminent enough for the editor to have learnt that he is an R.A., and no longer A.R.A., as he enters him. Perhaps, however, the illustration is not altogether new, and with laudable accuracy the title is given which the artist bore at the time he executed the drawing.

*Vignettes: Alpine and Eastern*, by Elijah Walton (W. M. Thompson). These vignettes, we doubt not, will be more enjoyed by those who have not, than by those who have, seen Alpine scenery. There is that in Alpine scenery which chromo-lithography cannot reproduce. Nevertheless Mr. Walton's work is sure to find a large number of admirers. Among all the Christmas books that we have seen, it is perhaps the one that would do best for a bridal present. Mr. Bonney's "descriptive text" is not uninteresting. We do not quite know what he means, however, when he says, "The chance of an accident on the Alps is, humanly speaking, a very slight one, if proper precautions be taken." What do people mean by "humanly speaking" in such a sentence as this?

*The Modern Householder*, compiled and edited by Ross Murray



(Warne). This is a somewhat comprehensive work, comprising everything from the recipe for buttered lobsters to the method of applying the stomach-pump. Unfortunately it is often as foolish as it is comprehensive. It has a good many pages on ventilation, where, in spite of the modest assertion that "the instruction given in it may be taken as authoritative," a good deal of ignorance is shown, and nothing new is taught. And then, after the author has especially insisted on the proper ventilation of the bedroom, he later on says that "the bedstead should, if possible, stand in an alcove." What can a man know of ventilation who would place the bed in that part of the room which is never ventilated? The book contains a great deal of advice which may perhaps be found useful by a woman whose husband has got together so much money that she is no longer contented with their old ways of living. She will learn that in her library "above the bookshelves should be busts of distinguished authors," while "a Postal Directory should lie on one table, a Peerage on the other, a barrel of string," &c. She will also learn that in many houses in the bedrooms "a Bible stands beside the inkstand, pens, blotting-paper case, and taper." If she is perplexed by seeing the letters P. P. C. on a card, she will know in future that they stand for "pour prendre congé" (sic).

*The Book of Modern Anecdotes*, edited by Tom Hood, Patrick Kennedy, and James A. Mair. Books of anecdotes are, we think, always dull; and the book before us, though it is described as "Humour, Wit, and Wisdom, English, Irish, Scotch," is dull even for a book of anecdotes. We should like to know, in the first place, whether the following is an anecdote, and next, whether, supposing it is an anecdote, it comes under Humour, Wit, or Wisdom? "Query. Why is a conceited Scotchman like a panelled wall? Because he's a wain-Scot (the Cockney who perpetrated the above has been sent to a lunatic asylum)."

*Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, by W. H. G. Kingston (Routledge). This book contains much that boys will find interesting and instructive. A considerable part of the book is given to a connected history of Arctic explorations. It would have been well, however, if many of the illustrations, which are but poor, had been omitted, and in their place had been given one good map of the Arctic regions.

*As Pretty as Seven* (Hotten). We have here a collection of popular German tales made by Ludwig Bechstein. The stories will be found interesting enough, but the real worth of the book lies in Richter's illustrations, which are admirable.

*English Minstrelsy*, illuminated by Mrs. Hoskyns Abrahall (Tarrant). We cannot regard this showy volume as very successful. Mrs. Abrahall's designs have too much of the painter's art about them to pass for decorations, and too much of the decorator's art about them to pass for pictures.

*Prince Perrypets: a Fairy Tale*, by Louisa Knatchbull-Hugessen (Macmillan). The tale itself we have found rather dull, but Mr. Wiegand's illustrations have some merit.

*Drawing Copies, Outline and Shaded*, by Philip H. Delamotte (Bell and Daldy). Mr. Delamotte is Professor of Drawing in King's College, London. These copies are carefully drawn, and will no doubt prove of service to young students.

*The Stamp Collector's Magazine* (Marlborough and Co.) This magazine seems to contain all the information a stamp collector can require. It is a pity, however, that it wanders out of its province, and so falls into absurd statements. We read "that the management of post-offices antedates the Christian era by thousands of years." The proof of this statement lies in the fact that Queen Jesebel and King Ahasuerus both sent letters.

*Hymn Stories*, by Edis Searle (Seeley and Co.) We cannot say very much for this little book. We scarcely think that a little boy of eight, who was in church on the Sunday when the Prince of Wales was almost given over, would be so struck with the gravity of every one's face as to think that the plague must be coming back to London. Nor do we think that the little children for whom this book is written will be likely to understand what is meant by the "blood-washed band." The author would do well if she were first to understand children, and next to take care that children shall understand her.

*The Little Drummer: a Story for Children*, by Bret Harte (Hotten). American children must be most uncomfortably forward if they can understand the introduction to this story. What would an English child make of "no episodes of snowy silence," or of "the sun visited the haggard hills with a miracle, and death and resurrection were as one"? The story, however, is simple enough, though a great deal too sentimental. We cannot say much for Mr. H. H. Banks's illustrations in sepia, which are equally sentimental, but very weak.

*The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, arranged for the perusal of Youthful Readers*, by the Hon. Mrs. Sugden (Routledge). While we agree with Mrs. Sugden that there are parts in the *Arabian Nights* that are better not read by children, we cannot congratulate her on the way she has edited this "family edition." It may have been better not to dwell on the unfaithfulness of the Sultan's wife; but why puzzle youthful readers by saying "she evinced the most supreme indifference towards him"?

*The Life and Adventures of Robin Hood*, by John B. Marsh (Routledge). This seems but a dull story, in spite of the incidents which the writer has introduced of "his own invention." Of course every one in the story who is not a Norman is a Saxon, so that the young people for whose amusement it is written will find that it so far entirely agrees with the histories they read.

*Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Seas*. Translated from the

French of Jules Verne (Sampson Low and Co.) Any one who has not read one of M. Verne's monstrously improbable stories will find this tale amusing enough. But this is the third that has come under our notice, and we are beginning to find the extravagance a little wearisome. Young folks, however, who do not so soon get glugged, will read *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Seas*, though its length is well suited to its title, with a good deal of interest.

*The Infant's Delight* (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) The infants must be of a somewhat strange race who delight in such verses as the following:—

The U-rano-sco-pus hides a-mong  
The mud, and an-gles with its tongue.

They would seem to delight also in such rhymes as *mamma* and *far, horse* and *across*. However, they can plead the authority of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* for this, for there we find that *accord* rhymes with *broad*.

*The Henny-Penny Picture Book* (Routledge). The pictures in this collection of stories are certainly somewhat of the gaudiest. However, we have come across a young critic not two years old who never seems to find them so gaudy as to weary him.

*Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets*, by William Howitt (Routledge). This is a reprint of Mr. Howitt's popular work, and is "enriched," we are told, "with much new matter." That there is new matter we are ready to admit. How far it tends towards enriching is another question. The following paragraph, for instance, even if it is correct, which we doubt, might have been somewhat better expressed:—"Having had an uncle in Parliament, Tennyson has received more Government patronage than any other poet that we can call to mind at the same early age. He has enjoyed for several years a pension of 200*l.* per annum. On the death of Wordsworth he was appointed Poet-Laureate. He has also, since the last edition of this work, married, and has added largely to his fame by his poems 'The Princess' and 'In Memoriam.'" Whether Mr. Tennyson's marriage, as well as his pension, in any way depended on his having had an uncle in Parliament is not made quite so clear as we could have wished.

*The Fields and the Woodlands, Depicted by Painter and Poet* (Ward and Co.) We have in this work a large number of extracts from the poets, and "twenty-four coloured page engravings" from some painter. The extracts are good enough, though we cannot understand how Wordsworth's lines on "The Daffodils" can be classed in "the poetry of the garden." The margin of Ullswater, where these famous daffodils grew, is not even yet so beset by cockneys as to have been turned into a garden. Still less can we understand why the fourth verse in this beautiful poem should have been left out. It is quite clear that the editor's heart never "dances with the daffodils," or that, if it ever does, the dancing does not interfere with due regard to a convenient arrangement of the letterpress. As for the twenty-four coloured engravings, they are so poor that we should not have missed them had they also been suppressed.

*My Lady's Cabinet* (Sampson Low). The editor of this work has made the mistake of trying to suit all tastes. Many of "the drawings and miniatures" here given are pretty enough, just as others are very poor indeed. He should have stuck to Mr. Frith and his school, or to Ludwig Richter and his school. The mixture of the two schools is anything but pleasing.

*Grotesque Animals*. Invented, drawn, and described by E. W. Cooke, R. A. (Longmans). There is some humour, though not much, in Mr. Cooke's drawings, none in his descriptions. To every picture he gives a motto. Might we suggest as a motto to the whole book, *No auter supra crepidam*?

*Billiards*, by Joseph Bennett, ex-Champion. Edited by "Cavendish" (De La Rue). The directions in this book are brief and to the point, while its diagrams are abundant and clear.

From Messrs. De La Rue we have received their well-known *Improved Indelible Diary and Memorandum Book* in a variety of sizes and bindings. While all are elegantly bound, we must draw special attention to one that is bound in green velvet. Would it not have been well, however, to have cut out of this particular copy all the useful information that is so concisely given? What can a lady who requires a memorandum book to be in green velvet care to know about "Magnetic Elements" or the "Mean Time of the Sun's Southing"? Messrs. De La Rue, by the way, do not seem to have heard that Lord Hatherley is no longer Lord Chancellor.

*Marcus Ward's Indelible Concise Diary* is so conveniently arranged that the diary of only one quarter of the year need be carried in the pocket at one time. It would be well if the paper did not shine quite so much. To weak eyes this new kind of gloss is somewhat trying.

*Punch's Pocket Book* contains not a little interesting information. We read, for instance, under the heading of "Remarkable Days," February 28, John Tenniel born. March 6, G. Du Maurier born. April 29, Shirley Brooks born. November 29, F. C. Burnand born. Why the year in which each of these "remarkable days" occurred is not given, we are at a loss to tell; and the more so as we are told the years in which J. R. Hind, Charles Knight, and Jenny Lind were born. While, according to *Punch*, Galileo was born in 1654, according to Marcus Ward—who by the way is right—he died in 1642. We beg leave to place at the service of the writers of these almanacs a plan of our own for these remarkable days. Which of the purchasers of Messrs. De La Rue's

Diary can be so strangely and wonderfully made as to care for such a medley of events as is given in the second week of March? We read there M. Prince of Wales mar. 1863. Tu. Moon in apogee, 8 h. mo. W. Mercury in perihelion. Th. Montalembert died, 1870. F. Moon rises at 6h. 21m. aft. S. London Bridge com. 1824. We suggest that, for one year at all events, the remarkable days should all be given to those most real of all people, the characters of fiction. Why should we not read, Jan. 10 (year not given), date of the first letter in *Clariissa Harlowe* and also in *Sir Charles Grandison*? We notice, by the way, that in one of the almanacs this same day is given as the date of the establishment of penny postage; but we suppose that the coincidence of date, however appropriate, is quite accidental. We might also read March 19, 1753, murder of Mr. Reuben Haredale, in *Barnaby Rudge*. Sept. 30, 1659, Robinson Crusoe shipwrecked. Oct. 23, 1712, Sir Roger de Coverley's death known in London. Nov. 5, 1718, birth of Tristram Shandy. Dec. 12, 1686, Robinson Crusoe escaped from his island.

We must content ourselves with merely naming the following books for young people:—*Grace Myers' Sewing Machine, and other Tales*, by T. S. Arthur (Glasgow Scottish Temperance League). *Royal Illuminated Nursery Rhymes*, by Marcus Ward. *Summer Holidays at Silversea*, by E. R. Salmon. *The Miner's Son*, by M. M. Pollard (Nimmo). *Original Poems. The Letter of Marquise*, by Lieutenant C. R. Low. *Christian Melville*, by the author of *Matthew Paston* (Routledge). *Chances and Changes*, by B. A. Jourdan. *Sleepy Forest*, by E. R. Conder, M.A. (Strahan). *Phillis Phil*, by M. Keary. *Garnston; or, a Life's Discipline*, by Mrs. Jerome Marcier. *The Young Squire*, by Mrs. Eiloart. *Grimms' Fairy Tales*, a new translation, by Mrs. H. B. Paul (Warne). *The Fawell Children*, by E. L. Brown. *Shawl Straps: a Second Series of Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag* (Sampson Low). *Morag: a Tale of Highland Life* (Nisbet). *Brave Men's Footsteps*, by the author of *Men who have Risen* (King).

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE most important and ambitious work on our present list is a translation of the *Æneid* in blank verse by Mr. C. P. Cranch.\* The author prefixes to his work a discussion on the choice of metres for such a purpose, in which his object is of course to justify his own preference. He has no difficulty in showing the disadvantages and inconveniences of nearly every alternative form of rhythm—the exotic character of the original hexameter, and its imperfect adaptability to a language so largely composed of monosyllables, and so devoid of proper spondees as our own, which indeed hardly contains a true spondee, except in the case of dissyllabic compounds, or such exceptional Latin words as “compound” itself, and very few native polysyllables; the artificial tone and hampering structure of the heroic couplet, a verse of which the conditions are as different as possible from those of the classic hexameter, and perforce break up its flexible and fluent narrative into several short clauses; and, as he thinks, the proved unfitness of Mr. Conington's octosyllabic verse. How far the only two rhymed metres which have been very successfully applied to English narrative poetry—the indigenous ballad metre and the peculiar verse of Scott—might be appropriate to the translation of the Homeric epics, is another question; that they would be less suited to the artificial imitation of Virgil, written in a highly civilized age, than to the poetry of a period akin to that of our own earliest ballads, seems sufficiently apparent. But Mr. Cranch does not dwell on the defects and drawbacks of the metre he has chosen, which has always seemed to us a little too closely related to the dramatic metres, and perhaps somewhat too cold and formal in the hands of the best writers, to be as well adapted to simple unadorned narrative as to idyllic or rhetorical passages; and which, in any but the most skilful hands, and especially in translation, is sadly apt to degenerate into downright prose. This last danger is apparent in the very fact that there are few passages of prose writing of any length which do not contain a large number of decasyllabic iambs, and it is painfully exemplified here and there in Mr. Cranch's own performance. Moreover, the writer, and especially the translator, is constantly placed between two perils; correctness is apt to become visibly stiff, and laxity to degenerate into intolerable license, and lines that will not scan at all. There are such lines in Mr. Tennyson's masterpiece; and it is therefore little to say that some of Mr. Cranch's verses are not only not poetry, but not even verse. For the rest, the book is excellently printed in somewhat old-fashioned type and on first-rate paper, and has all the chance of favour that an attractive exterior can give it.

Mr. Johnson's treatise on the religious thought of India† is an attempt to appreciate the philosophic principles and fundamental ideas of the Indian creeds rather than to discuss their origin, character, or details. It deals only with what may be called the native creeds of India—Brahminism or Hindooism, and Buddhism, and with these rather in their relation to human thought and hopes, and to the peculiarities of Oriental life, than

in their theological or cosmogonical aspect. It presumes, in short, a certain acquaintance with the subject on the reader's part, and is rather a review of and disquisition upon the various religious manifestations of the Indian mind than a history or description of Indian opinion. It commences with a chapter on the Primitive Aryas; the first part discusses the influence of religion on, and its relation to, Hindoo life; tradition, law, the position of woman—which, according to Mr. Johnson, is exalted by the polytheistic notions which require duties of both sexes, and, as represented in the older poems, is one of honour and respect—and the special forms and forces of Hindoo society. The second deals in a similar manner with the religious philosophy of India, its principal books, and the general bearing and tendencies of the doctrines of Transmigration and Incarnation; while the third treats of Buddhism, its theological speculations, especially Nirwana, and its practical civilization. Mr. Johnson forms an opinion of Hindoo character and capacities which, so far as we know, is not shared by any one who has had long experience of the race in practical life, and he speaks of the Hindoo race as “the Brain of the East.” Altogether, he seems to have taken up his subject with a warmth of sympathy and appreciation which has led him into conclusions as little consonant with the common verdict of men of real experience and true Oriental knowledge as they are agreeable to the general principles and received convictions of Christian communities. But the book presents the subject in a new light, and under new aspects, and it may be well to hear what so keen an admirer of Hindoo ideas has to say for his views and for his clients.

*Oriental Studies*\*, by Mr. Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Philology in Yale College, is a collection of essays on the Vedas, the Zend-Avesta, and the philological views of Oppert, Müller, and others, written by one who has made these subjects the theme of scientific study and long consideration, and whose views therefore demand a more courteous consideration than he has given to some of those with whom he differs. On the whole he seems to share, as most philologists of authority do share, the general views of Mr. Max Müller; and he is very sharp upon the excessive confidence and too positive assertions, as well as on what he considers the misplaced scepticism, of M. Oppert. His principal difference with Mr. Max Müller—a difference, perhaps, which is made by a slightly different use of terms to look wider than it is—relates to the Turanian languages, which the Oxford Professor calls a family; while Mr. Whitney altogether denies them the title. His idea, if we rightly grasp it, is that the Turanian tongues are simply those which failed to get out of Mr. Max Müller's first stage; and that, while the similarity of structure in the Aryan and Semitic families respectively corresponds with the resemblance of civilized institutions in countries settled under the same laws by the same people, and is therefore a proof of kindred, the resemblance of the Turanian languages is merely that which exists among the most distinct and distant races of barbarians, by the mere negative similarity of barbarism. The book contains many interesting speculations and criticisms, and would be pleasant reading were it not marred now and then by a tone towards opponents which, leaving out of account any provocation that may have been given, seems needlessly acrimonious and a little arrogant.

Two works of a practical character, respectively treating of dairy farming† and trout breeding‡, have a limited interest for the general public, and a special attraction for those who are engaged in or likely to concern themselves with either pursuit. Both are written with great care, and both insist especially on the necessity of minute attention and strict regard to a number of apparently insignificant details as essential to real success or satisfactory profits. The treatise on Dairy Husbandry contains some interesting accounts of the various systems pursued on American farms, where the dairy is the chief source of profit, corn-growing, except on a large scale, being apparently too easy and too extensively pursued to yield large returns; some sensible remarks on the different conditions of English and of Transatlantic husbandry, arising first from the abundance of land in the one country and of labour in the other, and secondly from the much severer climate of the Northern States, where—even down to N. lat. 43°—the cattle must be housed for six months of every year; and descriptions and plans of several factories for the production of condensed milk, which is rising to the rank of an important industry. The reader will be surprised to find how very largely dairy farming contributes to the income and accumulated wealth of the Northern States. The manual of trout-farming, written by a practical breeder, gives the minutest directions for every step of the process of artificial pisciculture, and detailed warnings against each and all of the dangers which beset the beginner; the general

\* *The Æneid of Virgil*. Translated into English Blank Verse by Christopher Pearse Cranch. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Oriental Religions, and their Relation to Universal Religion*. By Samuel Johnson, India. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

\* *Oriental and Linguistic Studies: the Veda; the Avesta; the Science of Language*. By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Willard's Practical Dairy Husbandry: a Complete Treatise on Dairy Farms and Farming; Dairy Stock and Stock Feeding; Milk, its Management and Manufacture into Butter and Cheese; History and Mode of Organization of Butter and Cheese Factories, Dairy Utensils, &c. &c.* By X. A. Willard, A.M., Editor of the Dairy Department of Moore's “Rural New-Yorker,” &c. &c. Fully and handsomely illustrated. New York: D. D. T. Moore, “Rural New-Yorker” Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Domesticated Trout: How to Breed and Grow them*. By Livingstone Stone, A.M., Deputy U.S. Fish Commissioner, Proprietor of Cold Spring Trout Ponds, Secretary of American Fish Cultivists' Association, &c. &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.



result being to produce an impression, probably exaggerated, of the extreme difficulty of the art, and a conviction, probably well founded, that it is sufficient to occupy the whole time and attention of a man who means to turn it to profitable account.

Mr. Treadwell's "Manual of Pottery" \* is altogether of a different character. It is written, as the title-page indicates, not for the makers, but for the purchasers, of the wares described, and deals with the history of the art only as it interests collectors, and illustrates the different form and quality of different species, and the peculiarities of various ages and nations. It contains a good deal of antiquarian information and curious detail, but on the whole is too strictly adapted to its immediate purpose as a collector's guide to be easy or agreeable reading for the general public.

*The Mammoth Cave, and its Inhabitants* † is the title of a monograph on the extraordinary fauna of that marvellous underground region in Kentucky which is perhaps the most signal and unparalleled wonder of America, and which possesses an animal life altogether its own, adapted to the conditions of an existence totally deprived of light. Blind fishes, eyeless insects, and creatures as peculiar in form as in habitat, people the underground rocks and waters, and are fully described and many of them figured in the thin volume before us. The title is somewhat of a misnomer, inasmuch as of the Cave itself the book tells us little or nothing, relying on that general knowledge of its extent, form, and scenery which the accounts of previous explorers have diffused.

*The Woods and Byways of New England* ‡ is a thick volume of medium octavo size, devoted entirely to a description of the sylvan scenery of the North-Eastern States. A considerable space is occupied with a minute account of the various shrubs and trees; and this is interspersed with descriptive rhapsodies on such topics as "the Picturesque," "Vernal Wood Scenery," "Odours of Vegetation," "Rudeness and Simplicity," "Trout Streams," and the like; each picturesque and graceful enough in itself, no doubt, but the whole forming such a mass of pure description and word-painting as few tastes, however congenial to the author's, will be able to relish. It is a book to occupy leisure half-hours, or lie on a drawing-room table to fill up the waste moments of social intercourse, but hardly to be read through by the most conscientious of readers. The photographic illustrations are good and abundant, and certainly add considerably to the attractions of the volume.

*Camping Out* § is a story descriptive of the favourite amusements of American youth—roughing it in the woods and wilder parts of the country for a few days or weeks, in pursuit of game and fish; with more or less accommodation according to the numbers, means, and composition of the party. Young ladies not very unfrequently accompany their brothers and friends on such expeditions, and add no doubt much to their liveliness and pleasure, if somewhat encumbering their movements with extra baggage. The party carry guns, fishing-tackle, and a supply of such provisions as they may require, besides fish and game; sometimes only blankets and kettles, sometimes the complete apparatus of a camp. In the present story the heroes are mere boys, scantily supplied with money, and their furniture is proportionately simple. They start to search for a vein of lead reputed to have been found and lost again at a former period, which, if discovered, is to furnish them with the means of a yachting voyage, and close their trip with the discovery of a vein of graphite. Otherwise their adventures are sufficiently natural and probable, and the lively picture of "camping out," which forms the sole attraction of the book, will move the envy of every English youth into whose hands it may fall. We have read it with real pleasure, and can recommend it to our younger readers as heartily entertaining, at the same time that it is perfectly simple and unseasonal, containing scarcely an accident (except the fundamental one of the lead-vein) which might not have been accepted as a true incident of a real expedition without any extraordinary stretch of credulity; while at the same time its humour never becomes tiresome, and its interest rarely flags.

Colonel Revere's *Keel and Saddle* || professes to be in the main a true account of adventure by sea and land, in the naval service of the Union, in California, and in the Civil War, interspersed with stories which, we presume, are intended to pass as fictions. The writer seems to have had unusual opportunities of making acquaintance with distinguished people, and of being present at remarkable scenes. He relates an encounter with the Emperor Nicholas, an interview with the mother of Napoleon, and another

with Lady Hester Stanhope, adventures in Algerian warfare and in Spanish commotions, as well as in the wild times of Californian gold-digging and in Indian wars; and, finally, he claims to have been accidentally present, as a Federal officer, at the fatal accident which terminated the life of General "Stonewall" Jackson. *A propos* of this he tells a curious story. Jackson, he says, cast the author's horoscope and his own, and both indicated to the native extreme peril at the same period of May 1863, in which month Jackson was killed, and the writer, accidentally falling into the midst of the General's staff at the fatal moment, narrowly escaped death or capture. Strange, if true, as may be said of many other portions of this autobiography.

The fourth volume of Dr. Austen Flint's elaborate treatise on Human Physiology \* is devoted to a minute account of the structure and functions of the nervous system, forming, as we understand, the concluding part of what is intended to be an exhaustive treatise on the frame and physical nature of man.

Our list concludes with four fictions, chiefly of the American domestic type, none of which rises much above the average level of these works, and none, we think, so sinks below it as to deserve especial censure. Of the four, *A Change for Himself* is perhaps the liveliest, and *Isolina* the least interesting; but in these matters, as in others, the reader's taste may very possibly differ from the critic's.

\* *The Physiology of Man; designed to represent the Existing State of Physiological Science, as Applied to the Functions of the Human Body.* By Austin Flint, Jr., M.D., Professor of Physiology and Physiological Anatomy in the Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, New York. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

† *A Chance for Himself; or, Jack Hazard and his Treasure.* By J. T. Trowbridge, Author of "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes," &c. &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

‡ *Victor Norman, Rector.* By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§ *Isolina; or, the Actor's Daughter.* By E. G. T. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

|| *Marjorie's Quest.* By Jeanie T. Gould, Author of "A Chaplet of Leaves." With Illustrations by Augustus Hippien. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

Now ready, VOLUME XXXIII., bound in cloth, price 16s. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each. May be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

#### CONTENTS OF No. 896, DECEMBER 28, 1872:

Prince Bismarck. The Calcutta Address to Mr. Fawcett. France.  
Speeches on Education. The Government and the Law of Mortmain.  
Mr. Frodus at New York. The Endowed Schools Commission.  
The Hertford Estates.  
The Year. Christmas. Prophetic Almanacs.  
Old and New Missionaries. The New Timon. The Great Diamond Bubble.  
The Old Catholic Movement in Switzerland and Germany.  
Sketches and Studies in Water-Colours. Cromwell at the Queen's Theatre.

The Beginnings of Life.  
Life of Hawthorne. Sir James Simpson's Archaeological Essays.  
Lord Arundell of Wardour on Tradition.  
Epitaphs. Wimpfen and Ducrot on Sedan. Memoirs of Mrs. Letitia Boothby.  
Christmas Books. American Literature.

#### CONTENTS OF No. 895, DECEMBER 21, 1872:

The Viceregal Progress—The Assembly and the Thirty—Mr. Lowe at Swindon—President Grant's Message—Sedan—The Income-Tax Agitation—The New Complete Letter-Writer—Roman Catholic Pauper Children.  
Arctic Exploration—Fellowships and Tutorships—Lord Hyde Park—The Value of Life in Italy—The Sunday Best Association—Both Sexes at the Bar—The Westminster Play, 1872.  
Mrs. Oliphant's Memoir of Montalembert—Latham's Defence of Phonetic Spelling—Middlemarch—Creagh's Sebastopol and Jerusalem—Popular Tales and Epic Poetry—Christmas Books—German Literature.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

\* *A Manual of Pottery and Porcelain for American Collectors.* By John W. Treadwell. New York: Putnam & Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

† *The Mammoth Cave, and its Inhabitants; or, Descriptions of the Fishes, Insects, and Crustaceans found in the Cave; with Figures of the Various Species, and an Account of Allied Forms, comprising Notes upon their Structure, Development, and Habits, with Remarks upon Subterranean Life in General.* By A. T. Packard, Jun., and F. N. Putnam, editors of "The American Naturalist." Salem: Naturalists' Agency. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *The Woods and Byways of New England.* By Wilson Flagg, author of "Studies in Field and Forest." Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *Our Young Yachter's Series: Camping Out,* as recorded by "Kit." Edited by C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

|| *Keel and Saddle: a Retrospect of Forty Years of Military and Naval Service.* By Joseph H. Revere. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall, under the Direction of Mr. John Boosey.**—The First MORNING CONCERT will be given on Saturday next, January 4, and the First EVENING CONCERT on Wednesday, January 11. The following artists will appear on Saturday Morning—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Fennell, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sirin Reeves, Mr. Nordway, and Mr. Santley; the London Orpheus Quartet. Pianoforte, Madlle. Elvira del Bianco, Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hutton. Tickets, 1s. to 6s., to be had of Austin, St. James's Hall & Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and the principal Music-sellers.

**SIMS REEVES, SANTLEY, EDITH WYNNE, and Madame PATEY,** at St. James's Hall, Saturday Morning next, at the first LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, to commence at Three o'clock.—Tickets of Boosey & Co.

**BRITISH MUSEUM.**—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st and RE-OPENED on the 8th of January, 1873. No Visitor can be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of January inclusive.

**DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM,"** with "Triumph of Christianity," "Christian Martyrs," "Francesca da Rimini," "Nephtye," "Tithania," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 32 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.**—The ELEVENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s. Gas.

**THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY'S DRAWINGS and PUBLICATIONS** are Exhibited Free, daily. The Chromo-lithographs on Sale to the public include the Works of Fra Angelico, Perugino, Bazzi, Melozzo da Forlì, Raphael, Holbein, and others, at prices varying from 10s. to 40s. Priced Lists, containing also the Terms of Membership, sent, post-free, on application.

**CHRIST COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.**—The ANNUAL DINNER will take place on Thursday, January 16. Old and present Members of the College who propose to be present will kindly send their Names as soon as possible to Mr. WALTER BRISANT, 9 Pall Mall East; Mr. J. T. FITZGERALD, 1 Pump Court, Temple; or Mr. W. L. BORRMAN, 9 Southwick Street, Hyde Park, W.

**LEGAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.**—The ANNUAL MEETING of the ASSOCIATION will (by the permission of the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn) be held in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at Four o'clock, on Friday, the 18th of January, 1873.—All persons interested in promoting the objects of the Association are invited to attend the Meeting.

**THE LADIES' COLLEGE, Grosvenor Square, SOUTH-AMPTON.** Founded by the Hampshire Association for Promoting Female Education.

**Patrons.**—The Bishop of WINCHESTER; Viscount EVERSLEY; Lord NORTHBROOK. President.—The Right Hon. W. COWPER TEMPLE, M.P.

The WINTER TERM commences January 21. Applications for the Prospects and for Entries may be addressed to the HONORARY SECRETARY, or to the Lady Principal, Miss DANIELS.

**HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.**

The JUNIOR TERM begins January 8.

The SENIOR TERM January 25.

Prospectuses, containing Terms and Names of Prospects, may be had on application to the LADY RESIDENT.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, LONDON.**

Head-Master.—T. HEWITT KEY, M.A., F.R.S.

Vice-Master.—E. R. HORTON, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

The LENT TERM will begin for new Pupils on Tuesday, January 14, 1873, at 9:30 A.M.

The School is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the Termini of several other Railways.

Prospectuses containing full information respecting the Courses of Instruction given in the School, Fees, and other particulars, may be obtained at the Office of the College.

JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

**FETTES COLLEGE, Comely Bank, near Edinburgh.**

Head-Master.—ALEXANDER W. POTTS, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and some time one of the Assistant-Masters of Rugby School.

The WINTER TERM will commence on January 3 next.

Entrance Fee for Non-Foundations..... 10 Guineas.

ANNUAL CHARGE.

Tuition (including Classics, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Natural Science, Singing, Drawing, and Gymnastics)..... 45s. per annum.

Boarding-House Charge..... 60s. per annum.

Parents or Guardians will receive full information as to all the College arrangements on applying to the HEAD-MASTER.

Edinburgh, December 1872.

**TRINITY COLLEGE, EASTBOURNE.**

Master.—Rev. JAS. R. WOOD, M.A., Cambridge.

Vice-Master.—J. B. ALLEN, M.A., Oxford.

With several Assistant-Masters.

The NEXT TERM commences on January 15, 1873.

**QUEENWOOD COLLEGE, near Stockbridge, Hants.—The**

FIRST TERM of 1873 commences January 15 and ends April 5. Preparation for the London Matriculation, and for the Royal College of Surgeons.—For Particulars, apply to

C. WILLMORE, Principal.

**DOVER COLLEGE.—EDUCATION by the SEASIDE.**

President.—The Right Hon. Earl GRANVILLE, K.G.

Head-Master.—Rev. WM. BELL, M.A., Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge.

Mathematical Master.—W. M. MADDEN, B.A., Seventeenth Wrangler, Scholar of Queen's College, Cambridge.

Terms.—Tuition Fees, from Ten to Fifteen Guineas per annum, according to age. No extra Charge for Boarders in Head-Master's House, £40 in addition to School Fees.

**DOVER COLLEGE.**—The NEXT TERM begins April 11.

**THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE.** Founded

under the auspices of the late RICHARD CORDEN; inaugurated July 10, 1867, by H.R.H. the Prince of WALES.

Principal.—Dr. L. SCHMITZ, F.R.S.E., late Rector of the High School, Edinburgh.

Vice-Principal.—M. S. FORSTER, B.C.L. M.A., Oxford.

This College assigns a prominent place in its Curriculum to Modern Languages and the Natural Sciences.

The WINTER TERM will COMMENCE on Saturday, January 15, 1873.

Applications for Admission should be addressed to the PRINCIPAL, or to the SECRETARY, at the College, Spring Grove, near Isleworth, Middlesex.

**THE ABBEY SCHOOL, Beckenham.—Careful PREPARATION for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS;** age from Eight to Fourteen; number about Forty. Boys above Twelve have separate rooms. Beckenham is half an hour by rail (L.C. & D.) from London, seven minutes from Crystal Palace, and on gravel. Boys met, if desired, at any London Station. The next Term begins January 16, 1873.—Address, Rev. T. LLOYD PHILLIPS, M.A.

**BIRKENHEAD SCHOOL, Limited.**

President.—The Marquis of WESTMINSTER, K.G.

Vice-Presidents.—The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of CHESTER; THOMAS BRASSEY, Esq., M.P.; JAMES BYRON, Esq., D.C.L., Regius Professor of Civil Law at the University of Oxford; Sir WILLIAM JACKSON, Bart.; JOHN LAIRD, Esq., M.P.; the Rev. B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity at the University of Cambridge.

Head-Master.—Rev. J. T. FEARSE, M.A.

Course of Studies, that of the Public Schools. Scholarships tenable at the School and at the University. Boarders are received by the Masters. School will Re-open on Thursday, January 16. For full information, apply to the Secretary, Rev. C. J. STEPHENS, Caroline Place, Birkenhead.

**THE HARTLEY INSTITUTION, Southampton.**—In the Department of General Literature and Science, CANDIDATES are prepared for the Indian Engineering College, and all other Public Competitive Examinations. In the Department of Engineering and Technical Science, YOUTHS are trained, both Theoretically and by a Course of Practical Instruction in Laboratories, Workshops, and on Works of actual Construction, for Engineering, Architecture, Surveying, and other Technical Occupations, and for the Engineering Service of India. In the Department of Preliminary Medical Education, STUDENTS receive Instruction in the Elements of Medical Science, with opportunities for Dispensing and Hospital Practice.—For Prospectus, address THE LIBRARIAN, Next Term commences January 17.

**PREPARATION for ETON, HARROW, &c.**—In a high-class School for the SONS of GENTLEMEN in the neighbourhood of Hampstead there are now VACANCIES. As no strongly coercive measures are adopted, none but gentlemanly, well-disposed Boys can be received. The Domestic arrangements are upon an unusually liberal scale, and as nearly as possible those of a Private Family. Each Pupil has a separate bedroom. Inclusive Terms, 50 and 100 guineas per annum.—Address, M.A., care of Messrs. Kinsey & Aids, 9 Bloomsbury Place, London, W.C.

**NAVAL CADETSHIPS, &c.**

**EASTMAN'S R.N. ACADEMY, SOUTHSEA.**—At the Examination, in November 1871, ALL the PUPILS sent up to compete were SUCCESSFUL, taking 4th, 5th, 9th, &c., places. In June last One-third of all the Naval Cadetships given were taken in competition by Pupils who took 3rd, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th, &c., places. PUPILS are received from Eight years of age and upwards.

**WOOLWICH, COOPER'S HILL, INDIAN CIVIL, and LINE.**—Rev. DR. HUGHES (Wrang. Joh. Col. Cam.), who has since 1852 passed over 300, with ample Assistance (Classical Gold Medalist, &c.), prepares TWELVE PUPILS for the above.—Ealing, W.

**COOPER'S HILL, WOOLWICH, CEYLON WRITERS, CIVIL SERVICE, &c.**—Mr. W. M. LUPTON (Author of English History, Arithmetic, and Chemistry) has been very successful in preparing CANDIDATES for the above Examinations.—Address, Sedburgh House, South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.

**FOLKESTONE.**—Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. Oxon (formerly Principal of the Elphinstone College, Bombay), will continue, with the Assistance of a Cambridge Honorary Man, to prepare PUPILS for the Universities, Indian Civil Service, Woolwich, and all Competitive Examinations.—Terms and References on application.

**FOLKESTONE.**—The Rev. A. L. HUSSEY, M.A., Ch.Ch., Oxford (late of Peterhouse, Bucks), PREPARES BOYS of Nine and upwards for Eton and other PUBLIC SCHOOLS, at Durham House.

**A GENTLEMAN (formerly in the Army), Married, living on his own Estate, in one of the best parts of Hants, assisted by a Militia Officer of great Experience in Tuition, wishes to receive SIX PUPILS to prepare them for the University, Civil Service, and Competitive Examinations.** Both Gentlemen well versed in Modern Languages acquired abroad. Church of England. The Advertiser, from his position, can offer exceptional Advantages. Highest references given and required.—Address, C. C. King's Library, Alton, Hants.

**FIRST-CLASS TUITION for BOYS, at a very large, modern Country House, on a beautiful site of proved healthiness, by an experienced PREPARATORY TEACHER, formerly a Public School Assistant (Shrewsbury and Wellington Colleges), and a Fellow of his College at Cambridge. For detailed Prospectus, with references and photographs of house and grounds, address, Rev. G. F. WHIRRY, Overlade, near Rugby. Six Indian children (boys) received and separately arranged for. VACANCIES for TWO.**

**A CLERGYMAN (High Wrangler, Scholar, and University Prize-man), late Master in a Public School, and of great Experience and Success in Tuition, prepares SIX PUPILS, age not under Seventeen, for the University or Competitive Examinations. Several have lately gained Scholarships. Terms, 150 Guineas per annum.—Address, Rev. M. A. Christchurch, Hants.**

**A GENTLEMAN, of great Experience as a Teacher, whose Eldest Son has passed very high in Honours in Matriculation at the University of London, is about to prepare his Youngest Son for the same Examination of January 1873, and will accept THREE BOARDERS to share in the Studies. His house is situated in a very healthy Suburb of London. Terms, inclusive, £150 a year.—For references, terms, &c., apply by letter, to A. S., care of a Student, 30 Cornhill, E.C.**

**HOLIDAY TUTOR.**—A former ASSISTANT MASTER at Cheltenham College, tutorially engaged in several Titled Families, READS with backward PUPILS during the Vacation.—Address, ALFRA, Bayley's Library, Newland Terrace, Kensington.

**WANTED, a FIRST MASTER for the LAMARTINIÈRE COLLEGE, Lucknow, India.** He must be a Graduate of an English University, and competent to teach Mathematics, Latin, and the ordinary Branches of an English Education. Salary, Rupees 3,000, rising to 4,000 (about £200 to £260) per annum, with Free Quarters and Medical Attendance. All information regarding Retiring Pension, Season, &c., may be obtained by applying to the HEAD-MASTER, 2 Richmond Terrace, Old Trafford, Manchester. The Candidate who is selected will receive Passage-money, First-class, via Suez Canal, to Bombay, and Railway fare thence to Lucknow. He will be required to join his Appointment not later than March 1. Copies only of Testimonials should be sent, as they will not be returned.

**REQUIRED a GENTLEMAN who has Graduated in Classical and Mathematical Honours at one of the Universities to take the principal part in the TUITION of a few PUPILS. No person can be accepted with any Ritualistic or Rationalistic sympathies. Salary offered, £150 per annum, and some help towards Lodgings. This might meet the case of one desiring to read with a view eventually to Holy Orders, or to pursue during part of the year his own studies, as for the Bar, &c.—Address, Rev. SIGMA, care of Messrs. W. Dawson & Sons, 121 Cannon Street, London.**

**WANTED, immediately, a JUNIOR ASSISTANT, of good Ability and of good Address.—Mr. SLATER, Bookseller, Manchester.**

**SHEPHERD'S BUSH, close to Railway Station, and within a short Distance of the Uxbridge Road Station.**—To be let as APARTMENTS for One or Two GENTLEMEN. House quiet. Terms moderate.—Apply to MR. DEAR, 30 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

**HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill.** Physician.—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Turkish Baths. Consultations daily (Saturday excepted) at 7 Princes Street, Hanover Square, from Ten till Twelve.

**LONDON HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL, Great Ormond Street.—SPECIAL APPEAL.**—The Sixty Beds of this Hospital are now all occupied, and cannot remain so unless the Board of Management receive fresh Support. Donations, however small, and Subscriptions earnestly solicited, and inspection invited.

Bankers.—Messrs. PRESCOTT, GROTE & Co., and UNION BANK, Argyl Place, W.

Total number of Patients treated to end of November 1872, 100,616.

JOHN N. WARREN, Clerk of the Hospital.

**OVERLAND ROUTE.—The PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY BOOK PASSENGERS and receive Cargo and Parcels by their Steamers for**

	FROM SOUTHAMPTON.	FROM VENICE (calling at Ancona).	FROM BRINDISI.
GIBRALTAR .....	Every Thursday, at 3 p.m.		
ALEXANDRIA .....	Every Thursday, at 3 p.m.	Every Friday Morning.	Every Monday, at 5 a.m.
BOMBAY .....			
GALLE .....			
MADRAS .....	Thursday, Dec. 5 and 19, at 3 p.m.	Friday Morning, Dec. 13 and 27.	Monday, Dec. 9, 16, and 30, at 5 a.m.
PENANG .....			
SINGAPORE .....			
CHINA .....			
JAPAN .....			
AUSTRALIA .....	Thursday, Dec. 19, at 3 p.m.	Friday Morning, Dec. 27.	Monday, Dec. 2 and 30, at 5 a.m.
NEW ZEALAND .....			

And all Ports at which the British India Company's Steamers call.

An abatement of 30 per cent. from the charge for the Return Voyage is made to Passengers who have paid full fare to or from Ports Eastward of Suez re-embarking within Six Months of their arrival, and 10 per cent. to those re-embarking within Twelve Months.

Through Tickets to Brindisi can be obtained of LEBLANC & Co., 6 Billiter Street, E.C. (South Italian Railway Office).

For Rates of Passage Money and Freight, and all other information, apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, London, or Oriental Place, Southampton.

**WINTER SEASON.—GRANVILLE HOTEL, St. Lawrence-on-Sea, Thanet.**—During the Winter Months a Reduction of 25 per cent. will be made upon Apartments taken by the Week. Board, 25 s. per week; Apartments according to size and position; Attendance, 1s. a day. Hydrotherapy, Turkish, or one and every description Bath in the Hotel. Table d'hôte at 6.50 P.M.

**PHOTOGRAPHS of ALL KINDS may be Purchased at MARION & CO.'S, 23 and 25 Soho Square, W. Collections of Photographs Collated, Mounted, Titled, Bound, or Framed.**



